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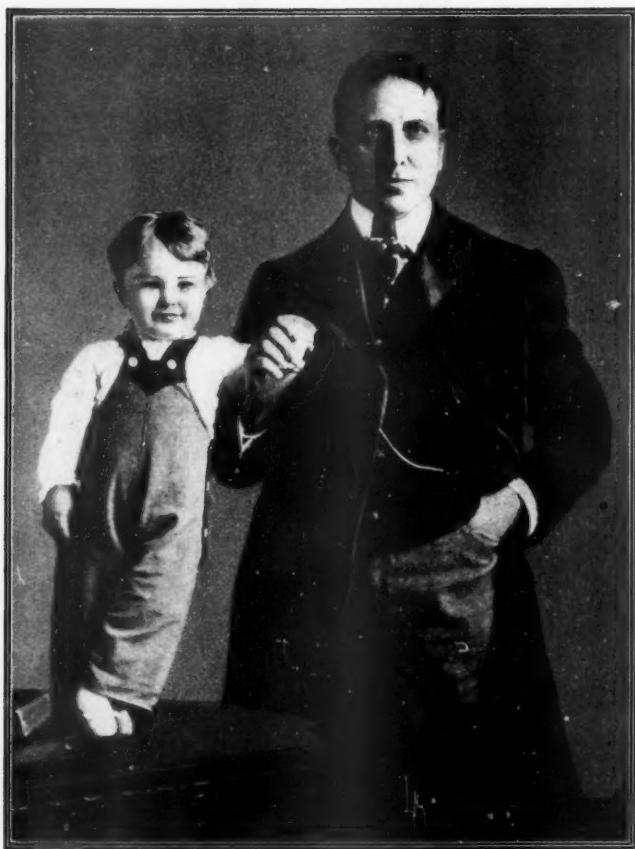
A Review of the World

WHEN one brief election day only twenty-four hours long brings the defeat of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, whittles down the plurality of Tammany Hall in New York City, even without any fusion movement, to the vanishing point, and sees the defeat of the Mormon Church at the polls in Salt Lake City, it is time for all of us to sit up and take notice. And this is but the beginning of the story of that eventful seventh day of November. Wherever one looks over the battlefield political "bosses" may be seen, killed or wounded, strewing the ground amid the wreck of their own political machinery. This is true of the small elections as well as the large, of Democratic "bosses" as well as Republican. Indeed, party names in this connection become misleading. The record stands that Pennsylvania, which gave Roosevelt a majority of over 500,000 last year, "goes Democratic" this year by nearly 50,000 plurality; but no one supposes for a moment that, as the term "goes Democratic" seems to indicate, the State has actually become a Democratic State. It means that in an "off" year the people have paid relatively little attention to party labels and have voted against political abuses on either side with beautiful impartiality.

THE lessons drawn from the general results of the election are rather monotonous in their uniformity. The Chicago *Tribune*, for instance, finds the lesson to be "that the people are tired of the bosses—even when they are 'beneficent.'" "It is a satisfaction," says the Springfield *Republican*, saying the same thing with slightly different words, "to note the delightful impartiality, so far as party lines are concerned, with which the bosses have been mowed down." "What a political revolution it was," chimes in the New York *World* on the same key; "who would have believed that such amazing changes could take place within a

year? That they could take place proves that no party is safe, no boss is safe, no party tradition is safe, in the face of the growing spirit of political independence on the part of the American voter." The Kansas City *Star* gives a new touch to the general comment by observing that the revelation of the election is that a new party has unconsciously come into existence—the Party of the Square Deal. "Never," says the Washington *Post*, "in the history of the country has civic virtue asserted itself with greater force than in the elections of yesterday. Never has bossism in political machinery received so many and so severe blows. Party lines disappeared, and the masses of the voters ranged themselves as reformers and not as partisans." "Never have the voters struck so savagely and so successfully at machines and their makers," is the comment of *The Evening Post* (New York), for once almost entirely happy on the day after an election. And the Pittsburg *Leader* infers from the election that "unless parties mend their ways and call to leadership and control men of probity there will be a quick end to party government in these United States."

RESULTS in New York City seem to have aroused more general interest throughout the country than was aroused by the election in any other city or in any State. And of the results here, the reelection of William T. Jerome as district-attorney is the feature that gives the most general satisfaction, to judge from the comment of the press of all sections. Says one Washington correspondent: "Jerome is no longer a local figure; this campaign has made him a National one. Not in any office-promising sense, for the District Attorneyship of New York is too small an office to lead directly to National office; but all over the country his name is a household word, and it is this campaign which has made



"MR. HEARST AND HIS SON "BUSTER"

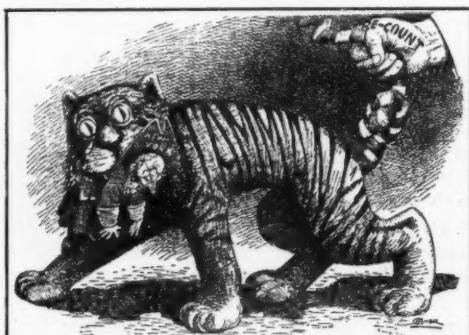
This picture was reproduced in Mr. Hearst's papers in the heat of the campaign, apparently to counteract certain aspersions on Mr. Hearst's moral character. The real name of the boy is George Randolph Hearst and his father says he shall go to the public schools

it so." Mr. Jerome, more perhaps than any other one man in the country, embodied in himself the opposition to party machines. That issue was not forced upon him by circumstances. He seems deliberately to have chosen it at a time when not one man in a hundred thought his choice meant anything but defeat. Before any nominations were made and when it was generally thought he might easily secure a renomination at the hands of either Tammany Hall or the Republican party, or both, he announced that he would stand as an independent candidate. He did so, being nominated by petition, and though the Republican nominee afterward declined and Jerome was nominated in his place, it was too late to change the official ballot, and Jerome's name was consequently on a ballot by itself. Under

the circumstances, his election is taken as the most signal triumph of independent voting ever recorded. "It was the greatest moral victory of election day in this country," says the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), "and its value is immeasurable." "Many a man on Tuesday beat a boss of one party," says the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* (Dem.), "but it remained for William Travers Jerome to beat all the bosses of all parties."

SIMILAR comment comes from all sections, most journals, however, making the mistake of assuming that Jerome had no organization whatever behind him. That is not strictly true. Even before Jerome had announced his intention of standing as an independent candidate, the Citizens' Union, under the leadership of R. Fulton Cutting, had taken the position, by formal resolution, that the renomination of Jerome was a *sine quâ non* to any fusion movement; and the failure of the Republican conferees and the conferees of the Municipal Ownership League to agree to this nomination in advance was, it is generally understood, the chief cause of the failure of the

fusion movement. When that failure came about, the Citizens' Union devoted all its time



A KINK IN HIS TAIL
—Culver in Baltimore *American*

and means to the one object of Jerome's election. One other comment on Jerome's candidacy we quote here, not because it is representative, but because it is exceptional in the flood of laudatory press utterances. It is from the New York *Mail*, and it undoubtedly voices the partizan view of Jerome's case:

"District Attorney Jerome, by his 'declaration of independence' and the course he took to vindicate it, turned an easy victory into a very difficult one. The returns show that plainly. His appeal to the people 'over the heads of the bosses' was heeded by a little over one-third of the voters in New York county. He is re-elected District Attorney, as his record in office amply entitled him to be, but this time he is the choice of a small minority of the electorate where four years ago he was the choice of an absolute majority. . . . His record as an official should have made him far stronger with the people, but as a candidate he kept getting in the way of his record. His narrow plurality when every circumstance worked in his favor, except the position of his name on the official ballot, registered a sentiment of criticism and personal disfavor which his undiscriminating friends may charge off to 'machine politics.' It is in fact the gratuitous product of his own persistent indiscretions and extravagances of utterance, and the measure of just resentment at his selfish playing of the lone hand to the disaster of the anti-Tammany cause."

The New York *World*, however, calls attention to the fact that if the void, defective and protested ballots, most of which were intended for Jerome, were counted for him, his plurality



THE POLITICAL ELAINES

"And the dead, steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood"

—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*



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ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL

The question is, Is Mayor McClellan going up and in or coming down and out? On the face of the returns he is reflected by 4,000 plurality, but the count is being protested

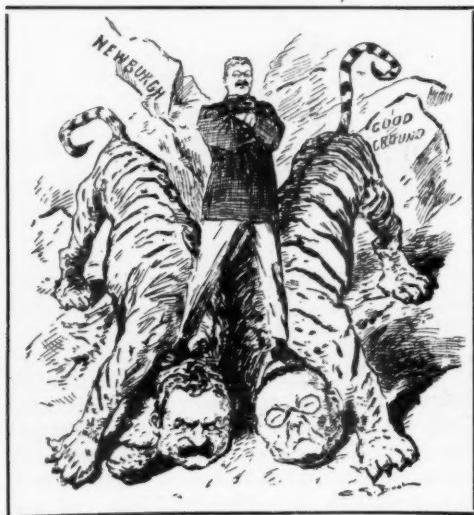
would be about 20,000, secured "against every difficulty that bossism could invent." And the *Connecticut Courant* says: "Jerome's canvass has been like a great rush of fresh, cold, sweet out-door air into our vitiated politics. His re-election is a thing to thank God for. Every sordid political boss between the two oceans holds by a more precarious tenure be-



HOT STUFF
—Rogers in N. Y. *Herald*

cause of him, and American citizenship stock has risen in every market."

NEW YORK CITY'S mayoralty election is, at this writing, still to be definitely decided. On the face of the returns, George B. McClellan, the Tammany candidate, who at the beginning of the campaign was generally thought to have a "sure thing," is elected by a plurality of about four thousand. It was the closest election held in New York City since 1834, when Cornelius W. Lawrence was elected



ON THEIR NECKS
—Bush in N. Y. *World*

the second mayor of the city by a plurality of but 203 votes. A protest against the count has been made by William R. Hearst, the Municipal Ownership League candidate, and the final result will rest with the courts, and it may be weeks before a decision is reached. Whether or not Mr. Hearst is to be seated as mayor, the vote he received has startled the country, and is variously interpreted. While nominally he stood as a representative of municipal ownership of public utilities, as a matter of fact his campaign was conducted chiefly in protest against "bossism" and "graft." The municipal ownership issue was never very clearly drawn. The Republican candidate, Mr. Ivins, was almost as radical in many of his utterances as Hearst himself, and Mr. McClellan laid stress upon the municipal ferry and municipal gas plant which were brought to pass under his administration and for which he claimed credit. So far as we have noted, the Springfield *Republican* is the only journal that calls the Hearst vote "a municipal ownership victory," and it goes on to modify somewhat that expression so as to include in it the general feeling of protest against all corporate abuse. It says:

"This is one of the most extraordinary upheavals in recent American politics. Nor is the significance of it hard to find. There is little of the personal in this demonstration; it represents rather a great popular uprising over an issue, and that issue is the plundering of our American cities, through the bosses, by corrupting and aggrandizing corporations engaged in exploiting for private profit monopoly franchises of untold value. What has now happened in New York is a repetition of what has been happening in Chicago—a demonstration of strong popular favor, whenever it has had a chance to express itself, for the policy of public ownership of public service enterprises, as against the policy of giving over these privileges to private monopoly working in league with the dominant political machine."

OTHER interpreters of the Hearst vote lay less stress upon the municipal ownership idea and more upon the feeling of general protest against corporate jobbery and its alliance with political organizations. The *New York Times*, for instance, calls it "a passionate resentment against what those who participate in it call the 'money power,'" and it goes on to say:

"It is worth while for this community to understand that the Hearst movement is not remedial, reformatory, constructive, or reconstructive. It is altogether destructive. Aggregations of men moved by such passions and under such leadership are invariably destructive. Sometimes these



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THE BEST PICTURE EVER MADE OF JEROME

"Many a man on Tuesday beat a boss of one party, but it remained for William Travers Jerome to beat all the bosses of all parties"



TAMMANY: GREAT SCOTT, WHAT WAS THAT I SWALLOWED"

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

forces may come into play in the course of nature as a corrective. They do their work of tearing down as a preliminary to the work of building up—by quite other hands. The Hearst forces have no thought of building up, they have not got so far as that, and never will under his leadership."

The New York Evening Post, in an editorial



THE PIED PIPER OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand.
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put on a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new.
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle wings.

—Robert Browning

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle

just before the election on "Our New Found Yellow Peril," spoke of the "Hearst raid upon the government of the City of New York" in terms of strongest disgust, called him "disreputable," his journal "a yellow newspaper pouring out filth, defying public decency, inculcating contempt for civilized morals and for law, scattering broadcast the poison of class hatred." While it has not, since the election, modified its views of Hearst himself or his papers, it sees in the vote cast for him something of "tremendous significance." It says:

"It was only in small part a tribute to the municipal ownership fad. It was not wholly a demonstration of the power of notoriety and sensationalism. Nor did Hearst's personal character figure very largely. Thousands of people were looking about for a missile to hurl, did not much care whether it was clean or not, and so took him. And what were they aiming at? Many of them, undoubtedly, at corrupt and hated bosses and party organizations which they believed to be rotten. But still greater numbers voted for Hearst to register their protest, in a blind and mistaken way, no doubt, but none the less with pathetic earnestness, against a social and financial system which they have come to feel to be permeated with injustice and oppression."

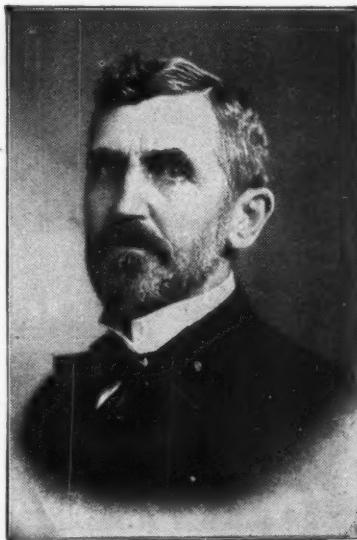
It goes on to assert that the most effective promoters of the Hearst vote were Chauncey M. Depew, James H. Hyde, John A. McCall, President McCurdy, "with every other respectable and whited grafter whose misdeeds have leaped to light in recent weeks." This same view is earnestly urged by the Chicago Tribune, which says that the sentiment which found expression in the Hearst vote is found in every part of the country, and it finds the cause for this not alone in the life insurance disclosures, but in the extortions practised by the beef, coal and other trusts, in the railway rebates and discriminations, and in the corruption of city councils by municipal public utility corporations. These are "the real promoters of Socialism." The Socialists, by the way, strenuously oppose Hearst and the municipal ownership idea. Mr. W. J. Ghent, one of their most influential writers, issued an appeal which was extensively circulated before election in New York, calling the promises of the Hearst party "mere buncombe," and municipal ownership "a humbug issue" which, even at its best, could only slightly reduce carfares and gas bills, a gain which would at once go into the pockets of landlords and other "capitalist exploiters." The vote of the two Socialist parties in New York City was, nevertheless, despite the efforts of Socialist leaders, cut almost in half by the Hearst movement.

WHEN the election in Philadelphia was over and the general result was known, about the first thing the chairman of the City party, Franklin S. Edmonds, did was to send two telegrams, announcing the victory for "good government," one to President Roosevelt and one to Secretary Root. The responses, if any, have not been made known, but Mayor Weaver received from Secretary Root a despatch the next morning reading as follows: "Hearty congratulations on your great victory. You have made every American your debtor." In view of the fact that the victory for which the Secretary was offering congratulations was a victory over the regular Republican organization, considerable significance attaches to this little incident. It does not stand alone, however. The attitude of the administration had already been shown not only in relation to the election in Philadelphia, but in relation to contests elsewhere. Secretary Taft's campaign speech in Akron, Ohio, was one of the sensations of the campaign. He said:

"If I were able, as I fear I shall not be, because public duty calls me elsewhere, to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by the Republican organization, and for the State ticket."

In addition to the attitude of Secretary Root and Secretary Taft, that of Secretary Bonaparte is also of interest. He was one of the active leaders in the contest waged in Maryland against the Poe amendment. Further than this, Secretary Root let his views on the candidacy of Jerome in New York City be known in emphatic terms. He said: "The selection of a District-Attorney is not so much a question of one party against another as it is of all honest people against all the crooks and criminals of every kind. Jerome now seems to have a good chance of election, and his election would be a great thing for New York."

THE claim that the elections were an administration victory is, in the light of these events, made with emphasis in various directions. Jerome was elected; the Poe amendment was defeated, discrediting Senator Gorman, whose public policy has been described as the simple one of finding out what President Roosevelt wants and then opposing it; Cox, the Republican "boss" of Cincinnati, was defeated so signally that he has since announced his permanent "retirement" from politics; and the Republican machine in Philadelphia, characterized by Mr. Root as "a corrupt and criminal combination masquerading as Republicans," has been overthrown with such emphasis that even Governor Packer has heard the sound thereof and has



THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF OHIO

The name of John M. Pattison is not in "Who's Who," but it will be. In a State that gave a Republican plurality last year of 250,000, he obtains this year a handsome plurality as Democratic candidate for Governor. And the Anti-Saloon League rejoices. It made the greatest fight of its existence against Herrick and for Pattison



THE GOVERNOR OF "LITTLE RHODY"

George H. Utter was reelected to Rhode Island's gubernatorial chair by an increased majority. He is a Republican, and will have behind him a big Republican majority in the Legislature



"TOM JOHNSON," OF CLEVELAND

This millionaire follower of Henry George has just been reelected Mayor of Cleveland

hastened to issue a call for an extra session of the legislature to carry out reforms demanded by the City party. The Washington correspondent of a Democratic paper—the New York *Times*—recalls these various incidents and the somewhat Krugerish speech of Mr. Roosevelt himself not long ago to the effect that unfit candidates should be smitten with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and says:

"One great result, in the opinions of the politicians, is that the anti-boss campaigns have been a distinct indorsement for Mr. Roosevelt. . . . In all the local anti-boss fights the leaders of revolt have conjured with the President's name and he has been hardly less prominently mentioned than the candidates. Failure of the anti-boss campaigns would have been, in the estimation of conservative judges here, a setback for the President."

The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) makes the same claim:

"One of the most significant facts during the recent mayoralty campaign in this city was that wherever and whenever President Roosevelt's name was mentioned, whether in McClellan, Hearst or Ivins meetings, it was the signal for tumultuous applause. Perhaps not since the Monroe 'era of good feeling' has there ever been

a period in American history when a living President was thus acclaimed by representatives of all parties, especially at campaign meetings. . . . The President is himself the hero of the new revolt against blind partisanship, which is the most distinctive and hopeful feature and political indication of our time. Jerome in New York had but to follow along that line for a county office in order to make himself a national figure."

THE effect on national politics that the various elections will have is the subject of many interesting speculations. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* (Rep.) does not feel like tossing any bouquets to the President just now. The elections, it thinks, "certainly give a vast amount of food for reflection to Theodore Roosevelt, as well as to every Republican who believes his party's historic principles worth organizing and fighting to maintain." This utterance displays a point of view that seems to the New York *Sun* as "hopelessly antiquated" as a sedan chair would be in Broadway. "President Roosevelt," it remarks, "cheered on the fight against the bosses and grafters, against Odell, Durham and Penrose, Gorman, Cox; and he is glad, as every decent Republican ought to be, that the People won the fight. Neither the 'historic' nor the present principles of the Republican party include boss rule and graft." The Washington correspondent of the New York *Chamber of Commerce* agrees with the *Times* correspondent that the general outcome of the election "has been satisfactory to the Administration," and he furnishes this additional item of information as to the interpretation that has been reached in Washington:

"There are a good many factors in the present rather complex feeling on this subject, but perhaps the dominant one is that of satisfaction at the supposedly improved prospects of railroad rate legislation. This is voiced by some persons in the statement that some of the local Republican bosses who received defeats or rebukes were men who were antagonistic to rate legislation."

The *Spokesman-Review* (Rep.), of Spokane, Washington, also sees in the elections an important bearing on railroad rate-regulation. It says:

"If the corporation owned and railroad directed senators can not read the handwriting on the wall after yesterday's elections, nothing can save them from their folly. . . . If the railroad controlled senators can not see that the people are tremendously in earnest, and are going to support policies advocated by men like Roosevelt, Taft, Folk and LaFollette, and set their heel upon the shifty, tricky policies of men like Foraker, Penrose and Cox, they must, indeed, be hopelessly

dense, or irreclaimably bought and tagged by the railroads. It is hoped that this wholesome lesson will be taken to mind and heart by all those Pacific coast senators who have been trying hard to find a way to oppose the President's policy of railway regulation."

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says that Senator Gorman's ability to lead the Senate Democrats as a body is now out of the question, and many of them are likely to follow the advice of Bryan and John Sharp Williams and support the President's rate-regulation policy. "It will not be surprising," he adds, "to experienced politicians here if there is a Democratic stampede to the President."

ANOTHER interesting line of speculation is the effect the elections will have upon the national leadership of the Democratic party. The Cleveland *Leader* (Rep.) thinks that the signs of the times all point to domination of the radicals in the Democratic National Convention of 1908, and it picks out Governor Folk, of Missouri, as the likely winner, for he is the most noted reformer in the party, yet he stands "regular," has had no falling out with powerful Democratic leaders, and Bryan and Tom Johnson are both favorably disposed toward him. Henry Watterson, shortly before the recent election, expressed the opinion that the next Democratic candidate will be either Bryan or Hearst, but that neither of them will be strong enough to carry the country. *The Spokesman-Review* thinks that Mr. Hearst's vote in New York makes him much more formidable now than when Mr. Watterson spoke. It forecasts events as follows:

"Those who believed that Mr. Hearst was nothing but a rampant yellow journalist are learning that behind his sensationalism there is a power strong enough to elect him to congress and almost able to down the most powerful democratic machine in the country. He may be able to win over that same machine to his own side, if he desires its support in the presidential field, and the race in the national convention between him and Bryan, as predicted by Mr. Watterson, may be a very interesting one."

Whoever the national Democratic leader is to be, now is the time, the Macon *Telegraph* thinks, for him to make himself heard:

"The opportunity of the Democratic party has come again. The results of Tuesday's election are revivifying. The voice of a leader should now be heard in the land and there should be a rallying of forces and due organization so that that wedge which has now entered shall be driven in at the national elections of a year hence."



MAYOR AGAIN OF SAN FRANCISCO

Eugene E. Schmitz defeated the candidate on which Republicans and Democrats had combined

CONGRESS is on the eve of assembling, and if the forecasts of the Washington correspondents of some European journals are trustworthy, the next session of our highest legislative body will be distinguished by an heroic effort and an heroic failure on the part of President Roosevelt to free this country from the "sordid domination" of United States Senators. That is the view the London *Outlook* takes of the situation. *The Hamburger Nachrichten*, of Berlin, also looks for a titanic struggle and remarks sarcastically that Mr. Roosevelt, however successfully he may manage the affairs of the world at large, is about to find the job before him at Washington "a tax upon his prodigious capacity." Mr. A. Maurice Low, the intelligent correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, views the situation through lenses of the same hue. The President, he tells his countrymen, has committed himself to a policy on railroad rate regulation which is "violently opposed by the great forces within his own party." He must fight or stultify himself, and in the fight courage of the highest order will be required of him, we are told, because his success may mean party disaster. "Mr. Roosevelt," Mr. Low goes on to add, "gives no indication of not facing the fire."

IF THESE European prophets prove—as European prophets frequently do prove—to be false predictors of events in America, they will be able to point to many of our own political weather-sharps who are laboring under much the same delusions. But it is not the integrity of one party alone that is thought to be menaced by the coming Congress. The *New York Times* (Dem.) is appealing earnestly to the Democrats to quit "playing the Republican game." That game it assumes to be to divert Democratic attention from the subject of tariff revision and reciprocity by precipitating a discussion over rate regulation. "It is better Republican politics than Democratic politics," cries *The Times*, "to dodge on the tariff and muddle with railroad rates, respecting which nothing is practicable." It points to the late election in Massachusetts where the Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor, who represented the less progressive protectionists, was elected by a scant plurality of about 2,000, while the candidate for governor, representing the more liberal wing, was elected by a plurality ten times as large, and says:

"If reciprocity is a good enough cry to come near carrying Massachusetts and to be taken up by the Governor of Iowa, it is a better reliance than rate regulation, which follows no line of cleavage in either party, but splits them both, and exposes the country to the revival of sectional politics."

The correspondent of that stanch Republican paper, the *Boston Transcript*, also sees, as the principal feature of the Congress about to assemble, this mix-up of parties which its Democratic neighbor in New York is seeking to prevent. Old timers in politics, we are told, cannot recall the time when partizanship was at so low an ebb. The coming Congress, these old timers think, will see Republicans and Democrats voting together upon more than one question, and Republicans and Democrats again breaking from their party upon other questions. This Congress, it is predicted, will be a do-nothing Congress, because of the great conflict of interests and conglomeration of opinions. All the great issues, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* thinks, may be passed over, and Congress finally adjourn with the simple record of having made generous appropriations for the public expenses.

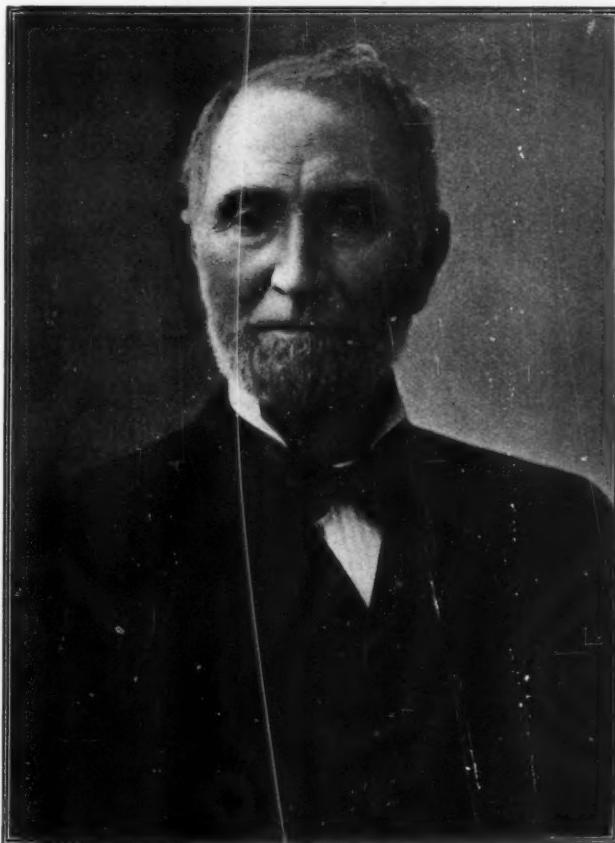
THE national issue that is to-day, from a purely political point of view at least, of the first consequence is, as we pointed out last

month, the question of Federal regulation of railroad rates. Already the issue has called into existence a national convention on the subject, which promptly split into two conventions and resulted in two national organizations antagonistic to each other. The two conventions met in the closing days of October in Chicago. The call had been issued by an organization called the Interstate Commerce Association, which came into existence several years ago. It requested chambers of commerce and governors of States to appoint delegates to the convention, and about 900 delegates assembled in response. The association leaders, professing to have learned that the railroad interests were trying to pack the convention, decreed that no delegate should be admitted unless he would sign a statement in advance in favor of the President's plan for rate regulation. About one-half of the delegates—435, to be exact—refused to do this. They marched to the hall with conspicuous badges bearing the legend "Supervision, not Commercial Revolution," and as they were refused admission one by one, they departed to reassemble in another hall and form an opposing organization. The newspaper views of the bisected convention are naturally conflicting, but the weight of opinion seems to be to the effect that a convention whose members must pledge themselves in advance of discussion to a specific action is not a convention whose conclusions carry very considerable weight. The occurrence was interesting chiefly as an indication of the wide divergence of opinion among commercial men on this issue and the warm conflict that is thus presaged almost at the beginning of the agitation.

THE line-up of Senators and Congressmen on rate regulation is developing gradually. Senator Foraker's "defiance" of the President in his speech opening the Ohio campaign was followed by Secretary Taft in a speech defending the President's policy. Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, has spoken emphatically in favor of the President's policy, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is fundamentally opposed to it, as lodging too much power in the Federal Government. Ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is quoted to the effect that there are but three members of the Senate—Dolliver, Clapp and Tillman—who can be counted as sincerely on the President's side. This statement the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* declares to be undoubtedly an exaggeration.

It thinks that a majority of the Democratic Senators "must be" in favor of rate regulation on the Roosevelt plan, and that the chances are, when the test vote comes, a good deal more than half the Republican Senators will be found there. The speech of the President at Raleigh, N. C., has given a new phase to the question. His use of the two words "maximum rate" is considered very important if the words were used designedly. The difference between a law giving the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to fix an absolute rate (the rate to be subject to review by the courts but to prevail until overruled by them) and a law giving the commission power to fix a "maximum rate" is declared by Samuel Spencer, the prominent railroad president, to be "vital." "To fix absolute rates," says Mr. Spencer, "unalterable by the carrier, in many cases, is to determine definitely and arbitrarily by governmental tribunal the relative advantages of competing cities or regions. To prescribe maximum rates only leaves the carrier free to make reductions, and may, and generally will, result in adjustments which will bring down whole tiers of rates, leaving the relations of rates as they were, and entailing enormous losses to the railways."

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, a journal heretofore strenuously opposed to the President's rate-fixing policy, interprets the opinion of railway experts to be that it will be "very much easier" for the President to obtain "maximum-rate" legislation, if that is what he wants, than to obtain "absolute-rate" legislation, which it has been supposed he wanted. Along this line, therefore, it is possible that we may yet see averted the proverbial catastrophe of an irresistible force (the President with the lower house behind him) impinged upon an immovable body (the Senate with the railroads and most of the big shipping interests behind it). The next message is awaited with interest.



THEY CALL HIM "UNCLE JOE" CANNON

His reelection as Speaker of the House of Representatives will, it is predicted, be without opposition in Republican ranks. He has declared himself for railroad rate-regulation.

FOUR men—Nicholas II, Witte, Trepoff, Khilkoff—and four "freedoms"—those of person, press, speech and meeting—stand out to-day in Russia after a memorable month that has brought with it the ruin of an autocracy proudly proclaiming itself indestructible since Peter the Great expelled the wild geese from a Finnish marsh and built himself a new capital there. On paper, Russia has been free these four weeks past; but she will no longer be put off with paper. She shows her resentment of mere documents by repudiating the "constitution" spoon-fed to her by the cowed autocrat in minimum doses, of which the last completely turned the nation's stomach. "The supreme duty imposed on us by our sovereign mission," ran this last of the manifestoes, "requires us to efface ourself."



THE HEIR TO THE CZAR'S THRONE IN THE ARMS OF HIS BEST FRIEND

Admiral Birileff had been charged with personal responsibility for their safety in the contemplated flight by sea three weeks ago

Which Nicholas thought he had done by the grant of civic freedom, a further extension of a highly complicated suffrage, the bestowal upon the Duma so soon to assemble of a right to reject government proposals, and recognition of ministerial responsibility with Count Witte as Prime Minister. "Shams, shams, shams!" commented the radical daily of St. Petersburg, refusing to delete the words when the censor saw them in proof. The paper was suppressed; but the Russian people refused to be suppressed.

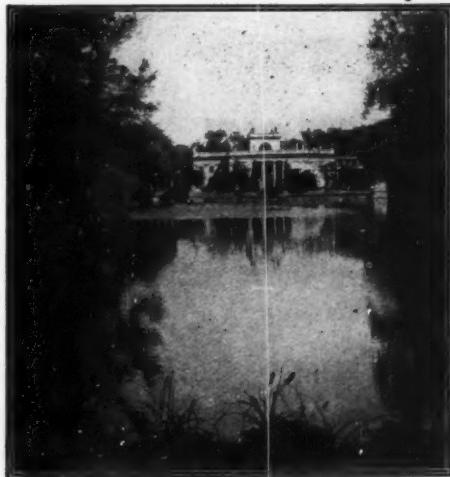
FIRST came the railway strike, embracing the triangle of which St. Petersburg, Warsaw and Moscow are the corners. Those three communities speeded from riot to a state of primitive savagery grosser than Caesar found in Gaul. Treppoff in return caused an effusion of human blood which, says the correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, made many a street slippery. "Government by ball cartridge," the London *Telegraph* called it while it lasted.

The climax of this phase came with the fall of Treppoff as Governor-General of St. Petersburg. The people thought they had won until Nicholas raised this detested soldier to the command of his personal bodyguard and entrusted him with the arrangements to insure the safety of the imperial palaces should efforts be made to repeat the tactics of Father Gapon. This brought the universal strike. Every railway radiating from Moscow as a center came to a standstill. From every great station—Nijni Novgorod, Kazan and Kharkoff, down to the Crimea and Kieff—came stories like details of the siege of Port Arthur. Infants died by the score for lack of milk and medicine. Private residences were invaded by famished mobs that threw furniture, vases and bureaucrats into the street. Odessa, helpless because of the impossibility of moving troops along a paralyzed railway, glutted its fury upon the Jews, whose corpses are now reported to be choking the sewers. Meanwhile the Czar from his palace windows saw the heavens reddened by the conflagration kindled at Kronstadt by the sailors of a whole squadron in revolt. Authentic news was scarce in any quarter because the populace had everywhere attacked the telegraph and telephone.

ONLY a few days before, the Czar had been blithe and hopeful, says the correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, Witte's mouthpiece to Western Europe. Nicholas, says this authority—confirmed by others—had regarded the situation with an optimist's eye. A grand hunt was scheduled for the very evening on which came this strike. It is still a strike to the court, which at once got together to consider it from that point of view. The most exalted Russian royalties are revealed to us, by the correspondents, in the palace of a grand duchess high in the Czar's favor. That Count Ignatief who succeeded the assassinated Von Plehve in the confidence of the bombed Sergius appears to have taken the lead in this conference of reactionaries. Witte, too, had his place at the carved mahogany. The Czar was in hiding at Peterhof. The events of three hours had put so new a face upon affairs that an imperial yacht, "rhythmically rising and falling with the gentle swell of the windless waters in the Finnish Gulf," as that keen eyewitness, Dr. E. J. Dillon, puts it in the London *Telegraph*, was ready at a moment's notice to welcome the successor of Ivan the Terrible with wife and child. Picked men made up the crew, while Admiral Birileff, whose prowess

has just led to the slaughter of three hundred mutineers at Kronstadt, was to take command and make for blue water. Printed and ready for distribution to the censors were official announcements that Nicholas II, eager to recuperate from the continuous strain of the past ten months, had determined to pay a two months' visit to the court of Denmark. A Paris *Figaro* despatch shows the Czar's mother warning her younger son to contemplate a possible regency.

NO loss of nerve is attributed to the reactionaries summoned, with Witte and Ignatieff, to consider these embarrassments in the palace of the favored grand duchess. Dr. Dillon compares the coterie with the members of the Venetian Secret Council, stricken with blindness of the mind's eye or arrived at the imbecility of dotage. Witte was looked upon as a Mirabeau, his supporters as Jacobins. The soul of the court party is represented as having shed bitter tears at the suggestion that the Russia of Peter the Great must pass away. Every reactionary present urged that the Czar be at once implored to keep autocracy going with machine guns and the knout. All were men who, say those with knowledge, have had the Czar's ear for months and who have shaped his policy. The debate resulted in the choice of a former high official of the navy to urge this type of firmness in a personal audience with

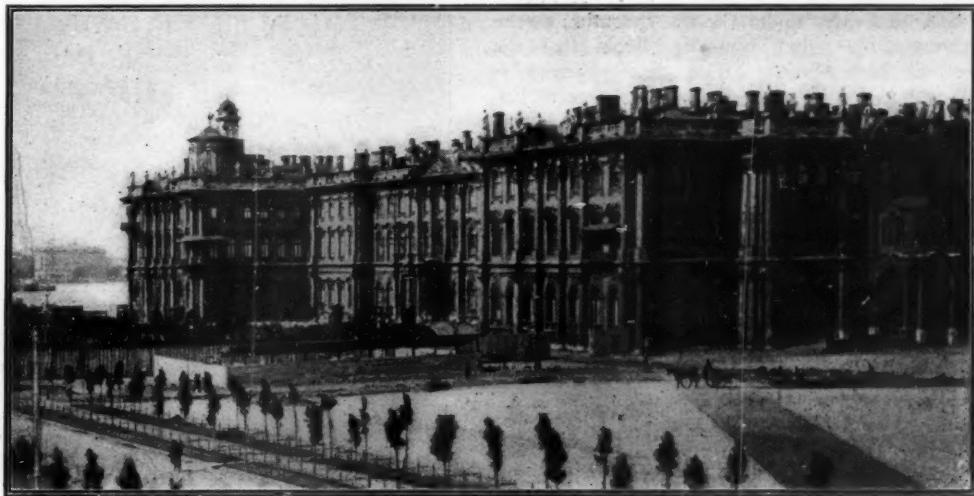


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WHERE THE CZAR LIVES WHEN IN POLAND

The Lazienki Palace, Warsaw, was the place alleged to have been selected for the assassination of Nicholas II. The Czar was to have gone there at the time of his appointment with William II, says one version of this suppressed bit of history. The palace was built by Poniatowski and is at the southern end of Warsaw.

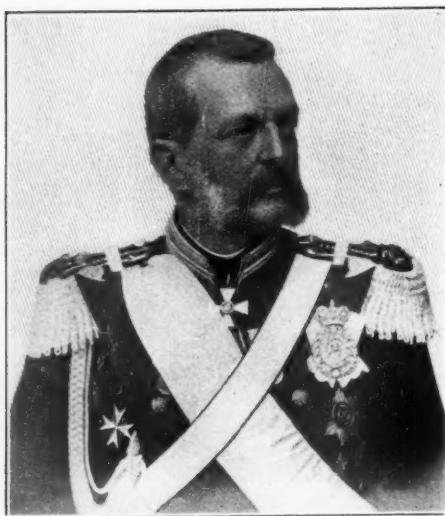
the Czar. To Peterhoff, accordingly, went this emissary, and Nicholas heard him courteously. The autocrat answered then that he was desirous of maintaining unimpaired the autocratic system of his ancestors. But he



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WHERE NICHOLAS II LIVES UNDER GUARD IN ST. PETERSBURG

This is the winter palace. It faces the Neva, this view being taken from Nevsky Prospect. Nicholas II was to have gone here from Peterhof last month, but there was a change of plan at the last moment and the Czar went to Tsarskoe-Selo.



THE GRAND DUKE WHO WANTS NO RUSSIAN CONSTITUTION

Vladimir is the Czar's uncle, besides being father of the Grand Duke Boris, who struck Kuropatkin at Mukden and of the Grand Duke Cyril, who has just forfeited his position at home by a marriage not to his relatives' liking. Vladimir urges Nicholas to defy the cities and lean upon the peasantry.

could find no one with sufficient capacity for the task. The audience came to nothing, although the Czar offered the vacant post of Trepoff to the naval hero who had come to plead with him. Nicholas merely stipulated that his hearer undertake the execution of the reactionary policy himself. From that the naval hero shrank. This detailed story is vouchered for in some of the most careful European dailies as a faithful guide to the Czar's state of mind to-day. Manifesto follows manifesto, but Nicholas II yearns to retain every vestige of an autocracy that breaks to pieces all around him. Therefore he alludes, in every new grant of freedom to his people, to "the inflexible autocratic will" and to his own absolute authority. His grant of whole imperial estates, vast in acreage, to the peasants on long-term payments and in small holdings seems ominous of more urban upheaval. It is the old policy of the Grand Duke Sergius—"retain peasant loyalty and defy the godless mob." Reactionaries were sending committees to the Czar when Odessa's streets were heaped with Jewish dead, and Nicholas replied that they must find their man. But the only man is Witte, and the task is a more appalling one than that which he so brilliantly executed at Portsmouth.

WITTE left the conference of reactionaries and found the streets of St. Petersburg in an uproar. But the troops had not got out of hand and only a few dozen deaths had taken place. But the greatest Russian of his time had to proceed on foot to his gloomy stone residence on the western bank of the Neva. He looked on while crowds surged into a university building to be addressed by an army officer who preached liberty and covered his epaulets with a handkerchief to evade the military regulations. Upon arriving home Witte found a deputation of strikers awaiting him. He took them into his study and, like the liberty-loving army officer, proceeded to evade the regulations. He told the deputation that it was contrary to law for him to hear their grievances in his official capacity. He could only hear them in a personal capacity. Then Witte made those declarations of principle and policy which, says the Paris *Temps*, give us the clue to all that will happen when the Duma meets. The count spoke, first of all, against a constituent assembly, so far as that term denotes a na-



THE REVOLUTIONARY MAGGOTS IN THE AUTOCRATIC CHEESE

Chef Nicholas (*to Pobiedonostseff*): "The mice can be got rid of, but what is to be done about the worms?"
—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)

tional representative body based upon democratic ideas. The thing is impossible in Russia at present, declared Witte. Universal suffrage, according to him, merely hands political influence over to those who are rich enough to purchase it. "There is not in all the world," Witte is quoted as having said, "one cultivated man who believes in universal suffrage." The remark confirms the opinion of the London *Spectator* that Witte, when in this country, was only pretending to be a democrat.

LIBERTY of the press and freedom of speech, Witte next said, would be upheld in good faith. Martial law, he added, would not be arbitrarily proclaimed in peaceful communities. The deputation returned to the railway congress which had sent it with the report that nothing had been gained. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of the workmen in the great cities, according to the *Nasha Zhizn*—still fitfully appearing—that Witte is upholding the Czar's determination to keep the labor element out of the Duma. At this date the first stages of the indirect elections for members of that body have come and gone. The representation from Moscow, Odessa, St. Petersburg and Kieff will sustain no numerical comparison with the representation from the rural districts. When the series of indirect elections began in the closing days of October the rural police and the local bureaucrats saw to it that the peasants' deputies were shepherded at every stage. If no unlooked for change of front is made, the Duma will assemble early next year. Witte has assured the Czar that it can only prove a most loyal body. The liberal land-owners have striven to influence the elections. They have succeeded to some extent—to what extent is conjectural, as the struggle is proceeding in the rural villages and details are kept from the world. Socialist organs speak of



"THE BRAVEST HEART AND WISEST HEAD IN RUSSIA"

Michael Ivanovitch Khilkoff—with the title of Prince—who as Minister of Railways broke the great strike of engineers, firemen and brakemen and thus made it possible to despatch troops in any direction

a highly organized intimidation of the constituencies and of the electoral colleges.

IF THE revolts in the Russian cities can be checked in time, thinks a writer in the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna), the reactionaries will capture the Duma. There will be no town proletariat clamoring for freedom with the tongues of labor members and the pens of liberal professors. That much is well understood by the population in the cities. Consequently, the present upheaval was made to synchronize with the date first fixed for the opening of the series of elections. But the Czar leaned upon Trepoff, notes the Rome *Avanti* on this point. Trepoff had made all his arrangements in the style of the Grand-Duke Sergius. He had college professors jailed and their classes shot down. Working men's meetings were made illegal and their appearance in the streets a misdemeanor. But the bureaucrats were taken entirely by sur-



A HURRY CALL FROM RUSSIA
—May in Detroit *Journal*.



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THE MOSCOW GATE OF ST. PETERSBURG
By order of Grand Duke Vladimir some 250 strikers were shot dead here

prise when the railway strike spread like wildfire. The situation became one to which the parochial militarism of Trepoff was inadequate. The proletariat of the cities had brought about a pandemonium from which the only escape seemed their representation in the Duma. In the emergency, says the Paris *Action*, Nicholas issued the manifesto bestowing the "four freedoms." The Czar's generalities about a larger participation of the unrepresented in the labor of all for the com-



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CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION, MOSCOW

It is in the Kremlin, and through the gate at the right the Grand Duke Sergius had barely ridden when he was assassinated

mon good did not delude the college professors and the striking workmen. They accepted a freedom of the press that was found to entail suppression of objectionable editorials in the spirit in which it had been granted—that of temporizing. Finally, the disorders were renewed with universal suffrage as their aim. Witte sided with Nicholas here, and both called in the genius who alone could apply the physical remedy. Prince Khilkoff—the man who kept the Siberian Railway going throughout the war with Japan—was called to the palace.

WHILE Witte advises, and while Trepoff looks to the safety of an autocrat who contemplates the possibility of a flight from his dominions cloaked as a visit to his relatives, Prince Khilkoff reveals himself the one great man of action. He has saved the government twice in the past fortnight by blending the methods of Farley, the strike breaker, with the timeliness of George Washington in retiring beyond the reach of defeat. Though St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw were cut off from railway communication with the rest of Russia, though the strikers, inspired by political ideals, were revealing a power of combination and a unanimity quite staggering in Slavs, Prince Khilkoff went from the Czar's befuddled council firmly bent on obeying his master's personal entreaty to put an end to autocracy's humiliation. So impotent had the railway organization of the land now become that the British ambassador had to start for London by a tramp steamer. The fact that Sir Charles Hardinge quitted his post at all last month persuades the Paris *Temps* that his negotiations for an Anglo-Russian pact of some sort have led to something very tangible. Prince Khilkoff aided the ambassador in getting away, and then addressed himself to his stupendous task.

MOSCOW was by this time totally isolated. Telegrams—nothing could come through the post-office—were accumulating for Khilkoff with the tidings that milk was unobtainable, coal and meat exhausted and mobs driving police before them. Two hours were fruitlessly consumed in Khilkoff's efforts to induce the locomotive engineers to go back to work. The prince, like the practical railroad man he has ever been, finally took charge of a train himself. He was opening the throttle to make a run for the scene of greatest disturbance when the strike leaders implored a hearing.

Khilkoff had donned overalls to impress upon the multitude, declares the *Novoye Vremya*, that he was in reality one of their class. The strikers formulated their political demands while passengers swarmed to the very roofs of cars. Khilkoff answered that he was simply the Czar's Minister of Railways and Communications, powerless, in that capacity, to grant constitutional reforms or to release political prisoners. Thereupon the strike leaders spoke of their long hours of labor. Khilkoff retorted that he had worked as a railroad brakeman once and that his hours had been sixteen out of the twenty-four. More, he had liked it. In fact, he had even worked overtime. That had enabled him to earn extra pay. In the United States, where he had worked as a brakeman, the hours were very long, added the prince. American labor was superior to Russian labor, but the prince told his hearers that relatively it was not better paid. But the strikers replied emphatically that the Muscovite wage-earners of the twentieth century thirsted for knowledge. They wished a little leisure for reading. Khilkoff told the strikers they could labor sixteen hours out of twenty-four and still have an hour left out of each day to do their reading in. That made 365 hours a year devoted to intellectual uplift. "My own working hours are now longer than yours," added Khilkoff. He said he had injured his eyesight through excess of work. Thus the interview ended with little definite result beyond the temporary suppression of a radical daily for denouncing Khilkoff's attitude. It merely reflects that of the bureaucracy, says the *Nasha Zhizn*.

OTHER Russian dailies are going into Khilkoff's American record. He came to this country on an emigrant ship in the seventies. Reaching Philadelphia penniless, he lived the life of a tramp until he got a job in a machine-shop as an oiler. After two years' hard work he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the capacity of stoker. He was soon made driver of a freight engine—"an enormous bound in social standing in America," says the *Syn Otechestvo*—and at last attained the post of engineer on a passenger express. "He spent every available moment intellectually," says another Russian daily. But one day the Pennsylvania Railroad train run by Khilkoff broke down in a region described by our authority as "the remote New Jersey plain." One of the anxious passengers happened to be Minister of Railways of "a



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THE FOUNTAIN TERRACE AT PETERHOF
Here, according to despatches, Nicholas II was to give the signal for his flight, should that be necessary

government quick in discerning talent"—Venezuela. Khilkoff repaired his engine while the Venezuelan statesman looked on. The Russian's capacity was so evident that he received on the spot an offer to go to Caracas as chief engineer of a line then building—the line now involving Castro with German bondholders. Khilkoff remained two years in Venezuela, grew homesick, returned to Russia,



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THE CZAR'S GOLDEN STAIRCASE

It forms one of the show features of the palace grounds at Peterhof, and from its steps was seen, it is said, the conflagration kindled by the Kronstadt mutineers



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"THE BLOODIEST STREET IN KIEF"

It is a main thoroughfare, known as the Krestchatik, the scene of many onslaughts of the military against mobs

and was made station master at a town too small to appear on most maps. Khilkoff's rise was steady until last month made him the hope of an autocrat notwithstanding a revolution.

NOR was that hope a vain one. Khilkoff, by causing a resumption of railway traffic, made it possible for the bureaucracy to mobilize troops in any direction. It is a feat which made Poland's planned rising for autonomy impossible. Otherwise, says the Berlin *Vorwärts*, Poland must have won her autonomy, and autonomy in Poland, says Witte, would have meant the doom of the Russian Empire of the Czars. London papers say William II would have thrown 200,000 of his troops into Warsaw had Khilkoff failed to relieve the railway congestion. The statement is inherently probable to the London *Spectator*, which tells us that the German Emperor dreads a successful rising in Warsaw as a prelude to a revolt of his own Poles. The new concessions to Finland will be modified in spirit, if not in letter, says the London *Standard*, if Khilkoff can keep the railways going. Thus the prince takes his place beside Witte—another railroad man—as one of the few living Russians who have displayed first-class capacity in the Czar's service. The reactionaries have taken heart of grace, and universal suffrage and a constituent assembly go by the board. So, at any rate, proclaims Trepoff. The city mobs are inflamed at this defeat

when victory seemed so near. If the Berlin *Post* sees the situation in its true light, the workmen are likely to be checked. Thus ends what is a preliminary, if tremendous, skirmish. With the gathering of the Duma, the heat of real battle begins.

IT IS because its eyes are fixed on the coming Duma, therefore, that autocracy persists in a policy of sham concession and genuine defiance which to the press of France herself seems stupid and vindictive. As very few suicides seem committed on the spur of the moment, the act being generally premeditated and its consummation postponed again and again, so autocracy, shrinking from self-destruction, entertains its hope to the very end that universal suffrage need not be. So provincial officials rain secret circulars on peasant elders strictly forbidding meetings or the distribution of newspapers and political pamphlets. A liberty-loving countess whose leaflets were confiscated by village magnates protested to Trepoff that her writings had been passed by the censor. The general warned the lady that various agitators who persisted in political speeches to village voters would be deported to Siberia. No one, declared Trepoff, must advise a peasant how to vote. He pro-



THE RETURN OF RUSSIA'S ARMY FROM MANCHURIA

The veterans serenade Nicholas as the great military genius of the day
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)

nounced it seditious for a workman in a city to write home to his peasant father on the subject. Bureaucracy's power was everywhere in the rural districts when the elections were held for a fresh set of electoral colleges in the second week of the month just expiring. Ukases, decrees and circulars relating to the voting came out all through the period of strike disturbance. "But it is generally recognized," says the London *Times*, "that the ill-organized police forces of Russia are utterly incapable of coping with properly concerted efforts such as the progressives of all shades are capable of making." Even so, reports the London *Standard's* correspondent, a recrudescence of the sentiment in favor of boycotting the Duma may be noted among the "intellectuals." But a majority of the "intellectuals" tried to exert some influence over the elections to the Duma, in spite of Trepoff.



PEACE IN EUROPE

—Wahre Jacob Stuttgart



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THE SCENE OF TREPOFF'S TRIUMPH

This is the famous Nevsky Prospect, looking east. Trepoff's troops have held it with shot and shell against popular demonstrations

WITTE has become the arch-enemy to those university democrats who saw in the Duma a field for their political agitation. Some liberals have pledged themselves to obstruct the count's legislative work when his cabinet and his policy run the gauntlet of the Duma. He is even held responsible for the shrinkage of St. Petersburg's qualified voters from 25,000 to 8,500. He is accused of constantly shifting his ground without ever saying anything definite. But Witte replies that he is opposed to all persecution and bloodshed and remains the partisan of the greatest amount of liberty. There seems no doubt that he tried to save the Jews from the butcheries of the month. The wholesale massacres were connived at by autocracy, say socialist papers like the Rome *Avanti* and the Paris *Action*, for the purpose of diverting the city mobs from the suffrage crusade. Von Plehve had taught the reactionaries how to organize Jewish butchery as a branch of the police power. Secret societies, sworn to massacre the chosen people, can be turned loose at a nod. The streets of Odessa bore witness to the survival of the Plehve system when five thousand Jewish dead and wounded were counted after a twenty-four hours' period of pagan orgy and Carthaginian cruelty. There was slaughter for the men, the leer of the satyr for the women, while the lives of their children were stamped out with the feet of horses and troops. The latest of all the Russian dissolv-



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A MEMORIAL OF RUSSIA AS A GREAT WAR POWER

The St. Petersburg triumphal column and monument, made of cannon captured in the war with Turkey

fox coat braided with gold, tight trousers and half boots. The magnificence of his uniform and its glittering decorations, says the Paris *Gaulois*, showed his Majesty's graceful figure to great advantage.

NOT in her domestic affairs alone, but in her foreign relations as well, Russia seems to have just undergone a revolution. Into the news that Emperor William has permitted his ambassador at St. Petersburg to resign, London's jubilant press reads a British triumph in a struggle waged for weeks with the sole purpose of drawing Russia into line with the Anglo-French combination. We have here, conjectures the London press, the greatest event in European diplomacy since the practical disintegration of that union of Old-World powers known as the concert of Europe. The whole foreign policy of Russia seems, last month, to have been wrested from its moorings. As the London *Times* and *Post* explain it all, Russian world politics has almost revolutionized itself in a conflict of two tendencies. One ranges in a single camp the so-called liberal powers—Great Britain, France and Italy. In the opposite camp, until the German Emperor's ambassador resigned last month, stood Russia and the powers which have inherited the reactionary traditions of the Holy

ing views reveals Nicholas II and the court departing from Peterhof, now considered unsafe, to the guarded splendors and sentinel'd glory of Tsarskoe-Selo and the Winter Palace. The highest officers of the bodyguard, with Trepoff at their head, and each with a lady on his arm, march in procession to the ballroom. The imperial family arrive. Nicholas wore, when he led his partner to the supper-room, a blue Siberian

Alliance—Russia herself, Germany and Austria. The tendencies of the liberal powers are toward democracy, representative institutions, equality of opportunity. The tendencies of the other group of powers are dynastic, inclining to militarism, a close union of Church and State, and negation of the democratic idea in polity and in economics. The news that Russia has abandoned the reactionary camp for the liberal camp is not a whit less important, over the newspapers of all Europe, than the fact that the Czar yielded to the insistence of his people upon a grant of freedom. The tangle of covenants assuming shape in the triple alliance, the dual alliance, the Austro-Russian agreement regarding Turkey, and the Bismarckian system of diplomatic reinsurance behind an ally's back, went into the wastebasket together when Emperor William's ambassador quitted St. Petersburg. At the same time the alliance of France, Russia and Great Britain was made probable before long—inevitable in any event. Such is the reasoning which many dailies abroad, of weight and influence, accept as correct.



A LIGHTNING CHANGE
Nicholas, the Muscovite Marvel : "Dead frost that war turn. I'll give 'em the Hague business again. Hurry up with the dove and olive branch!"

—*London Punch*

BEFORE this result was achieved, the Czar's court had been the scene of a struggle between the British ambassador and the German ambassador. The German ambassador had promised, according to the *Petit Parisien*, that if Russia held aloof from Great Britain, Germany would promote a partition of Austria which would give the Czar Bohemia, the Polish provinces and other Slav districts. Count Witte is said by this authority to have given a tentative assent to the scheme. He had not calculated upon the vigor of French opposition. Paris is reported to have strained its official influence with the Czar to the utmost during the past month, and the result is believed in French papers to be one of the most signal purely diplomatic victories ever won. Russia, which had forfeited her prestige through the war with Japan, now regains her position as a great European power. The British ambassador went to London last month for the purpose of outlining with Lord Lansdowne the terms upon which Russia could be admitted into the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, while Great Britain takes membership in the dual alliance. This is an elaborate superstructure to rear upon the basis of the superannuation of Emperor William's ambassador, declares the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*. The Paris *Aurore* retorts that the superstructure is not too elaborate for the foundation.



RUSSIA'S CONSTITUTION

How the way to freedom is opened up to the mujik
—*Simplicissimus* (Munich)



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IN WARSAW'S JEWISH QUARTER

About a third of the inhabitants of the capital of Russian Poland are Jews. They form the backbone of the Socialist agitation according to Trepoff, who denounces them sternly

PRINCE LOUIS, of Battenberg, with his squadron of six British cruisers (for he is admiral as well as prince), has come and gone, after a strenuous round of functions, the quick succession of which, he said, gave him on an average but five minutes between times to change his clothes. He has visited Newport, Annapolis, Washington, New York (including Coney Island) and West Point, and if he failed to enjoy himself, all the press reporters interpreted his looks amiss. Admiral Evans, with eight battleships, and Rear-Admiral Brownson, with four cruisers, contrived to live through the festivities, which included calls, receptions, dinners and luncheons galore, fireworks, the Horse Show, launch races, football and a dance on the British admiral's flag-ship, the *Drake*, with the temperature at about the frost line. Something beside festivity, however, was produced. The Anti-Anglo-American Alliance League (did you ever hear of it before?) applied to the Commissioner of Police of New York City for a permit to parade the streets in token of its disapproval of the prince's coming, or something, and of course received the permit. The parade, if it occurred, did not shake the world. Similar disapproval of the visit existed in Berlin, where the *Kreuz Zeitung*, edited by Emperor William's personal adviser in international—especially Russian—affairs, criticized in advance the reception to be given to the prince, asserting that it was planned for



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THE ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON ON THE DECK OF HIS FLAGSHIP

Prince Louis of Battenberg, during the sojourn of his warships in New York Harbor, declared that it would be very easy for a fleet of warships to reduce the metropolis to a heap of ruins in less than half an hour. The New York *Times* says the Prince was joking.

the purpose of promoting Great Britain's claim that she is a virtual ally of the United States. That claim the Berlin paper considers both laughable and serious—laughable because England and the United States are sure to fall

out sooner or later over Canada or the Monroe doctrine, and serious because our naval officers take their cue from this claim and look upon a fight with Germany as the only one thinkable in the near future for this country. We don't know whether the Berlin editor is a diligent reader of Mr. Hearst's papers, but if he is he must have noted with joy that one of the indictments urged in the recent campaign by Mr. Hearst's editors against Mayor McClellan was the fact that the latter was to participate in the festivities of welcome to the prince—a fact that seemed very reprehensible indeed to those papers. Still another part of the world seems to have been stirred up over the matter. The Paris *Européen* has been telling its readers of an ugly row between President Roosevelt and Mayor McClellan because the latter had refused positively to assist in any welcome to the prince, declaring that if that distinguished scion of royalty did come to New York, he, the mayor, would leave town and never return until the British cruisers were again hull down in the distance. It would be impossible, said the mayor to the President (so runs this interesting tale), for the police of New York to preserve order if the admiral's squadron came to New York, and he, the mayor, would not be responsible for the "regrettable incidents" that would be certain to occur.

THE President's Southern tour lasted but ten days; but it is doubtful if there have ever been ten more memorable days even in his eventful life. It was described even by one of the few Southern journals that found the occasion an appropriate one for hostile comment—the Charleston *News and Courier*—as "a triumphal progress." It had seemed before this trip that the President had reached the apex of his career when, ax in hand, among the trees at Sagamore Hill, he was found by Secretary Loeb and informed of the peace agreement at Portsmouth. Nothing, it seemed, could come after that that would not seem like an anticlimax. But reading the accounts of the greetings, from the first day, October 18, when he began his tour in the Confederate capital, to the last day, October 26, when, as *Collier's Weekly* puts it, "he went down to the shore [at New Orleans] like a Mardi Gras King of the Carnival and disappeared into space," one can hardly consider the journey secondary to any other event in his career. Even after he thus "disappeared into space" the noteworthy features of the trip

were not ended. For out of that space came a wireless message which traveled one thousand miles to Washington to tell that the President's little squadron had been maintaining a speed of twenty knots an hour, breaking all records of our navy for squadron speed. "The tour of President Roosevelt through the South," says a Virginia paper, "was the most notable and, we may say, the most successful, tour made in this generation by any public man." "For a parallel," says *Harper's Weekly*, "to the fervor and sincerity of the greeting given him in States which had withheld from him their electoral votes we should have to pass over the long list of Presidents who perchance had to content themselves with a sectional popularity, and go back to the visit paid to New England some hundred and ten years ago, by George Washington." Not an untoward incident of consequence marred the trip.

THE reception in Richmond was an auspicious beginning. With an escort preceded and followed by eight mounted howitzers, the President proceeded down Main Street in a carriage drawn by two coal-black steeds, driven by a negro. At the corner of Sixth Street, an "immaculate phalanx of beauty," consisting of 150 young ladies, were waiting, and they promptly raised the strains of our national hymn. In the reception rooms illustrious Virginians looked down from the walls upon an animated scene. The President gave every manifestation of delight. "Oh, gentlemen," he remarked, "do you know this people and this mansion are ideal! I am captivated with it all; I am tempted to stay here." Then he talked of the illustrious ones whose portraits were on the wall almost as if he had known them. "Anecdote after anecdote of the great Virginians represented there he told,



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THE PRESIDENT AT THE OLD HOME OF HIS MOTHER

Just behind and at his left is Mrs. Roosevelt. At his right is Mammy Grace, who was his mother's nurse. The old man at the end of the front row is Daddy William, who decorated the house when the President's mother was married. The tall man in the rear row, a little to the right of the President, is Senator Clay.



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IN ACTION

President Roosevelt at Raleigh, N. C., calling for a "square deal" for the people from the railroads

beginning with a live bit of repartee attributed to John Randolph of Roanoke, and following with comment on the knightly Spottswood, in his stiff court costume, Governor Berkeley, Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Montague himself and others, to the great delight of his hearers." The President, it must be remembered, is a historian as well as many other things.

IN HIS formal address—which the once fiery Henry Watterson, of Louisville, declares ought to be recorded in letters of gold along-

side the Gettysburg speech of Lincoln—the President said, among other things:

"Here I greet you in the shadow of the statue of your mighty commander, General Robert E. Lee. You and he left us memories which, inasmuch as they are part of the memories bequeathed to the entire country by all the Americans who fought in the Civil war, are to serve forevermore as spurs and incentives to the generations coming after, to teach us and our descendants that alike in peace and in war, whenever the times that try men's souls may come, we are to rise level to the opportunity, as you rose level to your opportunity, and to be ready to prove, as you proved, our willingness to prove our worth by our endeavor."

The response, not only of Richmond but of the whole South, to this seems to have been immediate. Thinking it over a little later, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* explains that quick response as follows:

"Doubtless many of our Northern friends are saying within themselves that the Southern people are fickle; that they are a people who denounce a man one year and the next year take him to their hearts. The simple fact is that the Southern people have not understood President Roosevelt until recently. They thought that he was disposed to treat them with contempt, to disregard their traditions, and to defy their instincts. . . . But we discovered some time ago that we had misunderstood President Roosevelt, and his visit to the South has confirmed it. He has shown us that the Southern blood in his veins is still red and that his Southern instincts are still dominant. He has shown us that he not only has profound respect for our view of this [race] question, but that he is in sympathy with us, and he even went so far as to say in one of his speeches that these questions were questions for the South to settle for itself. We have found Mr. Roosevelt to be sensible, brave, chivalrous, friendly and sympathetic, and such a man will always command our respect, no matter what an impassable gulf may separate us politically."

Colonel Watterson's editorial comment (in the Louisville *Courier Journal*) has already been referred to. But he said more, and his tribute to Roosevelt has attracted wider attention in the North than that paid to any other single comment on the tour. Here is a part of his tribute:

"The South has wandered 40 years through a wilderness of sectionalism for this vision of the promised land of perfect nationality. It has longed for some Messiah of patriotism and broth-

erhood to rise in the North and to reach out to it the hand of equality having a heart in it. To Theodore Roosevelt this happy lot has fallen. Though we differ to-morrow, never again shall there be from us acerbity of thought or speech.

Room, room alone, while the President passes through 'the States lately in rebellion' for the grandeur of the nation and the majesty of the people."

And a little later still, when the campaign was on in Virginia, a Democratic party rally was held in Richmond, and, according to *The Times-Dispatch*, a straight Democratic paper, "the decided feature of the spellbinding was an appeal from Democratic orators to Democratic voters to roll up big majorities by way of rendering support to the Republican President now traveling through the South, calling for reforms in the federal government." Old-line Democrats sat upon the stage and joined in the cheers elicited by this appeal. Truly, as the Chicago *Evening Post* remarks, "the softening touch of time somehow has blended the blue and the gray into the colors of Old Glory."

THE event of most interest in the President's brief sojourn in North Carolina was his and Mrs. Roosevelt's meeting in Charlotte with the widow of General Stonewall Jackson. He took occasion not only to express his high esteem for the character of her husband, but also to praise warmly her grandson, whom he has recently appointed to West Point. And he remarked afterward that it was worth a trip South just to shake hands with Stonewall Jackson's widow—a remark for which the Columbia *State* forgives him many things. The crowds that turned out both in Charlotte and in Raleigh are said to have been the largest that ever assembled in the State on any occasion. At the latter place, the President spoke on the Philippines and on railroad rate regulation, reaffirming his position on the latter subject, but indicating that he favors legislation enabling the Interstate Commerce Commission not to fix rates that shall be unalterable, but, in cases where it is persuaded abuse has existed, to fix a "maximum



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THE AUDIENCE THAT CHEERED THE UTTERANCE AGAINST LYNCHING

At Little Rock the President declared that when a heinous crime is committed by one man to avenge a heinous crime by another both men place themselves on the same bestial level.

rate." The use of the term "maximum rate" gives very considerable importance to the speech, which we consider elsewhere in this number. Commenting on the President's meeting with Mrs. Jackson, and his "capture" of Charlotte in thirty minutes, the New York *Times* (Dem.) remarked: "The bitter cry of the Democratic politician in Texas may well be echoed by the Democratic politicians of the Southern States through which the President is now passing: 'You get that man out of here, or there won't be a Democratic vote left in the State.'" But the South's reception of Mr. Roosevelt, the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) more seriously remarks, "implies no relaxation of its old-time party allegiance," and it expresses the belief that the South is "more Democratic-

ally solid" south of Virginia than at any other time in its history.

WHEN the President reached Georgia, he visited at Roswell the old home of his mother. No other part of the record of his entire journey, *The Independent* (New York) thinks, will live so long and so brightly in the memories of the American people as the account of his visit to Roswell. When, with Mrs. Roosevelt, he entered Barrington Hall, the home of his mother in her girlhood, they found sitting there Mrs. W. E. Baker, who was bridesmaid at his mother's wedding. She was dressed in a black gown, we are told, frilled with white lace about the collar and cuffs, and on her head was a lace cap. "And this is Theodore," she exclaimed, extending her hand and patting him on the shoulder. "I am so glad to see you, Theodore." And she proceeded to tell him how his mother looked as a bride. It is a charming little scene, and the President's little speech afterward to citizens of Roswell goes well with it. He said in part:

"It has been my very great good fortune to have the right to claim that my blood is half Southern and half Northern, and I would deny the right of any man here to feel a greater pride in the deeds of every Southerner than I feel. Of the children, the brothers and sisters of my mother, who were born and brought up in that house on the hill there, my two uncles afterward entered the Confederate service and served in the Confederate navy. One, the younger man, served on the Alabama as the youngest officer aboard her. He was captain of one of her broadside 32-pounders in her final fight, and when at the very end the Alabama was sinking and the Kearsarge passed under



THE PRESIDENT'S AUDIENCE AT ATLANTA

One report says there were 40,000, another that there were 60,000 in the assemblage



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THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD OF HONOR AT LITTLE ROCK

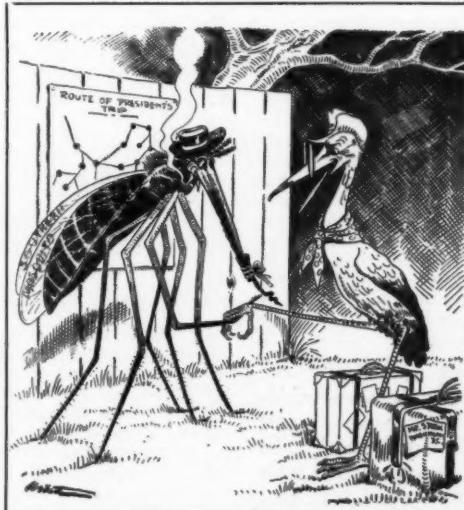
Twelve Union veterans in blue and twelve confederate veterans in gray rode side by side as his escort

her stern and came up along the side that had not been engaged hitherto my uncle, Irving Bulloch, shifted his gun from one side to the other and fired the two last shots fired from the Alabama. James Dunwoody Bulloch was an Admiral in the Confederate service. Of all the people whom I have ever met he was the one that came nearest to that beautiful creation of Thackeray Colonel Newcome."

And now, down there in Georgia, so the despatches say, Senator Clay and Congressman Livingstone are openly declaring that the best thing the Democratic party can do in 1908 is to renominate Theodore Roosevelt for President, and make his election unanimous! At the reception in Atlanta, after several speakers

had expressed their belief that Mr. Roosevelt is the greatest and most popular man in the world to-day, someone in the audience shouted out to him: "We want you for another term because you are an honest man." Mr. Roosevelt then, we are told, smiled but "shook his head emphatically."

THE race question was one which the President faced when he stood, October 25, before the students at Tuskegee Institute. He faced it, too, and neither in the South nor the North have we seen any expression of dissatisfaction with what he found to say, though the New York *World* thinks he might have said more, remarking that what the South



A CHANCE MEETING IN THE SOUTH
—Webster in Chicago *Inter-Ocean*

needs is to wake up, and "Mr. Roosevelt is too cautious about launching into the negro question to give it a chance." The President was driven to the Institute buildings in a handsome carriage made by the students, drawn by horses reared on the Institute farm, and followed by four other carriages also made at the Institute. A procession of the black students greeted him, 1,500 strong, the young men in blue suits with brass buttons, and wearing white gloves and cadet caps; the young women in blue dresses and blue straw hats, and each carrying a stalk of sugar-cane raised at the institute, tipped with a cotton boll, also raised at the agricultural station of the school. Then came sixty-one floats that the students had been weeks in preparing, each one representing some phase of the work in the academic or industrial departments of the institute. The President in his address congratulated the Institute on its aims and its results. Then he took up the relation of the two races. "In the interest of humanity, of justice and of self-protection every white man in America, no matter where he lives, should try to help the negro to help himself," he said. Again: "Every time a law is broken every individual in the community has the moral tone of his life lowered." He praised the men who have done "such heroic work in the South in arousing public opinion against lawlessness in all its forms and especially against lynching." If a misunderstanding between the two races arises, he advised as the best way out "a prompt, frank and full conference" between representative whites and blacks. Further:

"It is the Southern people themselves who must and can solve the difficulties that exist in the South; of course what help the people of the rest of the Union can give them must and will be gladly and cheerfully given. The hope of advancement for the colored man in the South lies in his steady, commonsense effort to improve his moral and material condition, and to work in harmony with the white man in upbuilding the commonwealth. The future of the South now depends upon the people of both races living up to the spirit and letter of the laws of their several States and working out the destinies of both races, not as races, but as law-abiding American citizens."

These utterances—"strong and tactful, the New York *Evening Post* calls them—were delivered within thirty miles of "one of the worst lynching regions in the United States." The Savannah *News* expresses its satisfaction with the speech because "the tone of the address made it clear that Mr. Roosevelt regards this as a white man's country," inasmuch as this

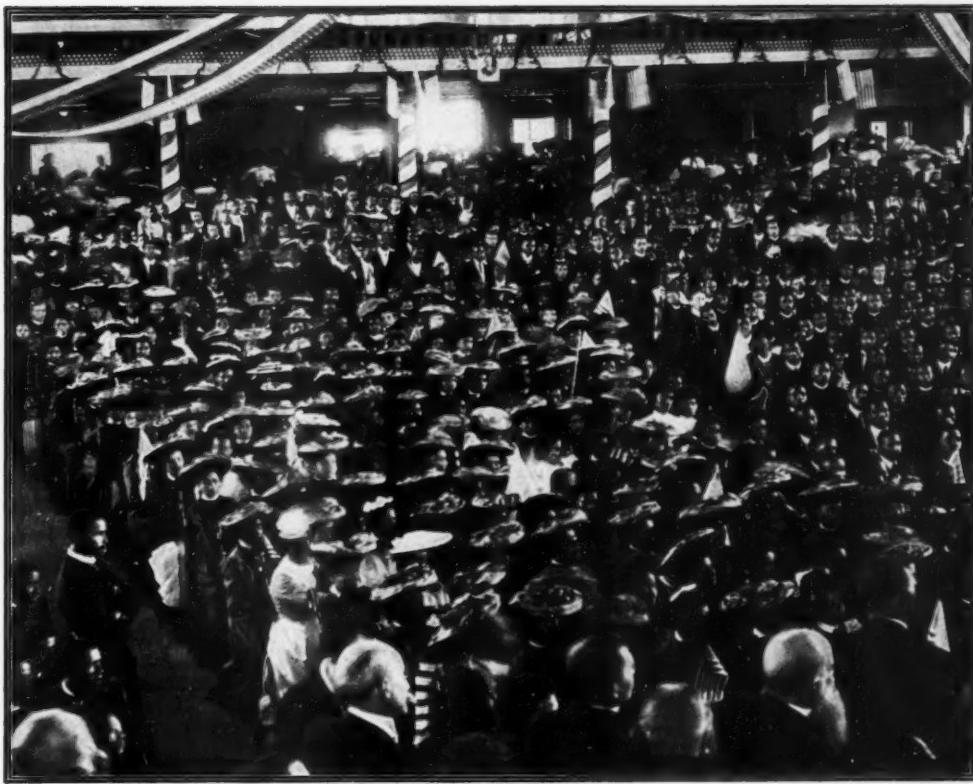
address and other addresses "were delivered in the manner of a representative of a superior race giving good advice to audiences of an inferior race."

THE subject of lynching was again taken up by the President before a vast audience (numbering not less than 60,000, one reports says) of blacks and whites in Little Rock, Arkansas. His speech followed that of the Governor, Jefferson Davis, who referred to the subject, laying stress upon the heinousness of the crime that most often provokes a lynching. What the President said is construed in the press despatches as a "rebuke" to the governor. Mr. Roosevelt also emphasized the heinousness of the crime and declared that the worst enemy the negro race has is the negro criminal of that particular stamp, and every reputable negro "owes it as his first duty to himself and to that race to hunt down that criminal with all his soul and strength." But, he added, "to avenge one heinous crime by another heinous crime is to reduce the man doing it to the bestial level of the man who committed the bestial crime." And at this point in the speech the report indicates "great applause and cheers." The guard of honor that attended the President at Little Rock was composed of twelve Union Army veterans led by Colonel Fowler, and twelve Confederate veterans led by ex-Governor Jones. They rode in pairs, blue and gray side by side. One other feature of the parade that caused great cheering and brought a smile to the President's face, was the release, just as the President passed under the arch of welcome, of twelve white doves that had been caged on the apex of the arch.

THE rest of the story of the trip—the reception at Mobile and New Orleans—is of the same sort. The President's speech at Mobile referred to the Panama Canal and to the opposition of "great commercial interests which did not wish to see it completed." He added significantly:

"It seems to me evident from certain things I see in a portion of the daily papers that these forces are still active and that they are going to try to cloud the issue with the hope of putting off for ten or fifteen years the digging of that canal. Their weapons will be and are every form of misrepresentation; but, gentlemen, they will fail. You need not have the slightest alarm. Uncle Sam has started to dig that canal, and it will be dug, and soon."

The crowd at New Orleans was so great



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TUSKEGEE STUDENTS LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT

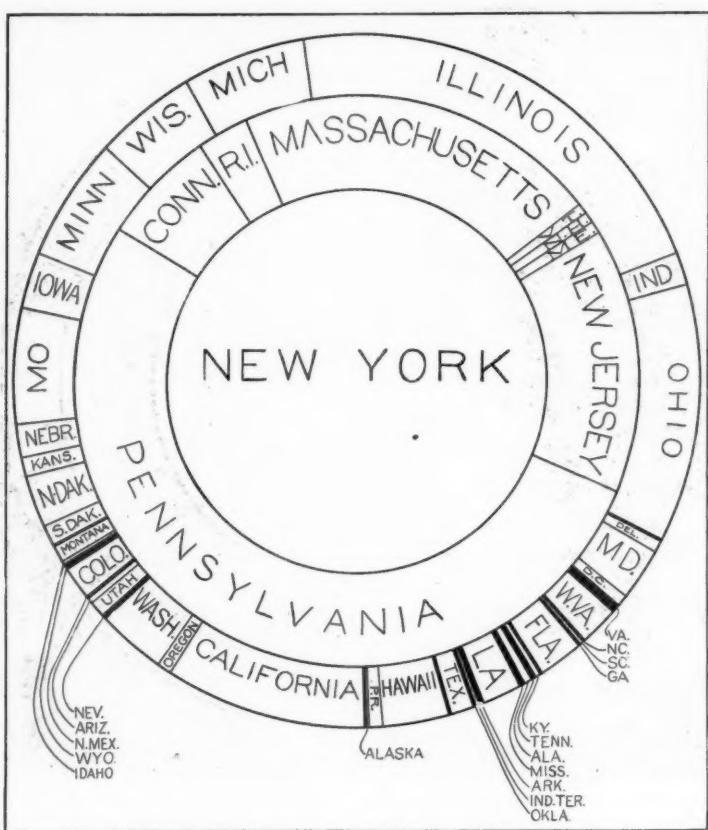
"In the interest of humanity, of justice, and self protection, every white man in America should try to help the negro to help himself."

that the President was afraid of a catastrophe, and after a sentence or two of greeting from the steps of the city hall, he abandoned the effort. Before the city's celebration, it is said, all former celebrations in New Orleans sink into insignificance. The reception of President McKinley a few years ago was mild in comparison and the carnivals of past years were like mere mockeries. The people of New Orleans attribute the quick work in stamping out yellow fever this fall to the prompt action of the President in assigning to the work the United States Marine Hospital Service, and he was introduced not only as the President but as the savior of the city. He made seven speeches in one day, beside half a dozen brief talks at different points in the parade. It was a fitting finale to a great trip. But it was a trip that, it is estimated, cost the President himself between five and six thousand dollars, as there is no public fund out of which his ex-

penses may be met without a special appropriation by Congress. The *Savannah News* says on this point:

"Are the United States generous enough with their President? . . . For the traveling expenses of others connected with the government ample allowance is made. Senators and representatives receive travel pay. Sometimes some of them do not get all they would like to, as was the case in the last Congress, yet they get quite a considerable amount. Even when they go on their last travels the cost of the hearse and other funeral expenses is met. Congressional junkets are paid for by the government, but when the President visits distant sections of the country he must pay his way. He goes at the invitation of the people, and they do not like the idea of his having to pay personally when he accepts their invitations."

OVER one million immigrants—an average of about 3,000 for every day of the year—will, it is estimated, have entered the ports of the United States in the year 1905.



Courtesy of *Harper's Weekly*

DISTRIBUTION OF FOREIGN LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES

The tide has risen steadily for the last seven years, except for a slight decrease in 1903. There were twice as many immigrants this year as four years ago, three times as many as six years ago. And yet the other day a convention was held in Chattanooga, attended by representatives of fourteen States—all the Southern States except Delaware and Texas—for the purpose of devising some means of securing more immigrants! Six governors, two Senators and eighteen Congressmen participated, and resolutions were unanimously adopted denouncing as a slander any statement to the effect that the South does not want honest and industrious white immigrants. All the Southern States were called on to establish immigration bureaus—most have already done so—to help solve the problem that confronts the South in a very serious way—the problem of finding laborers enough

according to reports, a dismal failure in most places except in the Yazoo delta. "Agricultural development in the black belt," says Walter L. Fleming in *The Political Science Quarterly*, "is at a standstill because of the worthlessness of the black and the difficulty of getting more white labor." In 1876 the negroes produced 60 per cent. of the cotton crop; in 1899 they produced but 40 per cent. "Every year the negro produces less, proportionately as well as actually, in agriculture." There has been great industrial progress, Mr. Fleming says, but it has been "almost all" in the white counties. And it is not only the farms that are calling for more laborers, but every branch of industry. Last year, for instance, in South Carolina, there was a time when one-third of the spindles were idle for lack of labor. The development of industry has far outrun the increase of population.

to till her fields, run her factories and develop her mines. This is one phase of the immigration question. To further consider this and other phases that confront other sections, the National Civic Federation has called another national conference on the subject of immigration, to meet in New York City, December 6, 7 and 8. This conference "will be an open forum for debate," no attitude at all having been as yet adopted.

THE South is evidently growing hungry for laborers, especially agricultural laborers. Although the value of the cotton crop has in the last six years averaged half a billion dollars a year, it is estimated that not more than one-eighth of the cotton lands are even now in cultivation. Free negro agricultural labor is proving,

YET with this loud call for toilers and with over 3,000 foreigners a day coming to our shores, the tide of immigration to the South has been relatively "insignificant." Since the Civil War the South has lost to the North and West about 2,500,000 of its white population and has received less than half that many. Alabama has now but 35 persons to the square mile, Arkansas 24, Louisiana 30, North Carolina 39, South Carolina 41, Florida 9, Texas 11; while in the North New York has 152, Illinois 86, Ohio 102, Pennsylvania 140 and Massachusetts 349. "If South Carolina were as densely populated as Massachusetts, it would have 10,500,000 people." In 1900, according to the census, the entire South, including the old "border States," had only about 620,000 inhabitants of foreign birth—about as many as Michigan alone had. Five of the great producing States—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina—had but 45,000 foreign-born inhabitants, or about as many as Vermont alone, with one-thirtieth the total population, had.

THE hopeless failure of negro labor to meet the needs of the South in its rapid industrial advancement is attested by many writers. Robert De Courcy Ward, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, bears witness that "there is in the South a widespread and decided reaction against the negro." He says:

"Many of the white population are losing patience with him. He is charged with being less efficient than before the war; with incapacity, irresponsibility, and instability; with unfitness for and dissatisfaction with his work; with demanding too much pay and requiring too many holidays. Most of these complaints, it may be noted, are similar to those which are heard in the North with regard to white laborers and servants. Furthermore, many negroes, in common with the whites, are leaving the country and flocking to the cities, often making it impossible to secure negro labor for cotton picking or for work on the sugar plantations."

Even with the small number of immigrants that the South is now receiving, the negro is being displaced, we are told, on the sugar plantations and truck farms by alien labor. We quote again from Mr. Ward:

"On plantation and truck farms; in furnaces and mines; in factories and mills; in the occupations of city and country; even in domestic service, the black is steadily losing ground to the alien white. The result is twofold; there is a tendency for the negro to leave the occupations which require greater skill and intelligence, and to take refuge in those which require less, or the

negro gives up the struggle and goes to the city, especially in the North."

This migration of the negroes to the North, Mr. Ward thinks, has only just begun. Last winter there came to one Massachusetts city of 100,000 inhabitants 750 Southern negroes. To emphasize his statement that "the Southern negro is now engaged in a life and death struggle," he quotes a negro editor as follows: "The negro must now fight for his very existence. All along the line the battle is on. . . . The white races . . . are disputing the negro's usefulness in those strongholds heretofore deemed impregnable to white attack."

THE conditions set forth by Mr. Ward and Mr. Fleming are confirmed by every newspaper in the South that has commented on the subject of immigration. Says the *Atlanta Journal*:

"The problem of immigration is one which is vital to the South as a whole, since labor conditions all over the South are much the same. At a time when the whole section is forging ahead rapidly in an industrial way, the South is finding its supply of unskilled labor growing less and less. The negroes are leaving the farms and coming to the towns and cities. Most people who have thought about the southern immigration question at all have seen the necessity for encouraging some sort of immigration to take the place of the negroes. The problem then resolves itself into the question of 'What sort of people shall we get—what sort can we get—to take the place of the negro on the farms?'"

Apparently the problem has reached the stage of being very clearly and generally recognized. It has yet to be solved, and the Chattanooga conference does not seem to have gone very far toward solving it. Congressman John Sharp Williams thinks that immigrants from *northern* Italy—especially Piedmont—are what are wanted. Those from southern Italy are far less desirable and, after the recent experience with them in the yellow-fever outbreak in New Orleans, they seem less desirable than ever. As a result of inquiries sent to public men throughout the South by Mr. Ward, the sentiment is seen to be practically unanimous against the importation of Asiatics and illiterates and aliens who naturally gravitate into the cities. What are most wanted are native Americans from the North and immigrants from the northern countries of Europe, skilled in intensive and diversified farming, who can depend on their own exertions, manage their own business, market their own crops and save money.

SEPARATION of church and state in France was temporarily checked a fortnight or so ago by attempts to talk the measure down in the senate and by a demonstration in the chamber against Prime-Minister Rouvier's alleged subordination to Germany. But Paris organs accept separation as inevitable. It will come before the end of the present month, says that great anticlerical, Emile Combes. Yet the past three weeks have shown that Prime-Minister Rouvier is now unable to hold together the powerful combination of various anticlerical groups known as the "bloc." The "bloc" has ruled France for over five years. It is now breaking up, thinks the *Journal des Débats*. The final break-up, should it come, must be attributed to the friends of former Foreign-Minister Delcassé. Sensational revelations in the Paris *Matin* seem to prove that he was ousted from the ministry to please Berlin. Rouvier meets the political difficulty by reconstructing the cabinet in a way unsatisfactory, on the whole, to the "bloc." His difficulties are enhanced by the coming presidential election. The successor to M. Loubet will be chosen in an atmosphere clouded by the anticlerical storm and the international fog. Were Rouvier to fall in such a complication and were the "bloc" to go to pieces, some very exciting events would attend the choice of a new chief magistrate of the republic. Extreme radical organs like the Paris *Lanterne* and *Action* accuse the clericals of making Delcassé their stalking-horse. They want a *coup d'état*, we are assured, and not a presidential election, their aim being reunion of church and state.

NORWAY voted herself a monarchical system of government in the great referendum last month. Rejecting a republic by a majority of three to one, this youngest of the sisterhood of nations has summoned Prince Charles of Denmark to her throne as King Hakon, according to the London *Times*, and as King Charles, according to the Christiania *Aftenbladet*. The new constitution is to be based upon that of Great Britain. Norway would probably have set up as a republic, say many liberal European dailies, were it not for the active efforts of her provisional government, headed by Prime-Minister Michelsen. Had Michelsen and his party remained neutral, the result might have been very different. The monarchists controlled the utterances of the leading newspapers. They issued proclamations warning Norwegians that the country would

be embarrassed in its relations with the other Scandinavian nations were a republic proclaimed. The new Queen of Norway, daughter of King Edward VII, hailed the result with anything but enthusiasm. We read in the Christiania *Morgenblad*, however, that Norway could not have maintained her independence in "the dangerous isolation" of republican institutions. That is understood to reflect the view of the strongest statesman in Norway, Christian Michelsen. He could have made his country a republic, according to the Paris *Européen*. It seems to be taken for granted that King Charles will make Michelsen prime minister. Mr. Michelsen came rather suddenly into the world's notice. He is forty-eight, a lawyer by profession, and at the same time partner in a large shipping firm. He has represented Bergen in the Storthing for some years. His monarchical proclivities are said to be due in part to his warm personal friendship with Emperor William.

ONE more humiliating defeat for German arms in Southwest Africa brings the two years' war of Emperor William's forces against the revolted Herreros to a pass which prompts the London *Mail* to assert that the prestige of the white man is endangered in these regions and that a rising of South African blacks may spread too far. The intimation is maddening to the anti-British Berlin press, which beholds in it a London purpose to absorb Germany's African possessions. But nearly two years have passed since these rebels first defeated the German troops, replies the London *Standard* to this. Emperor William increased his forces to 20,000 men recently, bidding his commander hang the whole rebel population of Southwest Africa from trees. And the month brings another setback—how serious the unofficial world does not yet know. It is well established that in addition to the 20,000 German troops, Boers have been enlisted from the contiguous British possessions. Over \$100,000,000 has been spent by Berlin in the effort to quell the rising, which, says the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), is now more ominous than ever. To make matters additionally serious, it begins to appear that the native insurrection in German East Africa is not quelled either, although official accounts implied the contrary. All the trouble is ascribed by the Paris *Temps* to a colonial policy of the mailed-fist type. The revolted Africans are given a good character as regards their conduct of their campaign.

Literature and Art

EDGAR ALLAN POE AND THE HALL OF FAME

There is felt to be a certain incongruity in the fact that Edgar Allan Poe is as yet denied a place in the New York Hall of Fame. Emerson, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell and Whittier have all been awarded commemorative tablets in the stately temple overlooking the Hudson, but Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Fenimore Cooper and William Cullen Bryant have been excluded by the committee in charge. This committee includes ex-President Grover Cleveland, Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks, Chief-Justice Fuller, President Eliot of Harvard University, President Hadley of Yale University, Whitelaw Reid, Andrew D. White, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, and many more. The first decision of the committee in regard to enrolments in the Hall of Fame was rendered in 1900, it having been agreed that no names were to be considered except those of citizens who had been dead at least ten years, and that fifty-one votes were necessary to admit. The following twenty-nine names were chosen:

George Washington	97	Henry Clay	74
Abraham Lincoln	96	George Peabody	74
Daniel Webster	95	Nathaniel Hawthorne	73
Benjamin Franklin	94	Peter Cooper	69
Ulysses Simpson Grant	93	Eli Whitney	69
John Marshall	91	Robert E. Lee	68
Thomas Jefferson	91	Horace Mann	67
Ralph Waldo Emerson	87	John James Audubon	67
Robert Fulton	86	James Kent	65
Henry Wadsworth		Henry Ward Beecher	64
Longfellow	85	Joseph Story	64
Washington Irving	83	John Adams	62
Jonathan Edwards	82	William Ellery	
Samuel Finley Breese		Channing	58
Morse	82	Gilbert Charles Stuart	
David Glascoe Farragut	79	Asa Gray	51

As the result of a second election which took place October 10, 1905, these eleven names were added:

James Russell Lowell	William T. Sherman
John Greenleaf Whittier	Louis Agassiz
John Quincy Adams	Maria Mitchell
James Madison	Emma Willard
John Paul Jones	Mary Lyon
Alexander Hamilton	

A considerable number of names remained unelected because they received less than fifty-one votes. The following are the most important:

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 48; James Fenimore Cooper, 48; Edgar Allan Poe, 43; William Cullen Bryant, 46; John L. Motley, 40; Francis Parkman, 46; George Bancroft, 39; Horace Greeley, 34; Noah Webster, 32; William H. Prescott, 25; William Lloyd Garrison, 20; Mark Hopkins, 38; and Matthew Simpson, 29.

Press discussion of the new election is widespread, and centers, for the most part, on the exclusion of Poe. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, evidently feels that the vote needs some explanation. In making the list public, he denied that Poe's private character had anything to do with the decision, and intimated that the reason for his exclusion was a literary one:

"The American people has not yet come to the stage when it prefers form to substance, and many are inclined to believe that Poe is attitudinizing in regard to *Annabel Lee*. Judged by Milton's criterion, that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate, Poe's poetry has the first two qualities, but it is lacking in the third. Poe's poetry possesses the necessary simplicity of form to be easily understood, and the rhythm and picture-making quality meant by Milton's 'sensuous,' but it does not suggest the wide range of feelings, nor does it give one the impression that Poe felt any very deeply. This is my idea why he has not been elected."

The San Francisco *Argonaut* thinks that many people will agree with Lowell in his estimate of Poe when he said that he was "three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer 'fudge.'" It adds: "Still genius is so rare that even sixty per cent. is a high rating. It seems odd to find Poe excluded when Lowell and Whittier are enrolled in the Hall of Fame." In more emphatic terms, the St. Louis *Mirror* declares: "Poe is our greatest artist of the imagination, as Hawthorne is our greatest genius. Both are universal in their appeal and beyond the power of any committee, however parochial, to place or rank them."

The Columbia (S. C.) *State* charges that "the venom of sectional prejudice" lies behind the present decision. "Since its founding," it says, "the 'Hall of Fame' seems to have been conducted as a purely sectional enterprise, to attempt to bestow 'fame' upon certain northern and eastern worthies, to the neglect, for sectional reasons or bias, of some far abler worthies of other sections, especially the South." To this and other criticisms the New York *Tribune* replies as follows:

"So much comment has been made upon the failure of one name to receive a majority of votes that a few words concerning it will not be amiss. We refer to the name of Edgar Allan

Poe, which received only forty-three out of the required fifty-one votes. There are some who affect to regard that result as condemnatory of the whole Hall of Fame, while others affect to see in it the pernicious persistence of sectional animosity or of Puritanical intolerance, saying that Poe was rejected through New-England influence because he was a Southerner. Such views are without warrant. The fact is, we believe, that Poe—who, by the way, was born in Boston—received his principal support in the North and East. Moreover, the same electoral body that left him out also left out a whole company of eminent New-Englanders and New-Yorkers, including Motley, Bancroft, Holmes, Bryant, Parkman, Greeley, Choate, Brooks, Hopkins and Henry. It may be widely regretted that most or all of these were not elected; but the fact remains that, of a hundred of the best representative men of America, in all parts of the country and in all the learned professions, a majority did not vote in favor of them. It would be folly to charge such an electorate with incompetence or with prejudice. At most we can only express surprise, and perhaps regret, at its extreme conservatism.

"But, after all, it is not so much who are not

chosen as who are chosen that counts, and there can be no hesitation in saying that every name thus far chosen has been chosen well. With a single exception, every name inscribed in the pantheon at University Heights has been all but universally approved, and approval of even that one has been, we believe, overwhelming. It is far better to make a dozen worthy candidates wait another five years than it would be to admit a single unworthy name. The Hall of Fame probably will not at any time contain the name of every famous American; but it does not, and we may confidently hope it never will, contain the name of one who is not truly entitled to a place there. Those who are really great can afford to wait. Their fame will not languish through failure to inscribe their names in the Hall."

The London *Spectator* makes this comment: "The preference of Whittier to Poe is remarkable, if literary genius is to be taken as a test of merit. It seems to indicate that character is regarded as an indispensable passport to the Hall of Fame, which in that case would more truly be styled the Hall of Worthies."

THE TALKATIVE ASPECT OF LOWELL'S GENIUS

Lowell is to be classed among the "great Anglo-Saxon talkers," and it is through the medium of this fact—in part, at least—that his genius should be studied. Dr. Ferris Greenslet, to whom belongs the credit for this idea, reveals the why and the wherefore in the course of his new work* on the career and genius of one who all his life long, we are assured, was a great talker. And one knowing whereof she spoke is quoted by Dr. Greenslet as having declared, "Mr. Lowell was more fond of talking than anyone else I ever knew." Dr. Greenslet himself tells us:

"In Lowell's conversation, as in all his expression, we discover the essential puzzling antinomy between the simple transparent nature of the man and his complex and willful intellect. Finally to characterize his talk we shall have to resort to manifold comparison. Perhaps we shall describe it most exactly if we say that to something of the vast and ready learning of Macaulay's, the homely wisdom of Franklin's, the nimble-footed, sweetly-stuttered fantasy of Lamb's, it united a human friendliness, a moral sincerity, all its own. This is not saying that Lowell's talk as talk was better than that of any or all of these famous talkers. Very likely in a competitive conversation it would have suffered precisely from its variety of modes, its lack of permanent pose, of artful manner. Yet Lowell's talk was always *his* talk, and always good talk. If we may adapt to our uses Bronson Alcott's

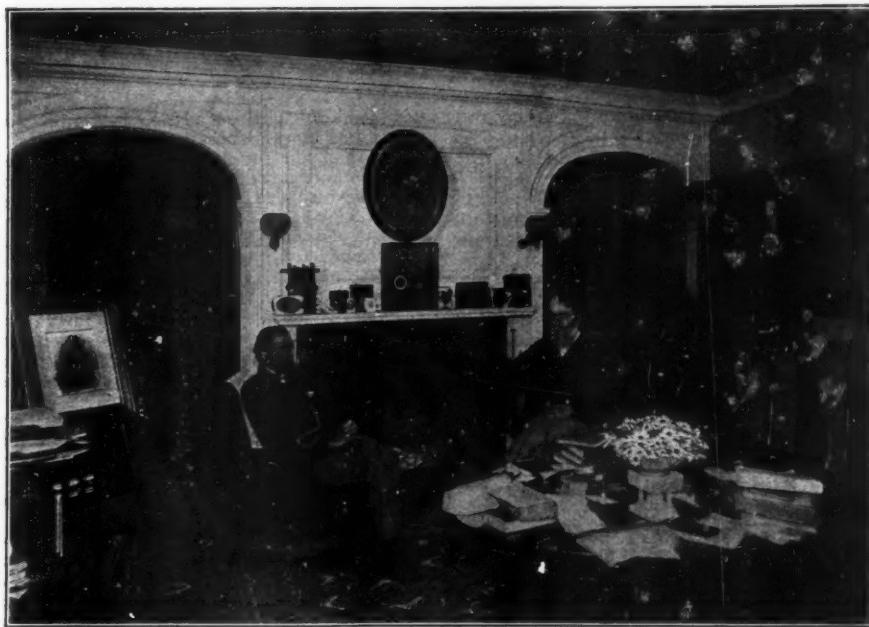
pleasant formula and suppose that Shakespeare had visited Cambridge at any time between 1856 and 1872, no lover of Lowell can doubt for whom he would have inquired first."

Lowell's talk was never prosy. Leslie Stephen, who had every opportunity of knowing, said that Lowell "could not possibly come within measurable distance of boring," and Dr. Greenslet is of the same mind. "In the offices of his publishers," he avers, "there is still a tradition that he never called on the most casual business without leaving behind him something quotable that would be passed from mouth to mouth for days." And the fact is made out to be a literary one thus:

"His talk was singularly of a piece with his letters and his essays. In a real and underogatory sense Lowell 'talked prose.' So, in dealing with his 'spontaneous, enthusiastic and versatile' expression—to employ a convenient formula which, however it may fit Amer'can literature as a whole, is strikingly applicable to Lowell—it will be of advantage to consider it when most spontaneous, most enthusiastic, most versatile—in short, his familiar talk."

"The idiosyncrasy of Lowell's talk was its flexibility. . . . As he grew older, the lecture habit grew upon him and he came to have at times, as an English friend complains, 'an airy omniscience,' 'a minute and circumstantial way of laying down the law.' Yet for him talk never ceased to mean conversation, lively with give and take, picturesque with curious allusion and racy phrase, pliant and cordial with sincere friendliness

*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Ferris Greenslet. Houghton Mifflin & Co.



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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND LESLIE STEPHEN IN THE FORMER'S LIBRARY

Lowell, according to Stephen, was "one of the great Anglo-Saxon talkers," his fluency attaining a perfection greater than Dr. Johnson's.

and never marred by a mean or an ill-natured judgment."

When in the mood for it, Lowell "could talk in paragraphs." He then endeavored with patience "to thread the difficult needle of truth." However:

"His more characteristic manner in conversation, as in letter writing or essay writing, was discursive and vivid. He was never able to resist the seduction of the fantastic, the paradoxical, the daring. He abounded in quips and cranks, recondite jokes and puns. His applying to an unintelligent person 'the quadrissyllabic name of the brother of Agis, King of Sparta,' which after much research was discovered to have been Eudamidas, seems to have been a jest of a type he was fond of, but too elaborate to be fairly typical of his conversational style. Longfellow records in his 'Journal' that at Lowell's supper to Thackeray the latter said in bidding his host farewell, 'We have stayed too long.' 'I should say,' replied Lowell, 'one long and two short, a dactylic supper.' Some of his witticisms were reminiscent of his reading rather than strictly original. He wrote in a letter of a talk between Dr. Holmes and Anthony Trollope, that 'it was pelting a rhinoceros with seed pearls.' Leigh Hunt, in his 'Autobiography,' had recently written of Charles Lamb's dealing with an hypothetical antagonist of similar stamp that he would have 'pelted his head with pearls.' Such in-

stances are numerous, yet there is no hint of conscious or laborious artifice in their use."

Lowell's good things "came up as spontaneously as bubbles in a spring." It is in this quality, asserts Dr. Greenslet, that the unity of his oral and written prose becomes most apparent:

"Lowell seems to have caught the light on nearly every facet of his many-faceted mind. He displayed an astonishingly minute and accurate familiarity with all the details of Parisian local history; he discoursed at large, as was his wont, upon the Jews, and his own peculiar gift of detecting hidden strains of Hebrew blood in the most unlikely persons; he extemporized in French a witty fantastic letter from a French doll to an English doll. Yet underneath this medley of learning, paradox and wit, the listener was conscious of the fine single-mindedness, the incorruptible Puritanism of the man. Moral judgments were constantly uppermost in his mind and he was always rapping out some terse, unconventional, sincere expression of righteous feeling. Mr. Barrett Wendell has told of going as an undergraduate to call upon Lowell, unwittingly on an evening when he had heard of the death of an old and dear friend, and of hearing, or, as it were, overhearing from Lowell a series of deep musings upon death that had something of the solemn sentiment, the elegiac cadence of a great prose threnody by Browne or Bossuet."

WHY FRENCH FICTION IS COMPELLED TO MALIGN FRENCH MORALS

Persons who have lived among the French in France for any length of time need not be told, remarks Miss Betham-Edwards in the course of her lately published study of home life under the third republic,* that the average novel from Paris is a preposterous libel on French morals. Why should this be so? she inquires. Many students of French life have striven with indifferent success to disabuse the alien mind of the notion that France, as the late Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe put it, is a land where "matrons are not chaste." But the vogue of French fiction is so great, Miss Edwards thinks, that the outside world will always incline, perhaps, to view French morals through a disturbing medium. She attributes the dilemma to the conditions under which the French novelist must work:

"Society is so constituted in France that the novelist is forced back upon the exceptional and far-fetched, the annals of vice and crime. Nowadays readers require a different sensationalism in literature to that furnished by their predecessors, Eugene Sue and Dumas. And as French firesides are the reverse of sensational, popular writers look for inspiration elsewhere.

"Whilst being in no sense an apology for the bad novel, such a fact may be accepted as, at least, partly explanatory. We must remember that there are no romantic marriages in France, very little that falls under the head of love-making and nothing whatever that answers to German *schwärmerei*, an intensive expression of our own sentimentality. To be *fantasque*, that is to say, to have romantic, unconventional notions, is a term of severe reproach; woe to that French-woman who incurs it. Tradition, bringing up, material interests, are all opposed to the freedom which renders English girlhood a prolific theme for the novelist. No well-bred French girl ever enjoys an innocent flirtation, much more a harmless escapade. Nor must she relish them on paper till she has entered into the partnership of marriage."

Again, says Miss Edwards, the domestic circle in France is essentially domestic, rarely anything more. The vast majority of the well-to-do, the comfortably off and the prosperous spend their entire lives within narrowly circumscribed limits. We quote again:

"When I look back upon twenty-five years' experience of French domestic life, I can only recall two incidents which a novelist could have turned to good account. The first was an affair involving family honor and good repute, several households being brought low by the malversations of

one member. The second was a case of mistaken identity that very nearly proved as tragic. A young man, the son of friends, was charged with robbery and murder, and although the accusation was disproved a few hours later, the shock almost killed his father.

"Both circumstances lent themselves admirably to dramatic treatment; and more than once have I said to myself: If only a novelist had the slightest chance of being true to foreign life, here were abundant materials for my pen. Quieter themes have also tempted me from time to time. But no matter how well we may know our neighbors, English stories of French life are doomed to failure.

"One novelette coming under this category affords a striking instance in point. An English writer had set himself the somewhat difficult task of describing a clerical interior, the home of a village priest. Two egregious incongruities marked the attempt.

"Here was a country curé listening in the evening to Beethoven's sonatas played by a young niece!

"Now, in the first place, you might search France through without finding a piano in a rustic *presbytère*; in the second, you would as vainly seek a village priest appreciative of German classical music; and thirdly, the notion of a young girl keeping house for a bachelor uncle, above all, an ecclesiastic, is in the highest degree preposterous."

Altogether, concludes Miss Edwards, "French home life is unsuitable for romance" and the French novelist is handicapped as is the novelist of no other country in the world. Where talent alone will suffice for the production of a first-rate novel from the pen of an English or an American writer, the novelist who happens to be French must possess at least genius, or something extraordinarily like it, before he can undertake a work of fiction that any publisher would look at. And the most fertile field workable in English fiction cannot even be entered by the French novelist. There are no more exceptions than prove the rule. "Minded to produce a story after the English model, that is to say, one that should be irreproachable, M. Rod gives us 'Mademoiselle Annette,' which can no more be compared in interest and vivacity to the 'Small House at Allington' or 'The Chronicles of Carlingford' than Daudet's 'Jack' can be compared to the 'David Copperfield' of his great forerunner and model."

The profound influence which these circumstances have exerted upon French literature should not, concludes Miss Betham-Edwards, be misunderstood.

**HOME LIFE IN FRANCE*. By Miss Betham-Edwards. A. C. McClurg & Co.

GIBSON'S ABANDONMENT OF THE PEN FOR THE BRUSH

"I've simply come to a point where I feel I can do better work in broader fields." In this simple fashion, Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the "Gibson girl," and famous throughout the world as a master of "black-and-white," recently announced his intention of abandoning the artistic work which has brought him a yearly income of \$65,000, and of seeking a new reputation. His tenth annual book of collected drawings, just published under the title, "Our Neighbors," he declares will be his last. He expects to go to Europe in the near future, to study the old masters, and to devote the rest of his life to painting. So radical a departure, on the part of an eminent artist, from previous successful work, is almost unparalleled. The nearest analogies in our own times are probably those afforded by Gérôme, Macmonnies and Du Maurier. Says the New York *World*:

"When Gérôme, the famous French painter, in his last years essayed sculpture he seemed to have exhausted the resources of his palette, but he could not resist the temptation to seek new conquests. Local customs officials were cruel enough the other day to debate whether his figure of Bellona should be classified as a work of art or manufacture. Macmonnies, whose 'Horse-Tamer' and groups on the Army and Navy Memorial Arch are the glory of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, ventured into painting a few years ago. The critics treated his exhibition here respectfully, but they showed no disposition to dissuade him from modelling more statues. Fortunately he treated his painting rather as a recreation than his life's business, and from Paris he continues to send new contributions to American art, such as the Slocum statue unveiled a few weeks ago in Brooklyn.

"Du Maurier's social satires in *Punch* had made him the most popular of pen-and-ink artists long before he tried his hand at writing novels. He

was a much older man than Gibson, but had relatively small means and his eyesight was failing. 'Peter Ibbetson,' 'The Martian,' and especially 'Trilby,' added to his popularity and greatly to his income. The vogue of 'Trilby' was stimulated by his pictures of the heroine and Svengali and Little Billee. Who knows but that Gibson may some day tell the love affairs of the 'Gibson girls' in words instead of lines? He would be sure at any rate of ranking among the successful writers if he brightened his pages with his own sketches as Du Maurier did."



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CHARLES DANA GIBSON IN HIS STUDIO

"Nobody now living," says Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, "can compare with Dana Gibson as a worker with the pen's point."

Richard Harding Davis, an old and intimate friend of Gibson's, throws some interesting sidelights on the artist's influence and character, in an interview with a *World* reporter. Gibson is a man "absolutely without vanity, and yet with tremendous respect for his work," Mr. Davis says. Furthermore: "No black-and-white artist has had the monetary success he has had, and, unlike most artists, he has had a sane business head." Mr. Davis continues:



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SERIOUS BUSINESS: A YOUNG LAWYER ARGUING HIS FIRST
IMPORTANT CASE *

(By Charles Dana Gibson)

"As to his future I can say this: Men often change from one business to another because they have failed in the last one. But Dana changes because he has succeeded in the last one. Therefore, he needn't worry about his future, because he can always go back to his past.

"I do not believe people in America know, and I am sure Dana doesn't know, how widely popular his pictures are, because he has not travelled much.

leaf shacks in Central America. In Durban, South Africa, I have seen them stuck on the walls of houses.

"Personally I owe Dana a great deal, apart from what I've got out of his friendship. The aid he has given me in selling my books by means of his illustrations has been incalculable. And this is no idle compliment but purely a business fact.

"Where a book of mine without illustrations would sell ten copies, if Dana put a few pictures of long-legged men in it it would sell twenty."

In even more glowing terms, Robert W. Chambers, another close friend of Gibson's, pays a tribute of affection and appreciation. Writing in *Collier's Weekly* (New York), he says:

"For twenty years Charles Dana Gibson has had a nation for his audience, and he has never betrayed it or proved false to himself.

"Guiltless of self-consciousness, of any attitude or pose, clean of insincerity, modest, cool, self-reliant, steadied by that fine faith in himself which to lack is a weak-



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THEIR DAUGHTER IN THE CITY

(By Charles Dana Gibson)

ness, he has from the first step moved forward, halting at brief periods for a keen, serene survey, but never taking one step backward in the ceaseless progress of his development. To mere genius, which is not uncommon among Americans, but which alone is so pitiable, so sterile, the progenitors of his race have added to him a terrific capacity for work, the unquestioning and delicate patience of a woman, the wholesome, clean-minded, restless intelligence of an adolescent, the mental and bodily vigor, the fine, unswerving, fighting capacity of a man."

Mr. Chambers lays still further stress on Mr. Gibson's "clean-minded" manhood:

"First of all, and always and last, in the work of Dana Gibson, is one aware of the splendid vigor of a wholesome and clean-minded man. Lacking that inherent decency, no man can hold a nation as he holds it; lacking that, the dazzling technical qualities of his work were vain as the flicker of northern lights. That he has evolved types of loveliness and beauty, making women and children what they sometimes are and what they were meant to be, is important; that he has created man as he sometimes is and was always meant to be; that his humor is the truest humor, his wit crystalline, his pathos true pathos, his observation faultless, his satire generous—all this is important. It is of every importance, too, that he is technically capable; but it is of the greatest importance that he who wields these powers is a clean, high-minded gentleman.

"To compare the work of Gibson, ethically, one naturally recalls Du Maurier; and there is, in Gibson, much of the gentle wit, the charm, the delicate satire and true inspiration of Du Maurier. Technique is the personal method of expressing any inspiration. So it is unnecessary to compare the two masters in black and white on that score.

"There is, however, a brilliant facility, partly



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THE STORY OF AN EMPTY SLEEVE

(By Charles Dana Gibson)

academical, usually known as technique; and on this plane I know of but one man who might endure a comparison with Dana Gibson: and that man is no longer living; I speak of the great Marold.

"In point work other men have perhaps taught him something; the Leloirs, Roybet, that never-to-be-forgotten master Alphonse de Neuville; then from the men of one idea—a brilliant one, but only one—he may have learned at least enough to generously appreciate the one idea and avoid it—men like Willette, Louis Le Grand,



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MAKING UP HIS MIND

(By Charles Dana Gibson)

Steinlen, Bac, Myrbach, Rossi—men like Phil May, like Sambourne, like Raven Hill, men like Schlittgen.

"I do not know what he has been taught by our own men who work with the point, as the majority of our own men now living have been inspired by him.

"He could not have had a purer inspiration than the rare penwork of Robert Blum, of Abbey at his best; he, better than I, knows what he may owe to them—perhaps to Reinhart, too, and to the brilliant Wenzell."

Mr. Chambers registers his conviction that "nobody now living can compare with Dana Gibson as a worker with the pen's point"; and he adds: "I doubt that there are many men in the world, personally unknown to millions, who are as personally beloved by those millions as Dana Gibson." He says, in concluding:

"Whether or not this great change contemplated in his career is justified, nobody except Mr. Gibson can judge.

"I do not know what he means to do, whether through all these years of self-denial he has worked patiently for the right to experiment in mediums still scarcely touched by him; whether, always restlessly developing, he now craves great surfaces to cover, or the delight of outdoor color, or the sombre fascination of indoor half lights and shadows.

"But I am sure that whatever he desires is fine, wholesome, and worthy, and, in the lessons of his past career, justified.

"I do not exactly know what we Americans shall do without him. We have his pictures and the memory of them; we still have the man, and, in him, the recognition and respect of intellectual Europe and Great Britain. It is well for us that we have produced such men as he to command that respect; it is to our honor that we yield no wise to aliens in our love and respect for this man.

"Wherever he goes, whatever he purposes, let him remember that we do not forget him nor forget what he has done for us; let him remember that we wish him well; that we believe in him; that we will be unchanged when, in his own time, he returns to his own people."

LAMARTINE'S NEWLY DISCOVERED LOVE-LETTERS

Lamartine, speaking literally from the grave, tells us that a man can love fervently, truly, with all his soul, a second time. He proves it to the satisfaction of an eminent French critic who has made a "find," consisting of a number of the great poet's love-letters. They were addressed to a sensible, and not very young, Scotch lady who had heard of Lamartine's former affairs of the heart with more than one soulful and sympathetic recipient of his vows and verses. Indeed, the Scotch lady had been afforded the benefit of a warning from one of her own sex who knew all about Lamartine's first love, or thought she did. The poet's later love-making, therefore, in its initial stage, had to take practically the form of a thesis to the effect that he was really in love and that his second love was all and more than a first love could ever possibly be. "Can there be such a thing as second love?" he wrote (while in the first throes of this new Scotch thraldom) to one of the innumerable lady friends made for him by his verses. "At any rate, is the second love but a shadow of the first one? I strive to render myself as much in love as possible." And the Scotch lady, after a long delay, became the bride of Lamartine. She had thought the matter over carefully and she finally concluded that Lamartine had proved his case.

M. René Doumic, who has unearthed Lamartine's side of the correspondence—for the lady was won with love-letters—agrees with the woman in the case. How she arrived at her conclusion is a theme regarding which we can only sigh with M. Doumic because of the impossibility of definite information. He could not come by the lady's letters at all. Hence they do not appear with Lamartine's in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Lamartine opened his case with the plea known to lawyers as "confession and avoidance." He admitted the fervor of his first love; but that was before he met the object of his second love. M. Doumic draws the following portrait of the second lady, whose name was Marianne Eliza Birch:

"Was she pretty? Lacking a genuine beauty—'a gift often more dangerous than useful,' in the phrase of the excellent Madame de Lamartine—she possessed charm, a 'gracious exterior' which heightened a certain exotic character in her at a time when the British type was in the fashion. It was all the more satisfactory that this exterior was not destructive of the very penetrating charm and the very real seductiveness of her mind. Lamartine was at once struck by the harmony he discerned between the young lady's tastes and his own. She loved poetry, nature, melancholy reverie. Well educated, a musician, a painter, she possessed, if not talent, at any rate artistic intelligence. Add to these a perfect sim-



From "More Misrepresentative Men." Copyrighted, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

BURNS

"In judging poets it suffices
To scan their verses, not their
vices."



BARRIE

"And first and second childhood
meet
On common ground at Barrie's feet."

CARTOONS BY MALCOLM STRAUSS



OMAR KHAYYAM

"For he, without the least misgiving,
Combined High Thinking and High
Living."

plicity, a modesty which was not studied, an evanescent something which had to be discovered and which could not be forgotten, a firmness of character allied to much sweetness of disposition. The maturity of her mind—she was twenty-nine—was already that of a woman. Here was the companion longed for. Lamartine came across her at the very moment he was seeking her. The vicinity of a watering place, the freshness and enchantment of a beautiful panorama of nature, did the rest.

There was a "drama" in this "idyl," we are told by M. Doumic and "there is in this drama a traitor's part." It was played by a certain Mademoiselle Clementine de la Pierre, who did her best to convince the Scotch young lady, visibly impressed by the personality of the young poet rapidly rising to fame, that there is neither strength nor fervor in any man's second love. It would be "the last indiscretion" to surmise why this Mademoiselle Clementine took such trouble to make the course of true love run unsmoothly, says M. Doumic. But Lamartine had been apprised of the machinations of his fair enemy. He tried conclusions with her in one of his first epistles to the Miss Marianne Eliza Birch who was destined to become Madame de Lamartine:

"It is true that I have loved once in my life and that I have lost through death the object of this only and constant love. Ever since that time I have dwelt in the most absolute indifference until the moment I met you. And I shall never love elsewhere if ever I am so happy as to find your heart answering to mine. It is as much opposed to my character as it is opposed to the nature of the affection I feel to vary in the sentiments of this nature which I experience. And I even vow to you that were I to marry a person whom I had neither known

nor loved beforehand, I would remain inviolably and solely devoted to her. The person who delineates me so ill and so unjustly to you wholly misrepresents my character and my life. The opposite of that she describes to you is and has been my life."

And in truth, asks M. Doumic, if Lamartine had been incapable of forming this second genuine attachment, what could have drawn him to this girl instead of to another? This union offered him no particular advantage, neither as regards fortune nor as regards social position. Nor could the marriage facilitate his entrance upon a diplomatic career, to which he aspired. For but one reason did he long to marry a lady of another land, another religion, whose relatives opposed the match: He loved her. She inspired his poetry anew. "Love is destroyed by love only," wrote Lamartine in his next letter to Miss Birch, and M. Doumic sees a whole argument herein. As for the fervor of the passion itself, we have Lamartine describing it to its object: "We shall love each other forever! That word 'love' alone shall suffice to render vain for all time the direct and indirect persecutions by which we are mutually hedged about. Adieu! Adieu! You and I! Let there be for us only those two words in the world."

He was in dread at this time because his thesis was being attacked by Mademoiselle Clementine. Here is one of Lamartine's next transports:

"When I love it is for life! It is in a manner that is complete, absolute, unshakable. You may break this sentiment in my heart, but never will you wrench it thence. All the friends in the world might combine to cast aspersions upon

my love, to censure it, to vilify it, but I would simply bear it aloft the more triumphantly. Is it with their eyes that I see? Is it with their souls that I feel? Is it with their reason that I judge? Our love! that is the most intimate part of our being. It is ourselves wholly. To immolate it, or to subject it to the sentiments or to the will of another is to bind oneself with chains, is to surrender one's own individuality, to make oneself a slave through one's own soul. And this you have not perceived!"

The fact is, M. Doumic explains, that Lamartine had a bad sentimental reputation. His name had been connected with that of other and less rigid ladies than was Miss Birch. Miss Birch's mother objected to poets on general principles—that is, as husbands. Lamartine was not yet the great figure in literature he was soon to become. Above all, he lacked what the French call "an assured existence." His family had some money—not much. To put it even more bluntly, Lamartine had no particular means of support. Not that all this mattered to Miss Birch, apparently. She was perturbed only by the first love. If, adds M. Doumic again, we only had her letters to Lamartine! But we have this to her, and he is still at his theme:

"Is my love dependent upon the opinion it may form of the object of my love? If—to assume the impossible—you fell into a state of abjectness, into the contempt of the universe, would I cease to love you on that account? Would I cease to glory in my love? I should blush for myself if that were possible. I should not deem myself worthy of having received a soul. I should have no need to. The opinion of others would be my soul!"

The lady was showing weakness now. Lamartine, at any rate, accuses her of that. And he warns her:

"Your few days' weakness will have poisoned the life of a man who thought he was giving himself up to a love as absolute as his own and who will never survive it. But what does it matter? Be happy. Forget. Betray the sentiments of a few days since friendship did not endorse them. I would rather a thousand times—if I must die—have a sudden and single blow than live in the perpetual dread of that which your weakness would reserve for me sooner or later."

It seems that Mademoiselle Clementine was still harping on that first-love string. She had been arguing with Miss Birch, urging the inconstancy of man generally, but more particularly, it seems, recalling "calumnious insinuations" already disposed of, the poet thought, by the candor of his admission concerning the prior attachment. Even M. Doumic wonders if there were not times when Lamartine might have felt afresh "emotions

which made his heart beat so fast when, in the month of December, 1817, he hastened at the call of Elvira." But Lamartine says nothing of Elvira. He is distracted by the things Mademoiselle Clementine is saying to Miss Birch:

"If she [Mademoiselle Clementine] prefers her happiness to your own and if she persists in the inexplicable conduct and in the calumnious and perfidious insinuations—I dare affirm them such—which you have sufficiently indicated, either we shall still triumph through love over this additional obstacle or you will give yourself up for good to her domination after having incidentally caused the misfortune of my life. But never will I strive to conquer her or to convince her. That is beneath me, beneath love, beneath reason. What right has she beyond that which you permit her to assume? If you take it from her she will no longer have it, that is all.

"Adieu! I wish to depart. Would that I were already gone. Why prolong the most beautiful, the final dream of my life, if the awakening must be so frightful? I bear away with me your image, but the image such as you were up to the moment Clementine spoke to you. I behold you tender, constant, immovable, absolute in your sentiment as I in mine, standing firmly against every obstacle, resting in your love and triumphing finally in my arms over all the resistance that can be in store for us. Tell me—must I behold you ever thus? Or am I henceforth to see you only as a dire apparition heaven had in reserve for me after so many misfortunes, to give love and hope back to me and then wrest them from me forever?"

"Violence" this, notes M. Doumic; nevertheless "delicious" to a woman who appreciated its sincerity, for by this time Miss Birch was in the position said to be the most thrilling of all positions to her sex; she felt that she had found her master! "She had the means of calming this tempest," thus the sympathetic M. Doumic. Love! he writes. She knew he had felt it for another. The image of that other was stamped upon some moving verses. "But in what way was she afflicted by this? By knowing so well how to love that she loved the poet. It was to the plaint of a passion broken by death that her own love at once gave an echo." She dreamed of "reconciling to hope" this man's heart, now wearied with everything! But her mother dreamed differently. She would take her daughter far from poet and poetry. Then Lamartine's father, mother, aunts, come to the fore. They agree to settle the financial side of the difficulty. Next the Minister of Foreign Affairs overcomes his reluctance to appoint to a diplomatic post one whose only recommendation as yet was the quality of his verse. Mademoiselle Clementine disappears from the scene..

All is love in the next letters. "I love you more than I thought could be possible after having loved you so much already," writes Lamartine. "He knew," observes M. Doumic, "how to plead his case and win it."

As a winsome sequel to the story that M. Doumic gives us in the foregoing, we may reproduce here a passage from the correspondence of the historian, George Bancroft, whose letters and diaries are being published in *Scribner's*. In the November number appears a letter dated April 4, 1847, in which he writes as follows:

"After dinner I went to Lamartine's reception. He is a tall man, with the manners of the world.

His work just published has the greatest success of almost anything that has yet appeared. The third volume was on a table, and is to appear on Monday. . . . Madame Lamartine, who is not thought here a person so distinguished as not to be excelled by a great many, corrects her husband's proof-sheets herself entirely, tells him what pages to rewrite, points out the repetition in the same page of the same word, or the too frequent recurrence of the same phrase; and revises again the revise. Nay, when he has written, the copy of the amanuensis is made for the press from his papers, and madame compares them, and she alone. When Lamartine writes letters she sits by and folds them and he writes almost as fast as she can direct and seal."

THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC RENAISSANCE IN POLAND

Little is known concerning the literary, dramatic and artistic activities of Poland. The political struggles, troubles and aspirations of the Poles, especially of those under Russian rule, the world is interested in, and correspondents keep it informed of the course of events in those directions. What is going on in the intellectual life of Poland? The names of one or two novelists are familiar, but it is hardly even suspected that in literature and art Poland is something more than "a geographical expression."

It appears, however, that Poland is enjoying a veritable renaissance and doing work that is worthy of sympathetic study and attention. In fiction, in the drama, in poetry, in painting, she is displaying new energy, new capacity, and giving promise of even greater achievements in the future.

A work in four volumes by Wilhelm Feldman, editor of the *Revue Krytyka*, published at Lemberg, traces the literary development of Poland since 1880 and claims for the last few years a remarkable and fruitful revival. The work is entitled "Pismiennictwo Polskie" (Polish Literature), and introduces many new names to the reading and thinking elements of the world.

Polish letters and art, according to this author, have even placed themselves at the service of new national ideas and currents, and several distinct stages may be identified in the productions of the period.

In the eighties romanticism was dying and positivism was the dominant tendency. Nov-

elists and playwrights were busying themselves with social themes—the misery of the people, iniquity and oppression. Art was abstract and philosophical, and its message was one of Beauty and Reason and Evolution.

This stage was followed by a reaction of sentiment—primarily of national and patriotic sentiment. Sienkiewicz was the leader in the new movement. His earliest novels had been distinguished by quaint humor and keen observation of Polish character. His drama, "On a Card," and his stories, "Hanza" and "The Tartar Bondage," increased his popularity. In 1884 he wrote his great historical and patriotic novel, "With Fire and Sword," the first of the famous trilogy which included "The Deluge" (1886) and "Pan Michael" (1888), and has been translated into many foreign languages. These have been universally pronounced the greatest novels dealing with the struggle of the Poles and Cossacks. They reveal a Dumas-like power of evoking historical characters and enveloping them in a halo of romance. The trilogy recalled past grandeur and opened a window into a better and radiant future. It became the bible of the Polish youth.

But this phase was short-lived. Naturalism succeeded it under the influence of Zola and Maupassant. It gave Poland some fine pictures and some strong fiction, but it lacked originality; there was nothing national about it.

It passed away; a period of uncertainty and

pessimism and mysticism followed. The art and poetry of the time had a certain charm and beauty, but it was essentially decadent, sensual in some cases, and indicative of lassitude and national stagnation.

To-day Poland is witnessing an amazing revival, an unexpected blossoming forth of talent. New writers, whose names were all but unknown yesterday, have at a bound placed themselves in the front rank; old writers, silent for years, have resumed creative work and have new messages for their readers. So much light, color and variety of genius fairly dazzle one. "We are," says M. Feldman, "in the midst of a splendid regeneration of the spirit and art of Poland."

In the domain of fiction the great names of the present epoch are Przybyszewski, Siccawei, Reymont, Zerowski, Daniłowski; in poetry and the drama, the first-named and several others—Kasprowicz, Staph, Wyspiański; in painting, Malczewski, Mehoffer, Ruszczyc and others.

The renaissance dates back to 1898; it was due to an impulse from the West, chiefly to the work of the French symbolists and of Maeterlinck. The center of the new movement was Cracow, and all the ardent, young, vigorous talents grouped themselves around the review *Zycie* (Life). In "Confiteor" Przybyszewski gave the most idealistic expression of the new spirit. He proclaimed a new religion, the cult of the inmost recesses of the human soul. And the new art is robust, racial, progressive, national.

In the plays and novels of recent production the "note" is the subordination of individual happiness to social service, the emptiness of selfish existence, the illusion of beauty for beauty's sake. To be happy, these artists say, one must pursue high and noble aims, live a full, rich life, share the joys and sorrows of the nation and work for and with it. And therefore it must be that he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so. All else is vanity and worse.



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NAPOLEON'S LAST DAY IN MOSCOW—A RUSSIAN VIEW

(By J. K. Feodoroff.)

MASTERPIECES OF RUSSIAN ART IN AMERICA

Russian art, in its broadest sense, is finding more and more sympathetic interpretation in this country. The literary creations of Turgenieff, Tolstoy and Gorky have become familiar to us through numerous translations. The music of Tschaikowsky and the modern school of Russian composers has aroused interest and appreciation sufficient to justify the

burg company. And now, following a comparatively recent exhibition of Verestchagin's paintings held in the leading cities of the United States, a collection of Russian pictures and art treasures, shown at the St. Louis Exposition and declared to be "by far the most remarkable and interesting revelation of the huge northern empire ever afforded this coun-



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MAXIM GORKY
(By S. A. Sorin)

establishment of a "Russian Symphony Society" in New York. The dramas of Dostoyevsky and Tchirikoff have been given here by Paul Orleneff and his St. Peters-

try," is being exhibited in New York. The characterization just quoted is that of a writer in the New York *Herald*, who goes on to say: "A very train-load of masterpieces and curios,

ranging from ingenious toys, such as delight the little Tsarowitz Alexis at Peterhof, to almost priceless paintings by Verestchagin, Repin, Vladimir, Pirogoff, Makofsky, Venig, Dubofsky, Adamsen and Von Liebhardt, among others, has been making ready for the first Russian Fine Arts Exposition in America.

"One may venture to say without exaggeration that a genuine surprise awaits connoisseurs and the general visiting public at this storehouse of Russian workmanship. Chicago and Paris, with their respective universal expositions, have had nothing comparable with the Russian paintings on view."

For the opportunity to see these pictures the American public is indebted to Mr. E. M. Grunwaldt, Councilor of Commerce in St. Petersburg, who, at a time when the Russian Government, on account of its war with Japan, decided to withdraw from participation in the World's Fair, himself took the initiative in organizing the Russian art exhibit, and brought it to this country. His honorary committee includes Baron de Rosen and Count Tolstoy. No less than a hundred and forty-eight Russian artists and ten different art societies are represented. Of the exhibition as a whole the art critic of the *New York Evening Post* says:

"As a national exhibit representative of the various tendencies alive in contemporary Russian art, the collection shows existing side by side a spirit and a technique outgrown in other European countries fifty years ago, and the work of a younger set of artists who are in sympathy with

the spirit and the technique of impressionism. Reminiscent throughout of foreign influence incompletely assimilated, nearly all this work is related more nearly to Munich than to Paris—more nearly, in its conventions, to German conventions; more nearly, in its attempts to break free from them, to the impressionism of the Munich secessionists.

"The works here exhibited of the older Russian artists, whose popularity is established in Russia—Soukhorofsky, Kosheleff, Venig, Verestchagin, and many others—seem curiously in the spirit of many of the older canvases in the Munich 'Neue Pinakoteke.' These artists deal chiefly with grandiose subjects drawn from history and poetry, a manner that combines the academic and the melodramatic.

"It is apparent, however, that the more modern spirit in the work of the members of the new society of St. Petersburg, and of many others is breaking away from the traditions of the older men. In the sympathy which these younger artists feel for the actual conditions of life in Russia, they affect a certain broad, even rude, manner of painting, in which the rudeness is meant to count for vigor, and which they would probably not wish to be confused with the too frequent crudity of their technique."

Especially notable are the historical paintings of this collection, which tell the story of Russian oppression and of Russian national progress from the days of Ivan the Terrible until now. One of these is "The Czar Ivan IV (the Terrible) and the Hermit Nicholas Salos," by P. T. Heller, and shows an episode in Ivan's expedition to Pskoff.



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ROMEO AND JULIET

(By Prof. K. P. Venig, of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, St. Petersburg.)



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IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND THE HERMIT

(By the Russian painter, P. T. Heller.)

Tradition says that the Czar, on one of his forays, put up at the Monastery of Pskoff, and there visited the hermit Nicholas. The hermit feigned madness, and instead of presenting the Czar with the customary bread and salt of welcome, offered His Majesty a piece of raw meat. The Czar refused to take it, saying that he was a Christian and did not eat flesh during Lent, whereupon the anchorite replied: "You do worse; you nourish yourself with human blood, and forget the laws of God and the Christian religion." The bloodthirsty tyrant was so staggered by this home-thrust that he promptly quitted the town, and thus Pskoff was saved from the cruelty and massacres perpetrated at the neighboring city of Novgorod.

Another striking historical picture is J. K. Feodoroff's "Napoleon's Last Day in Moscow." Napoleon made his solemn and triumphal entry into Moscow on the morning of September 2, 1812, and took up his residence in the Czar's palace within the Kremlin. Many shops were on fire, and the flames spread until they threatened the Kremlin itself. An alarm was raised that the Kremlin was undermined and then that it was on fire. Murat,

Beauharnais and others besought Napoleon on their knees to retire from the city. This picture shows Napoleon within the palace, flames entering the window, his generals leaving by the door.

"The Consecration of a State Dram-Shop," by N. V. Orloff, is a typical painting showing the consecration of a new gin-store in a Russian village, on the introduction of the State monopoly for the sale of spirits. The shop has just been sprinkled with holy water, and now the priest, with the cross, is blessing the new tenant, and reminding him that the main object of the monopolization of the traffic in spirituous liquors by the State is not to increase the consumption of vodka, but rather to save the people from the evils of drunkenness. The former proprietor of the shop, the stout old man standing apart, is lost in thought, for the introduction of the monopoly deprives him of a lucrative business.

One of the most striking pictures of the exhibit, "Romeo and Juliet," by Prof. K. B. Venig, of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, is reproduced herewith; and an excellent portrait of Gorky, by S. A. Sorin, will interest his American admirers.



CONSECRATION OF A STATE DRAM-SHOP
(By N. V. Orloff.)

THE CUBAN POET WHO DEFEATED ZOLA

"The greatest of all our contemporary French poets," is the way in which André Beaunier, writing in the *Figaro*, speaks of José Maria de Heredia, who died a short time ago. "He will increase silently in reputation," writes Hilaire Belloc in the London *Post* of the same poet, "until we, in old age, shall be surprised to find our sons and grandsons taking him for granted and speaking of him as one speaks of the permanent lights of poetry." And the *Journal des Débats* adds that Heredia was "a paradox threefold"—the greatest of French poets, yet a Spaniard and a colonial Spaniard at that; a most exquisite master of style, and yet least known (to lovers of style) among all the members of the French Academy; and finally, a detester of notoriety, but plunged into publicity by the spirited campaign against Émile Zola for a seat among the forty immortals. The great novelist, Zola, consoled himself for that defeat with the reflection that "Heredia's one thin volume" would never enjoy the thousandth part of the circulation of "Nana."

José Maria de Heredia, recounts the Paris *Temps*, was born in 1842 among the mountains frowning over Santiago de Cuba. His Spanish ancestors had been in the New World for generations. He received his early training in his native isle and in Paris, while his university studies were prosecuted in both Havana and the French capital. But he began his literary career in Paris, and it was an early beginning, too. He was barely twenty when his first verse began to attract attention in the old *Revue de Paris* and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Théophile Gautier first recognized Heredia's talent; but in spite of the instant success achieved by Heredia's poetry among Frenchmen of taste, it remains "oddly true" that he never won what the "advertising public" knows as fame. Until his contest against Zola for a seat in the French Academy, he was all but obscure. His thin volume of verse had appeared but a year prior to this dramatic defeat of Zola. To quote Jules Claretie:

"When de Heredia determined to publish in a single volume those wonderful sonnets which had so long been the admiration of men of letters, the event was to many a revelation and to all the entrance of a beautiful and perfect work into the history of French literature. This son of Cuba added a ray of his country's sun to the glory of our fatherland.

"It is a great poet who is dead, a master workman in the French idiom. Heredia's verses, brilliant, sonorous, solid, are imperishable. Catulle Mendès, in his able 'Report on the French poetic movement,' has compared the sonnets of his boyhood comrade to a cascade of gems so gleaming bright as never to be obscured by eclipse. Indeed, no poet, no master in the incomparable art of verse making, has surpassed the perfection of this shaper and cutter in precious metals."

Not that Heredia was a mere master of technique, the *Gaulois* explains. He had technique beyond all the poets of his time in France. But there was a "wedding of technique and thought" until one so complemented the other as to be "twin perfection." Greater than anything he ever attempted was his sonnet-sequence. This series of "masterpieces" was an organic unit, yet each stood alone. Hilaire Belloc, in the London *Morning Post*, strives to set down the distinctive qualities of a talent which he finds "so elusive, so amazing":

"The French have a phrase 'la beauté du verbe' by which they would express a something in the sound and in the arrangement of words which supplements whatever mere thought those words were intended to express. It is evident that no definition of this beauty can be given, but it is also evident that without it letters would not exist. How it arises we cannot explain, yet the process is familiar to us in everything we do when we are attempting to fulfil an impulse towards whatever is good. An integration not of many small things but of an infinite series of infinitely small things build up the perfect gesture, the perfect line, the perfect intonation, and the perfect phrase. So indeed are all things significant built up: every tone of the voice, every arrangement of landscape or of notes in music which awake us and reveal the things beyond.

"It has been said that the material in which he works affects the achievement of the artist: it is truer to say that it helps him. A man designing a sculpture in marble knows very well what he is about to do. A man attempting the exact and restrained rendering of tragedy upon the stage does not choose the stage as one among many methods, he is drawn to it; he needs it; the audience, the light, the evening, the very slope of the boards all minister to his efforts. And so a man determined to produce the greatest things in verse takes up by nature exact and thoughtful words and finds that their rhythm, their combination, and their sound turn under his hand to something greater than he himself at first intended; he becomes a creator, and his name is linked with the name of a masterpiece. The material in which he has worked is hard; the price he has paid is an exceeding effort; the reward he has earned is permanence.

"José de Heredia was an artist of this kind."



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THE MOTHER'S LOVE
(By G. Lawrence Bulleid)

Religion and Ethics

IS THE MORAL SUPREMACY OF CHRISTENDOM IN DANGER ?

This startling question has been projected into the field of active discussion by the editor of the well-known theological quarterly, *The Hibbert Journal* (London), as the result of his observation of what he calls "the most important event in religious history since the call of the Gentiles"—namely, the rise of Japan as a world-power. For the first time in many centuries, he declares, Christianity "has received a shock from without." Christendom, as a whole, long accustomed to treat all pagan races as morally inferior to herself, "now stands confronted by a non-Christian civilization, of vast power and splendid promise, whose claims to moral equality, at least, cannot be disregarded, except by those who are morally blind." According to this writer, Japan, in her hour of trial, "has shown a degree of calmness, moderation, self-restraint and dignity which are strange to the working moral standards of Europe," and "has set a new example to the civilized world." He further classifies the special Japanese virtues under three heads. Speaking, first of all, of the Buddhist religion, with its negation of individuality, he says: "The spirit of Buddhism, entering into the lifeblood of Japan, has produced an ethical result of a character exactly opposite to that which we have been accustomed to expect. Instead of crippling individual endeavour, it has checked the operation of personal selfishness—the chief source of the ugliness, the misery, the wickedness of the civilization of the West." Proceeding to an analysis of the elements of Japanese education, he points out that moral idealism is the basis of the Japanese system. He adds:

"What the fruit of such a system may be in dealing with the problems of international ethics is now written in letters so large that all the world may read. The action of Japan in waiving her claim to a Russian indemnity can be understood only by assuming that her statesmen have therein acted as the representatives of a nation whose moral instincts have been trained to a high level of discernment and vigour. Sordid explanations cannot rob her conduct of its due: beyond all gainsaying she has rendered the most illustrious service of modern times towards raising the standard by which the nations are to be judged."

Referring, thirdly, to the influence of Jap-

anese art, he lays stress on the love of beauty as "an active force in the daily life of the whole Japanese nation." He goes on to say:

"To many persons it may appear incredible that the consistence of Japan's statesmanship and strategy, the far reach of her military plans, the splendid qualities of her soldiers and sailors, the steadiness of nerve, the accuracy of aim, the coolness of advance, the deadliness of attack, the self-immolation of regiments at the word of command, are not unconnected with the fact that she alone among living nations has a truly national art, that her senses are refined and her taste fastidious, that her poor love beauty and seek their pleasure among flowers."

The hold of Christianity upon the peoples of the Western World, we are reminded, is rooted in the conviction that it is the religion which produces the best men. "To a greater degree than is commonly recognized," says the writer, "each church or sect of Christendom thus derives its confidence from the final court of ethical appeal." He continues:

"Accepting the ethical test in the sense indicated, I submit the following question: How would the general status of Christianity be affected by the appearance in the world of a religion which should stand the test better than herself? Or, slightly varying the terms of the problem, let us suppose that a race of non-Christian men should appear who, when judged by accepted standards of character, should be at once pronounced the moral superiors of the Christian races. I am far from asserting that such a thing has happened; I offer the question in a strictly hypothetical form—how would Christianity stand affected if it were to happen? The answer is that the whole edifice would be shaken to its very foundations. Not the united zeal and ingenuity of all the doctors of Christendom could secure her against the shock of the discovery that another religion produced better nations and better men. That we should all hasten to become adherents of this other religion does not follow, but we should at once be compelled to re-examine and perhaps reform our own. All differences among ourselves would be merged in a common insignificance. As the wild creatures of the prairie suspend their wars when they scent the fumes of the oncoming fire—as the pursuer forgets his chase and the victim his flight, as the panther and the hart seek a common hiding-place from destruction—so would it be with us and with our controversies in the day when this thing should come to pass. Reason and Authority, Christian metaphysics and Christian evidence, dogma and apology Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter—of what conse-

quence would these distinctions be in face of the advent of another religion which produced better men? The defence and the propagation of Christianity would alike come to a dead stop. The Church could no longer chant her favorite text about the gates of hell, for she would be stricken utterly dumb. The Dean of Canterbury would forget his appeal to the first six centuries; Harnack would find his occupation gone; a mightier force would put M. Loisy to silence; Dr. Beet would be left unmolested; foreign missions would collapse; Messrs. Torrey and Alexander would have to close; no one would trouble about the lost end of St. Mark; works of Newman and of Matthew Arnold would alike become obsolete; busy pens would stop writing, and even the cheap edition of Haeckel would cease to sell."

The editor of *The Hibbert Journal* supplements this hypothetical question with the words:

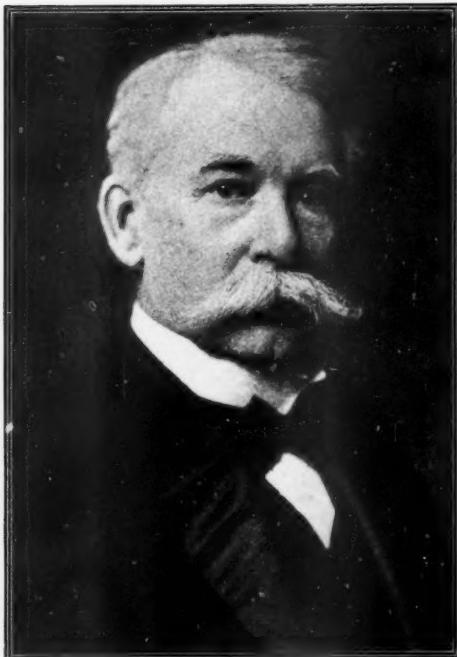
"I make no prediction whatever. The contention is that a serious challenge to the moral hegemony of Christendom is not, *a priori*, impossible; that such a challenge has actually been offered; that Buddhism, represented for the moment by Japan, is even now in the field as a claimant for that position which the vast majority of Christians regard as the indisputable birthright of their own religion. What verdict history will finally pass upon this claim no one can tell."

Writing in the same issue of *The Hibbert*

Journal in which this remarkable paper appears, M. Anesaki, Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the Imperial University of Japan, compares Christianity with Buddhism. He concedes that Christianity is an absolute religion, but claims that Buddhism is also absolute, and suggests, in the following series of questions, a reconciliation between the two:

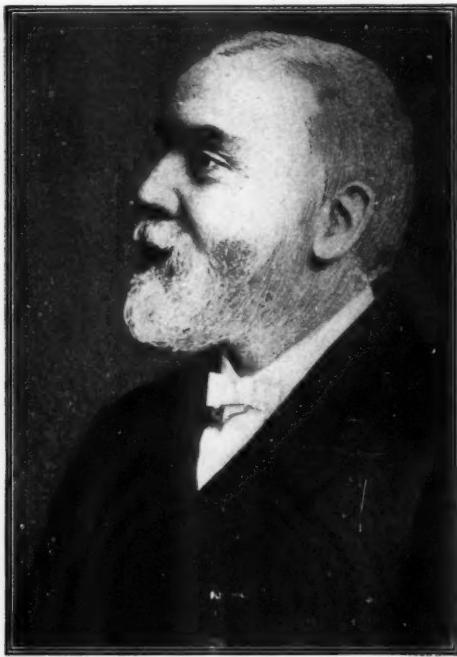
"Is the harmony of these two absolute religions not as much a question of the future as is the harmony of various forms of Christianity? Speaking more concretely, should Buddhism wholly yield its claim and mission to Christianity? Can a Buddhist nation contribute nothing to the civilisation of the world and to the progress of humanity without being converted to Christianity? Might she not remain Buddhist and be Christianised in spirit, and, in this way, enter into the world-concert of the future civilisation? On the other side, is it impossible that the Christian nations and the Christian civilisation, adhering to Christianity, should keep harmony with the Buddhist nations and the Buddhist civilisation?"

These articles have aroused unusual interest in the religious press. *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) thinks there is a disposition, at the present time, to exaggerate the moral qualities of the Japanese; but the New York *Churchman* takes a more serious



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(Editor of *The Observer*), Chairman of Press Committee of Inter-Church Conference.

view of the issues raised. It comments, in part:

"We cannot too frankly understand that God is not limited to us and to our ways. We may boast of our lineage and our prerogatives. But these were given us for God's purposes, not ours. He wills the moral supremacy of His people, and if the moral supremacy of Christendom is in danger at any point, the responsibility lies not

with Him or with His system, but with those who profess Christ's name but do not produce the fruits of the religion they profess. To bring the matter directly home to ourselves, unless our church, local and national, proves itself a present power in shaping the lives of men to the betterment of city and nation, we shall be discredited and it will be discredited through us. Christianity—Christ—cannot fail us, but we may, and do too often, fail him."

CHURCH FEDERATION AND THE UNITARIANS

The Inter-Church Conference on Federation, held in Carnegie Hall, New York, from November 15 to 21, is characterized by the New York *Independent* as "the most important and impressive religious gathering ever held in this country." No less than twenty-seven denominations, representing a membership of about 18,000,000, accepted invitations to the convention and took part in what is probably the most widely representative of any delegated assembly known to history. The conference was planned and promoted by the National Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations, a voluntary body formed in New York in the winter of 1900 for the purpose of securing "cooperation among churches and Christian workers throughout the United States for the more effective promotion of the interests of the Kingdom of God." In the support of this purpose, the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Governor of New York State, the Mayor of

New York City, and many of the most eminent men from church and laity in all parts of the country have been enlisted.

In view of the influence of the New York conference and the large degree of success attending its deliberations, it is peculiarly appropriate at this time to inquire just what has been accomplished in the United States in the direction of church federation. In an article in *The Methodist Review* (New York), the Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North writes:

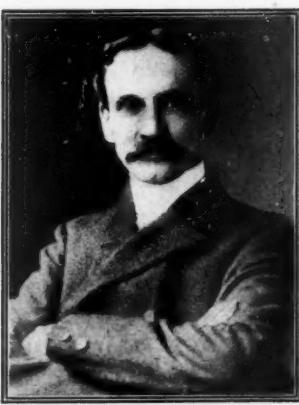
"The federation between the two great branches of the Methodist Church, the continued efficiency of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, the achievement of a formal national union between the Baptists of the North and South, the advance of the project to unite the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian Churches, the union of the Congregationalist, Methodist Protestant, and United Brethren Churches—these and similar projects disclose the spirit which is at work in the new century."

Dr. North also refers at length to the work



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Chairman of Pulpit Supply Committee of Inter-Church Conference.

of the great interdenominational societies in promoting Christian unity:

"The American Bible Society, now near the end of its ninth decade, was organized by sixty delegates from twenty-eight local societies representing seven denominations, the Congregational, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, Baptist, and the Society of Friends. Its influence, despite the one break in the harmony of its constituents, which without discussion we may profoundly deplore, has told incalculably for the unification of the churches. The American Tract Society, founded in 1825, drew together from various religious bodies members already closely related in local publication societies, and its constitution requires that on its important committees six different denominations shall be represented. Even stronger in its influence has been the

American Sunday School Union, since out of its great conventions has developed the international series of uniform lessons, and upon its authority, at the outset, was organized the International Lesson Committee, than whom no leaders in the church have affected so wide a constituency in the interest of a common understanding and a united service. The American and Foreign Christian Union, though its objective was beyond the seas, was for many years, in the third quarter of the last century, a strong illustration of the coöperation of Christians of different communions, and did its part toward bringing in the better day. The Young Men's Christian Association has not for one of its specific objects the promotion of church union. Indeed, the candid scrutiny invited and given at its recent gathering in Buffalo has raised the question whether it always promotes church efficiency. But that this marvelous organization, with its sister associa-



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Chairman of Music Committee of Inter-Church Conference.

tion founded only a few years later, has been a mighty leveler of denominational prejudices, from its close fellowship reacting upon the vital beliefs and the traditional methods of all the churches, may be gratefully acknowledged. The cruel exigencies of the civil war brought into common service Christians of every name in the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission, and such powerful organizations as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Temperance Union, the National Temperance Society, the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and the Student Volunteers, have undoubtedly helped to clear the way for the larger activities of a federated church. This enumeration shows how persistent has been the centripetal force which is drawing all Christians to one center and holding them to a single orbit."

Mr. D. F. St. Clair, a writer in *The Homiletic Review* (New York), points out that the new consciousness of unity has so affected the churches that not one of them has attempted within recent years to launch any distinct religious movement. He continues:

"Every revival worth mentioning is the result of the cooperation of all the churches in a place. In St. Louis, in Denver, in Schenectady, in Syracuse, as elsewhere, it was not the Presbyterians nor the Methodists nor the Baptists nor the Episcopalians who stirred the community, but all of them together. Such events go a long way to produce that state of mind that demands not only spasmodic cooperation, but practical federation. Indeed, the churches are fully conscious of their individual weakness, and of their great power when united.

"Federation here and there, however, has been attempted for ten years or more. Eleven States—Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Nebraska, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Michigan, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, California—have been organized, and in the cities of New York, Syracuse, Utica, Providence, Hartford, Cleveland, and Toledo, and others, local federations have been formed."

While the general prospects for a greater comity between the churches may be said to be bright, it would be idle to deny that there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of any close identification of the various sects. The Roman Catholics, Jews, Universalists and Unitarians were not invited to the recent New York conference. No feature of the convention attracted more attention or elicited more comment than the exclusion of the three Unitarian delegates, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the United States Senate; ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long; and the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association. The Rev. Dr. E. B. Sandford, the secretary of the conference, justified this action on the ground that the object of the gathering was not

humanitarianism, but "unity in the spreading of the gospel of salvation through Christ." If the Unitarians had been admitted, he said, there would have been "a general quiet disapproval and a courteous refusal," on the part of other leading denominations, to take part in the conference. That he correctly gaged the temper of many of the churches is made clear by subsequent comment. The Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) declared: "It is for practical reasons of efficiency, and not for any unkindness of regard, that the Unitarian gentlemen who applied for seats in the New York meeting have been refused admission." The Philadelphia organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, *The Church Standard*, said: "We are profoundly thankful that this matter has been brought up, and a line drawn at which American Protestants are brought face to face with the question whether the Christian faith, when reduced to its lowest conceivable terms, is worth saving; or whether it is to be surrendered bodily to a shallow sentimentalism in which the name of Christ is all that will be left of him." And *The Christian Advocate* (New York), the leading Methodist paper, concluded a trenchant defense of the evangelical position as follows:

"Among our best friends are Unitarian ministers and laymen. Most gladly do we coöperate with them as patriots, philanthropists, moralists, and educators, and there are some of these whose shoes we are unworthy to unlodge; but the greater part of the work discussed by the conference depends upon the evangelical interpretation of the person and mission of Christ, and by their own confession their Christ is as far from ours as the best strictly human being that ever lived is from God."

The Unitarian organ, *The Christian Register* (Boston), in its rejoinder, declared it "a pitiful thing that at this time there should be belated ecclesiastics and theologians who hark back to the creeds and methods of medieval times, and judge all religious movements by their antiquated standards." It said further:

"Overtures from Unitarians looking toward comity and fellowship have been received with enthusiasm by individuals, but not, so far as we know, at the headquarters of any denomination. Now the Church Federation must deal with men in masses and with whole denominations, and not with the liberal portion in any denomination. The Presbyterians, for instance, acting as a body, could not agree to fellowship with Unitarians under any circumstances without an immediate internal convulsion. Dr. Hale and others have occasionally appeared at orthodox Congregational meetings and councils, and, as individuals, they have been courteously received, and by some

gladly received, but they were never invited, we believe, by any executive authority. These liberal men, who are to be found in all churches, are now those who are most compromised and embarrassed by this act of exclusion. Their sympathies go with us, but their fellowship must go with those who exclude us, unless they secede from their own denominations.

"The action of the Federation simply brings to light facts as they are, and, although they are surprising to many liberal people and to the editors of the secular press, who commonly condemn the act of exclusion, it ought not to surprise any one who has seen that behind the narrow fringe of liberal thought and culture, which lies for the most part along the line of the Northern transcontinental railways, there are vast tracts inhabited by multitudes who, if they ever heard the word 'Unitarian,' associate it with evil things, like anarchy, Mormonism, and free love,—things to be abhorred and avoided. It may be that we shall now hear less from our own people about our work being done."

The New York *Outlook*, mediating between the Unitarians and the other denominations, makes this comment:

"The denominations will have a perfect right to decide that they will associate with one another only as long as they are mutually congenial. They can, if they choose, make of their Federation an ecclesiastical club. Into such a club, naturally, they will not invite any denomination which they regard as unconventional. If any church which does not follow their traditions applies for membership, they can perfectly properly say, You don't think as we do or talk as we do; why do you wish to associate with us? Such a club as this may promote ecclesiastical good-fellowship, but it will do little to promote church unity. It is a very different ideal from this which we have for this movement toward the federation of the churches. It is an ideal which comprises all who show themselves loyal to him from whom the Christian Church has taken its name."

CAN WE STILL PRAY TO JESUS ?

The debate between the conservative and advanced schools of theology in Germany has recently taken a decidedly practical turn. The latter school is no longer satisfied to confine its work to the department of research and discussion, but has gone to work systematically to introduce its teachings in pulpit and pew, church and school. "Popularize modern theology" has become the battle-cry, and it is maintained that consistency demands that even the youth of the land must be made acquainted with the most radical results of newer criticism. Conservatives have accepted the challenge and are pointing out that the first practical consequence of this policy will be the breaking down in the minds of the masses of the old reverence for the person of Jesus Christ. The veteran conservative organ in Leipsic, the *Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirchenzeitung*, comments substantially as follows:

From the standpoint of modern advanced theology, Jesus Christ can no longer be regarded as an object of divine reverence and worship. The Christian who has accepted the teachings of modern theology can no longer pray to Jesus as he would pray to his God. Modern theology may seek to centre its thought upon Jesus, and may even adopt as its war cry, "Back to Jesus"; but the fact remains that, notwithstanding all this apparent reverence for the Nazarene, he is regarded not as a divine being, not as a God, but only as a man, though he may be the best of men. In the eyes of the modern theologian, Jesus is at most a religious genius, a man who has embodied in himself the highest principles and truths that

natural religious development may unfold; he was not aided by a divine nature nor by a supernatural revelation. What he taught was merely his own interpretation of religious ideas current in the world of thought in which he lived and moved and had his being. He was a religious master-mind, the greatest and noblest of men, whose life's work consisted chiefly in words and works which furnished the world a model for emulation; but he was not superhuman, was not divine. And can we pray to anybody who is not divine? Is it Christian to address petitions to anybody who is not God? Certainly it is only that inconsistency on the part of modern theologians to which the philosopher Jacobi referred, when he described himself as a Christian in his heart but a rationalist in his head, which still makes the adherent of modern theology bow the knee to Jesus Christ. He can no longer consistently pray to Jesus.

It is very apparent that this charge against modern theology has vexed and perplexed its representatives not a little, and they seem at a loss for an effective answer. Considerable discussion on the subject has been going on in the liberal organ, *Die Christliche Welt* (Marburg), between Professor Bousset, of Göttingen (author of the pamphlet "Jesus" in the *Religiousgeschichtliche Handbücher*, a new series aiming to initiate the average reader in the mysteries of newer theology), and a conservative pastor who rather vigorously puts the question: How can a denial of the divinity of Christ be reconciled with prayer that belongs only to God? Bousset takes the ground that prayer to Jesus is the outcome of prac-

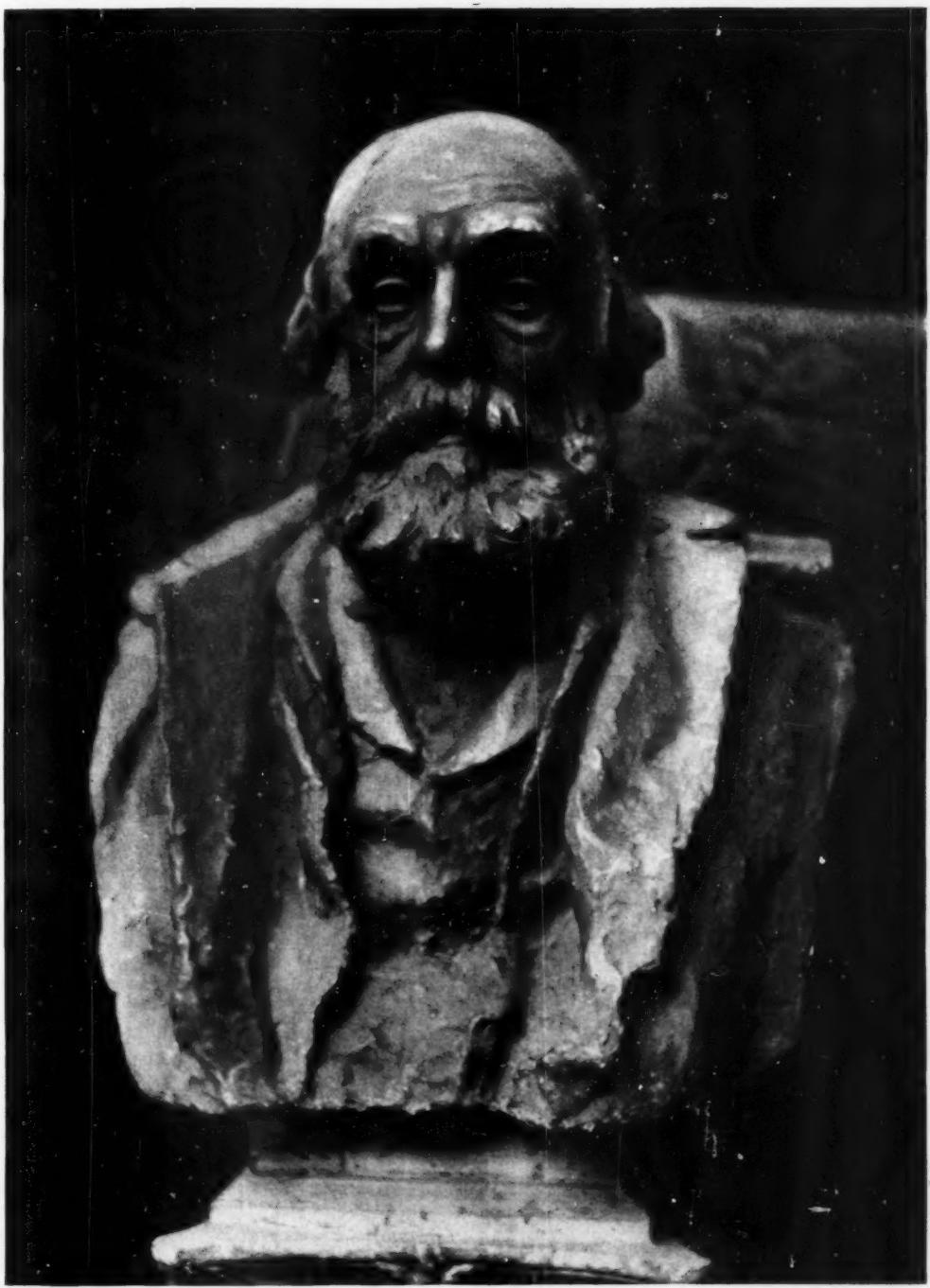


Photo. by Vander Weyde.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.
A New Bust by William Ordway Partridge.

tical religious needs and not of a theoretical conception of his person and character. His argument is not unlike that afforded by the Kantian philosophy, in which the demands of practical reason furnish the ethical ideals that abstract reasoning cannot supply.

An answer of a somewhat different kind is made in the same paper by Pastor Font, who openly acknowledges that prayer to Jesus as advocated by advanced theology, is not based on clearness of thought, but who maintains that conservative theology is not in any better condition in this respect. He says:

"It is true that we cannot claim perfect clearness of thought for our position. We abstain from making any such claim. But, in return, we ask: Are those who recognize the divinity of Christ consistent and logical? Certainly not.

These people believe in the divinity of Christ, but they also believe in his perfect humanity. Theirs is a dogma of an undivided God and man in Christ. Now we can very properly ask: How can they escape the charge of worshipping a human being? In fact, they are practically in the same condition in which the advanced theologian is. Both worship a human being, the one a purely human being, the other such a being united with divinity. Clearness of thought and logical exactness can be claimed for neither party. But liberal theology will at all times continue to pray to Jesus because it is he who has taught us to know the true and living God as a Father who has loved us, and because we at all times need this Christ in order to find our gracious and merciful God. But we do not pray to him as to a second God to whom we are indebted for something which God himself could not give us. We pray to him because the one true God has through him become a reality for us."

THE SEX OF ANGELS

A controversy that has its serious as well as its frivolous aspects was started in New York recently as the result of a point of difference raised between the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, and the building committee of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Mr. Borglum was commissioned to execute for the cathedral some thirty or forty statues of angels, including one of Gabriel, the Angel of the Annunciation, and another of Michael, the Angel of the Resurrection. When completed, the statues, and especially those of Gabriel and Michael, were objected to on the ground that they were too markedly feminine; and Mr. Borglum, stung to the quick by this criticism, visited his workshop by night and smashed to pieces the two offending figures with a mallet and chisel. "I felt like a murderer," he confessed afterward, "but that was the only thing to do under the circumstances." In a later statement he said:

"I am just as sure as I ever was that the feminine side of our race must ever continue to be our chief source of inspiration, and will so remain, absolutely unaltered by all pedantic controversies. Of course, in making angels I knew very well that some essentially feminine attributes that bring the sex idea uppermost must not be accentuated. I did not accentuate them. On the other hand, I endeavored to bring out the spiritual and repress the sexual. In fact I am inclined to believe there is no sex in an angel. And with the exception of a certain touch in the attitude and an indefinable femininity of atmosphere, which artists have long held to be inherent

in the idea of angelic beings, I have made my angels as nearly sexless as possible."

With specific reference to the figure of the Angel of the Annunciation, the sculptor said that it seemed to him "repugnant to every gentlemanly sense to conceive of a man performing that rôle"—a suggestion that, in the opinion of the New York *Independent*, "places Mr. Borglum among the highest of the high critics." The same paper adds: "Who can say that there has been no advance in morality in two thousand years when men now criticize the conduct of angels?" *The Christian Herald* (New York) comments:

"We do not go to sculpture for our theology, nor would there be any serious harm done by the sculptor's conception in this case. He is naturally concerned about the artistic beauty of his work, and there can be no question of the female form lending itself better than the masculine to his purpose. If, however, the design is to be true to revelation, he must acknowledge that he has erred. Indeed, the criticism might go further. Where is the authority for the wings with which the figures are supplied? It is true that the seraphim whom Isaiah saw had six wings, and that the angel who visited Daniel said he had been caused to fly very swiftly; but in other descriptions of the heavenly messengers, they are represented as having the ordinary human form. The angels whom Abraham entertained in his tent appeared as men, took people by the hand, and ate with them. The angel who wrestled with Jacob appeared as a man; the angels who watched by Christ's empty sepulchre are described as looking like young men, and in other instances the form was apparently wingless.



GUTZON BORGLUM, THE NEW YORK SCULPTOR, AND THE ANGELS THAT HE DESTROYED.

"The fact appears to be that angels are a distinct creation—messengers sent from God to deliver his message, or execute his behests. We may safely conclude that they are endowed with natures adapted to the work they have to perform. That some of them must have the feminine nature seems reasonable. All the qualities we associate with woman—her gentleness, sweetness, and tenderness, would be needed by the angels of ministration and consolation, who are as active as angels of vengeance and destruction. It is not a question of form, but of nature and disposition."

"The real clue we have to the nature of angels is that which Christ himself furnishes. When the Sadducees, who did not believe in angels or spirits, came to him with a question about the status of a woman in the resurrection, Jesus waived the problem aside with a reply that is significant in this connection. He intimated that as spirits, the whole question of sex was in abeyance."

Swedenborg and the rabbinical wisdom have both been cited in this controversy to sustain Mr. Borglum's side of the argument. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* offers these passages from Swedenborg's text-book, "Heaven and Hell":

"Sec. 311. There is not one angel who was created such, nor in Hell any Devil who was

created an Angel . . . but all, in both Heaven and Hell, are from the human race."

"Sec. 329. Every little child . . . when he dies, is received by the Lord, and educated in Heaven . . . and afterwards as he is perfected in intelligence and wisdom . . . he becomes an Angel."

"Sec. 332. As soon as little children are raised from the dead . . . they are carried into Heaven and committed to the charge of Angels of the female sex, who have tenderly loved little children in the bodily life, and at the same time have loved God."

"Sec. 349. All who in the world have acquired intelligence and wisdom are accepted in Heaven, and become Angels, everyone according to the quantity and quality of his intelligence and wisdom."

"Sec. 367. Wherefore two married partners in Heaven are not called two, but one Angel."

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, revising editor of the new Jewish Encyclopædia, points out, in the same paper, that the angelology of Christianity is undoubtedly derived from Judaism, and goes on to say:

"Now in the later Jewish view the possibilities of male and female angels is allowed without question. Thus the Jewish bibliographer, Hayyim Azulai, wrote as follows in his 'Midbar

Kedemot,' page 96a, published at Leghorn in 1702: "The angels are called women, as it is written in Zechariah v. 9, 'Then lifted I up mine eyes, and looked, and behold, there came out two women,' which R. David Kimhi explained that it referred to the angels."

"Similarly in a collection of Cabalistic sayings entitled 'Yalkut Hadash,' page 118a we find the following:

"Of angels we can speak both in masculine and in feminine: the angels of a superior degree are called men, and the angels of an inferior degree are called women."

"And the following passage on page 119c:

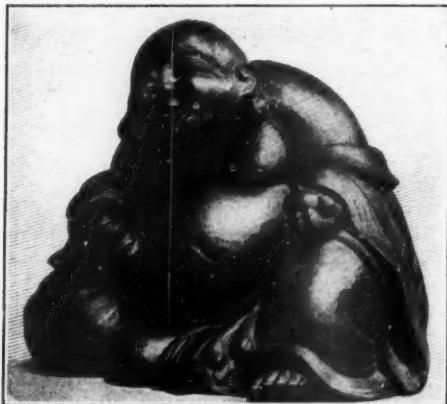
"The angels in waiting before the Holy One, blessed be He, are called young men; whilst those angels in waiting of the Shechina, are called maiden."

"These passages . . . conclusively prove that at any rate in the later Cabala two sexes were recognized among the angels.

"It is a pity Mr. Borglum is not acquainted with rabbinic Hebrew, or perhaps I should rather say it is to be regretted that the ecclesiastical authorities who decided adversely against the possibility of lady angels appear to have been equally ignorant. But for that, Mr. Borglum would not have lost his temper or his angels."

A FALSTAFFIAN SANTA CLAUS

An interesting contrast to the Santa Claus of our childhood is furnished by the mythical patron of the little ones familiar in Japan for several centuries. In the *Gartenlaube*, of Berlin (a sort of German *Ladies' Home Journal*) is a description of this unique demigod. It seems that side by side with ideal representations of its divinities, the Buddhistic pantheon displays many realistic impersonations which, principally by exaggerations of certain physical peculiarities, are intended to arouse the fears or excite the laughter of the devout adorers of these grotesques. Of all, the merriest and most popular is Hotei, the Japanese children's god. His great protuberant paunch, his fat double chin, the round laughing face with its wide mouth and long ears, will linger long in the memory of anyone who has once become acquainted with this fun-loving, Falstaffian figure.



HOTEI
The Japanese Children's God.

Hotei is one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck, and although—or perhaps because—the least reverend, he is the best beloved. Representations of him first became common in the fifteenth century. The legends tell that once upon a time in China there lived a monstrously corpulent priest whose chief delight it was to join the children in their pastimes on the streets. The story goes that he could sleep soundly in a snow-bank; that he eschewed water, and possessed the gift of foretelling the future. Thus he grew to be the most sought after, the best beloved and honored personage of the city thoroughfares, while his extraordinary figure came to be fondly cherished in the folk-lore of his fellow believers long after his death. The people generally regard him not so much as a god, but rather as a jovial old bachelor of supernatural endowments, whose heart never lost its youthful freshness. The children prize him as their gayest playmate, and for this reason he is often depicted as surrounded by frolicsome youngsters. Usually he carries a big bulging bag over his broad back, whereof the meaning has been very variously interpreted. In all likelihood, it was originally supposed to contain his bedding; but the old folks nowadays declare that he uses his sack to entrap naughty urchins. Curious or meddlesome boys and girls are induced to creep into it, in the hopes of getting a glimpse of its marvelous contents; once they are well within, Hotei ties it fast and, try as they may, he will not let his captives out till they have promised to behave themselves better. Thus some ethical significance has managed to attach itself to this comical monstrosity, and to divest these children of their prejudices would be like taking off their skin to make them feel better.

FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

It is seldom the privilege of a man to see the realization of his plans and hopes to such an extent as was vouchsafed to Sir George Williams, who died in London a few days ago. Many papers are recalling at this time the remarkable history of the organization which he founded in 1844 and which now extends into thirty-nine countries and enrolls over 700,000 members. During early manhood Mr. Williams was employed in a dry-goods store. He roomed in the store building with eighty other young men whose habits were so repulsive to him that he invited a few of the Christian clerks to meet in his bedroom to talk over means for remedying the condition of life existing around them. This led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association. For awhile the members met in one another's bedrooms. Later, George Hitchcock, the proprietor of the store, gave them a larger room for their meetings, and became the first president of the London Association. He was succeeded by Lord Shaftesbury. George Williams was the leading spirit in the movement from the beginning, was its treasurer for forty-one years, and, when he became wealthy, made generous financial contributions to its work. Of the development of the society, the *Baltimore American* says:

"The activities of the Young Men's Christian Associations have been extended until they have touched almost every phase of spiritual, mental and physical endeavor. The religious gatherings of the early days of the organization have been supplemented by the educational departments and by the establishment of gymnasiums and other means of athletic activity. The original plan of establishing such associations as meeting places for young men engaged in some particular occupation has been supplemented by the larger one, in which business men, clerks, railroad men and

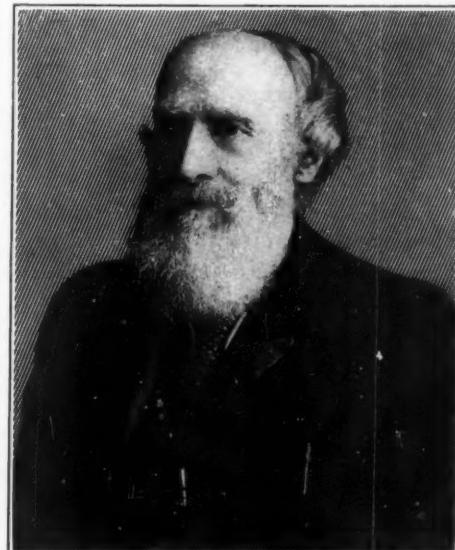
students have a common interest. While figures can tell but little of the practical value of any activity, they do show to what a tremendous extent an idea may spread. According to the general report published two years ago, there were in all 6,624 associations in various parts of the world, Germany taking the lead with 1,784, North America coming next, with 1,736, and Great Britain standing third, with 1,178. The total value of the property owned by these organizations is startlingly large, amounting in all to nearly \$33,000,000, the North American associations, with their equipment valued at \$25,000,000, taking the lead in this respect. In numbers, too, the North American societies stand at the head, with a membership of 350,000 out of the total membership of 700,000 throughout the world."

The New York *Outlook* points out that Sir George Williams was a business man until the end, and that "he never made a vocation out of his interest in the Association." It continues:

"Until the day of his death he remained in the business in which he was engaged as 'junior assistant' when he started the first Association; but at the last, when he was a rich merchant, his interest in the Association was of the same sort as that which led him, when a young man receiving a hundred and fifty pounds a year, to give a third of his income to the Association. He was a member of the Church of England, of

the 'evangelical' type, very earnest, and at times emotional in public address, but broad-minded in accepting the more practical and less distinctly pietistic or devotional developments in the Association's progress."

"There have been few knights who more clearly earned their title," in the opinion of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. The Chicago *Evening Post* adds: "As the accolade of no earthly sovereign could add to the knighthood of George Williams, the world will prefer to remember him, now that his useful active career has closed, without his title. At heart he was always a commoner—one of the greatest that Britain ever has produced."



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

The society which he organized over a dry-goods store in London in 1844 now extends into thirty-nine countries and enrolls over 700,000 members.

AN AGNOSTIC'S VALUATION OF SPIRITUALITY

Spirituality, says Felix Adler, the agnostic and ethical culture leader, in a work* which discusses the essentials of that quality, is sometimes spoken of as if it were a kind of moral luxury, or "a work of supererogation, a token of fastidiousness and refinement." This view of the case seems to him inadequate. He asserts that, so far from being described in the above terms, "spirituality is simply morality carried to its farthest bounds." If brought to the point of analysis, the spiritual life, he says, "depends on self-recollection and detachment from the rush of life; it depends on facing frankly the thought of death; it is signalized especially by the identification of self with others, even of the guiltless with the guilty." If one were to seek for spirituality in historic characters, Savonarola, for instance, would fail as an exemplar because "his nature was too passionate, he was too vehement in his philippics, too deeply engrossed in the attainment of immediate results, too stormy a soul to deserve the name of spiritual"; Washington would fail because "there was mingled with his calmness a certain coldness"; philanthropists like John Howard and George Peabody would fail because "benevolence, be it never so tender and practical, does not reach the high marks of spirituality." Lincoln, says Professor Adler, came nearer to possessing the true spiritual quality. Further:

"The spiritual life may be described by its characteristic marks of serenity, a certain inwardness, a measure of saintliness. By the latter we are not to understand merely the aspiration after virtue or after a lofty ideal, still pursued and still eluding, but to a certain extent the embodiment of this ideal in the life—virtue become a normal experience like the inhalation and exhalation of breath. Moreover, the spiritually-minded seem always to be possessed of a great secret. This air of interior knowledge, of the perception of that which is hidden from the uninitiated, is a common mark of all refinement, aesthetic as well as moral. In studying the face of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa,' for instance, one will find that it is this interior insight that explains the so-called 'cryptic smile.' In the case of aesthetic refinement, the secret discloses itself as at bottom delicacy, the delicacy which prevents intrusion on the personality of others; which abhors a prying curiosity; which finds subtle ways of conveying esteem and delicate modes of rendering service. But the secret of moral refinement is of a far higher order, transcending aesthetic refinement by as much as goodness is superior to mere

charm. The secret in this case consists in the insight vouchsafed to the spiritually minded of the true end of human existence."

The second condition of the spiritual life is expressed in the precept, "Live as if this hour were thy last"—an attitude vastly different, the moralist asserts, from the prevailing attitude toward death, which is one of studied neglect. "Even those who look forward with apprehension to the last moment, and who, when it appears, cling desperately to life, are prudent enough to hold their peace. There is a general understanding that those who go shall not mar the composure of those who stay, and that public decorum shall not be disturbed by outcries." He adds:

"This is the baldly secular view of the matter, and this view, though based on low considerations, in some respects is sound enough. And yet I reiterate the opinion that to live as if this hour were our last—in other words, to frankly face the idea of death—is most conducive to the spiritual life. It is for the sake of the reflex action upon life that the practice of coming to a right understanding with death is so valuable. Take the case of a man who calls on his physician, and there unexpectedly discovers that he is afflicted with a fatal malady, and is told that he may have only a few months longer to live. This visit to the physician has changed the whole complexion of life for him. What will be the effect upon him? If he be a sane, strong, morally high-bred man, the effect will be ennobling; it will certainly not darken the face of nature for him. Matthew Arnold wished that when he died he might be placed at the open window, that he might see the sun shining on the landscape, and catch at evening the gleam of the rising star. Everything that is beautiful in the world will still be beautiful; he will thankfully accept the last draught of the joy which nature has poured into his goblet. . . . On the other hand, all that is vain or frivolous, every vile pleasure, gambling, cruelty, harsh language to wife or child, trickery in business, social snobbishness, all the baser traits that disfigure human conduct, he will now recoil from with horror, as being incongruous with the solemn realization of his condition. The frank facing of death has the effect of sifting out the true values of life from the false, the things that are worth while from the things that are not worth while, the things that are related to the highest end from those that are related to the lower partial ends. The precept, 'Live as if this hour were thy last,' is enjoined as a touchstone; not for the purpose of dampening the healthy relish of life, but as a means of enhancing the relish for real living, the kind of living that is devoted to things really worth while."

The third condition set down by Professor Adler comes nearer the heart of the matter, he

*THE ESSENTIALS OF SPIRITUALITY. By Felix Adler. James Pott & Co.

declares, than any of those previously enunciated. Thus:

"Learn to look upon any pains and injuries which you may have to endure as you would upon the same pains and injuries endured by someone else. If sick and suffering, remember what you would say to someone else who is sick and suffering, remember how you would admonish him that he is not the first or the only one that has been in like case, how you would expect of him fortitude in bearing pain as an evidence of human dignity. Exhort yourself in like manner; expect the same fortitude of yourself. If anyone has done you a wrong, remember what you would adduce in palliation of the offence if another were in the same situation; remember how you would suggest that perhaps the one in-

jured had given some provocation to the wrong-doer, how you would perhaps have quoted the saying, *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*—'to understand is to pardon'—how you would in any case have condemned vindictive resentment. In the moral world each one counts for one and not more than one. The judgment that you pass on others, pass on yourself, and the fact that you are able to do so, that you have the power to rise above your subjective self and take the public universal point of view with respect to yourself, will give you a wonderful sense of enfranchisement and poise and spiritual dignity. . . . For the highest end with which we must ever be in touch, toward which we must be ever looking, is to make actual that unity between ourselves and others of which our moral nature is the prophecy. The realization of that unity is the goal toward which humanity tends."

THE COMPULSION TO BELIEVE

Science, at whose doors has been laid the responsibility for most of the unbelief of the past in matters pertaining to religion, will come, says W. H. Mallock in his new work on "The Reconstruction of Religious Belief,"* "to play a direct part in the stimulation of active religion, by forcing the waters of belief to flow in a given channel, and thus become capable, like a mill-stream, of doing active and definite work, instead of wasting themselves in impotent rivulets, or stagnating in a shallow flood." The will to believe, then, which has hitherto been on the part of many either a sentiment or an unemotional conviction, will attain such added impetus as to become a compulsion to belief.

More remarkable still, the writer points out, will be the work of science in rendering *nil* the very creed to which it gave birth. "It will gradually render impossible," says Mr. Mallock, "that absurd and unstable attitude which, at the close of the last century, was dignified by the name of Agnosticism." Says the writer:

"The real position of those who called themselves Agnostics was this. Science having, as they supposed, expelled God from nature, they practically looked on the change that was thus effected as comparable to man's loss of a sort of celestial schoolmaster, who had indeed managed his business for him, but in many ways was very objectionable; and, the schoolmaster being dead, they conceived of the human race as left in a free, even if in rather a forlorn, condition, to construct for itself, in defiance of nature, a little private universe of its own, like a sort of Dothe-

boys Hall which has got rid of its Squeers, and whose orphans propose henceforward to educate and to board themselves. But such Agnostics practically failed to realize what was in theory, even for themselves, a truism,—that the precise strain of reasoning which freed them from an intelligent God reduced them to mere puppets of that nature which it was their enlightened program to oppose. Man is either a free being, with an intelligent Deity as his counterpart, or else he and his fellows are a mere procession of marionettes, which strut, or jig, or laugh, or groan, or caper, according as their wires are pulled by forces admittedly less intelligent than themselves. In proportion as science becomes rationalized and its conclusions more clearly understood, this latter conception of existence will become more and more practically intolerable and our Agnostics will, whether they like the operation or no, be forced to accept the theism which is its only intellectual alternative."

Science, Mr. Mallock reasons, in proportion as it is completely rationalized, "not only permits but compels the reason to recognize a purposive mind as the First Cause of the universe," and in doing so "completely revolutionizes the atheistic or agnostic conclusion to which it seemed to lead when its implications were insufficiently realized." He adds:

"It is difficult to exaggerate the profound change which must gradually take place when the recognition of this fact becomes general. The mere recognition, however, of a purposive cosmic Mind, though it constitutes a rudimentary theology, is not itself a religion. In order to become a religion it must be supplemented by two other beliefs, that the cosmic Mind is good, and that man is a free agent. Both these beliefs are beset with difficulties which are for the intellect insoluble, and must be frankly accepted as such.

*THE RECONSTRUCTION OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By W. H. Mallock. Harper & Brothers.



W. H. MALLOCK

In his latest work, he says: "Man is either a free being, with an intelligent Deity as his counterpart, or else he and his fellows are a mere procession of marionettes, which strut, or jig, or laugh, or groan, or caper, according as their wires are pulled by forces admittedly less intelligent than themselves."

By attempting to solve them we merely make ourselves ludicrous. But though we cannot solve or even lessen them by any exercise of the pure reason, we have the highest warrant, in pure reason itself, for disregarding them, if the practical reason gives us grounds for doing so; and the practical reason is in this matter imperative. It coerces us partly by means of the religious impulse which is ingrained in us; but partly also by means of the common sense, the energies, the culture, and the intellectual shrewdness, which we possess as men who are civilized and who have every intention of remaining so."

When we confront the general problem of existence, and consider the various theories which it is possible to form in regard to it, recognizing at the same time the underlying contradictions everywhere to be met with, two courses, the writer affirms, are possible for us. One is to abstain deliberately from forming any theory at all which might reasonably affiliate our lives to the universal order of things—a course self-condemned "because, while affording us no escape from the difficulty which it aims at avoiding, it is simply an act of intellectual despair or fatuity, which reduces human existence to its bare, animal elements." The other course is to disregard the

"underlying contradictions" and "form some theory, or assent to some system of beliefs, in accordance with which man's higher life will be able to sustain and develop itself." Our concrete nature, which we possess as active and progressive beings, stands over us with a drawn sword, saying: "Believe or die!" "We must choose the beliefs which are most in consonance positively with our external environment on the one hand and with our internal needs on the other." And our conclusion seems to be:

"The only system of beliefs on which human civilization can sustain itself is a system of beliefs which, when brought into contact with the world of scientific knowledge, and when so analyzed that its logical implications will become explicit, emerges as the creed of theism—that is to say, a creed which attributes to the Cosmic Principle, as a whole, mind, intelligence, purpose, feeling, and goodness, in a sense congruous to the sense in which we recognize these qualities in ourselves; which, in spite of our own dependence on the universal Cause, attributes to ourselves also a true causal personality; and which, in spite of our dependence on the body of which our mind seems the mere function, attributes to ourselves individual permanence also."

Having established as a scientific necessity the permanence of religious belief, Mr. Mallock does not concern himself very long as to the type of religion which is likely ultimately to prevail. But he adds:

"Whichever may prevail, one thing may be said with confidence—that it will prevail, no matter whether it be Christian or non-Christian, owing to the same causes in virtue of which Christianity has prevailed hitherto. Christianity has prevailed for so many centuries and among so many nations, because, while its cosmogony, its anthropology, and its doctrinal system in general, has satisfied the human intellect during past conditions of knowledge, its moral and spiritual teaching has satisfied even more completely the moral and spiritual needs of all men, from kings to beggars. If it is to retain its ascendancy, it must continue to fulfil the same functions; but in order to do this it must enlarge both its intellectual and its moral borders, purging its doctrines, on the one hand, of the now intolerable imagery derived from the old geometric vision of things; and taking to its heart, on the other hand, ideals of knowledge, culture, mundane progress, and enjoyment, which hitherto it has but barely tolerated, when it has not positively denounced them. If Christianity fails to effect this self-enlargement—or in other words, in proportion to the strength of those civilizing impulses which it leaves unsanctioned and unprovided for—it's ascendancy will inevitably decline; and the new wine must be trusted to find for itself new bottles,"

Science and Discovery

WHAT DO ANIMALS KNOW?

John Burroughs is now expressing regret at having made too much of the gleams of intelligence of birds and beasts that have come under his observation. He fears he has given them credit for more sense than they possess. The nature lover is always tempted to do this, he writes in the course of his latest work* on nature study. His tendency is to humanize the wild life about him and to read his own traits and moods into whatever he looks upon. The every-day life of our fields and woods has thus, contends Mr. Burroughs, been misrepresented:

"The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are likely to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!"

"Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times and it is still one of his ruling passions."

Thus Mr. Burroughs has known a cow to put her head between two trees and not have wit enough to get free by simply lifting her head. But the best example of the "grotesque ignorance" of a cow of which Mr. Burroughs knows anything is found in Hamerton's work on animals:

"The cow would not 'give down' her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsman took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing and what more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay! Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would have defended her young

against the attack of a bear or wolf in the most skillful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its way back home over a long stretch of country or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach.

"The hen-hawk that the farm boy finds so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are very wise; but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance."

The ignorance of one of the lower animals, infers Mr. Burroughs, is "the ignorance of all," and "the knowledge of one is the knowledge of all" in a sense not applicable to the knowledge and the ignorance of men. Some animals are more stupid than others of the same species, "but probably, on the one hand, there are no idiots among them and, on the other, none is preeminent in wit." Animals, then, "take the first step" to knowledge—"they perceive things and discriminate between them; but they do not take the second step"—combine, analyze, form "concepts" and "judgments." Hence, be the knowledge of the animals great or small in amount, Mr. Burroughs feels safe in saying that what they know "in the human way," by reasoning, must be slight:

"The animals all have in varying degrees perceptive intelligence. They know what they see, hear, smell, feel, so far as it concerns them to know it. They know their kind, their mates, their enemies, their food, heat from cold, hard from soft, and a thousand other things that it is important that they should know, and they know these things just as we know them, through their perceptive powers.

"We may ascribe intelligence to the animals in the same sense in which we ascribe it to a child, as the perception of the differences or of the likenesses and the relations of things—that is, perceptive intelligence, but not reasoning intelligence. When the child begins to 'notice things,' to know its mother, to fear strangers, to be attracted by certain objects, we say it begins to show intelligence. Development in this direction goes on for a long time before it can form any proper judgment about things or take the step of reason.

**WAY OF NATURE*. By John Burroughs. [T] Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

"If we were to subtract from the sum of the intelligence of an animal that which it owes to nature or inherited knowledge, the amount left, representing its own power of thought, would be very small. Darwin tells of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate glass from fish which were its proper food, and that the pike, in trying to capture the fish, would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. This the pike did for three months before it learned caution. After the glass was removed, the pike would not attack those particular fishes, but would devour others that were introduced. It did not yet understand the situation, but merely associated the punishment it had received with a particular kind of fish."

Animals, therefore, are "wise as nature is wise"—they share, in a way, that "universal intelligence or mind stuff that is operative in all things" whether of the vegetable or of the animal world:

"Does the body, or the life that fills it, reason when it tries to get rid of or to neutralize the effects of a foreign substance, like a bullet, by encysting it? or when it thickens the skin on the hand or any other part of the body, even forming special pads called callosities, as a result of the increased wear or friction? This may be called physiological intelligence.

"In the animal world this foresight becomes psychic intelligence, developing in man the highest form of all, reasoned intelligence. When an animal solves a new problem or meets a new condition as effectually as the tree or the body does, we are wont to ascribe it to powers of reason. Reason we may call it, but it is reason not its own.

"This universal or cosmic intelligence makes up by far the greater part of what animals know. The domestic animals, such as the dog, that have long been under the tutelage of man, of course, show more independent power of thought than the uneducated beasts of the fields and woods.

"The plant is wise in all ways to reproduce and perpetuate itself; see the many ingenious devices for scattering seed. In the animal world this intelligence is most keen and active in the same direction. The wit of the animal comes out most clearly in looking for its food and safety. We are often ready to ascribe reason to it in feats shown in these directions.

"In man alone does this universal intelligence or mind-stuff reach out beyond these primary needs and become aware of itself. What the plant or the animal does without thought or rule, man takes thought about. He considers his ways."

Therefore, all practice of the art of healing "by the application of external or foreign substances" is "a conception entirely beyond the capacity" of any lower animal:

"If such a practice had been necessary for the continuance of the species, it would probably have been used. The knowledge it implies could not be inherited; it must needs come by experience. When a fowl eats gravel or sand, is it probable that the fowl knows what the practice

is for, or has any notion at all about the matter? It has a craving for the gravel, that is all. Nature is wise for it.

"The ostrich is described by those who know it intimately as the most stupid and witless of birds, and yet, before leaving its eggs exposed to the hot African sun, the parent bird knows enough to put a large pinch of sand on the top of each of them, in order, it is said, to shade and protect the germ, which always rises to the highest point of the egg. This act certainly can not be the result of knowledge, as we use the term; the young ostrich does it as well as the old. It is the inherited wisdom of the race, or instinct."

But Mr. Burroughs deems the lower animals incapable of taking the step from particulars to generals, "from the fact to the principle." They have perceptions, he says, but not conceptions. "They may recognize a certain fact, but any deduction from that fact to be applied to a different case, or to meet new conditions, is beyond them." It is at this point that the nature student falls into so many current blunders, blunders against which Mr. Burroughs warns us:

"Wolves and foxes soon learn to be afraid of poisoned meat; just what gives them the hint it would be hard to say, as the survivors could not know the poison's deadly effect from experience; their fear of it probably comes from seeing their fellows suffer and die after eating it.

"We do not expect rats to succeed in putting a bell on the cat, but if they were capable of conceiving such a thing, that would establish their claim to be regarded as reasonable beings. I should as soon expect a fox or a wolf to make use of a trap to capture its prey as to make use of poison in any way. Why does not the fox take a stick and spring the trap he is so afraid of? Simply because the act would involve a mental process beyond him.

"Such stories, too, as a chained fox or a coyote getting possession of corn or other grain and baiting the chickens with it—feigning sleep till the chicken gets within reach and then seizing it—are of the same class, incredible because transcending the inherited knowledge of those animals. I can believe that a fox might walk in a shallow creek to elude the hound, because he may inherit this kind of cunning, and in his own experience he may have come to associate loss of scent with water. Animals stalk their prey or lie in wait for it, instinctively, not from a process of calculation, as man does. If a fox would bait poultry with corn, why should he not, in his wild state, bait mice and squirrels with nuts and seeds? Has a cat ever been known to bait a rat with a piece of cheese?

"Animals seem to have a certain association of ideas; one thing suggests another to them, as with us. This fact is made use of by animal trainers. I can easily believe the story Charles St. John tells of the fox he saw waylaying some hares, and which, to screen himself the more completely from his quarry, scraped a small hollow in the ground and threw up the sand about it. But if St. John had said that the fox brought

weeds or brush to make himself a blind, as the hunter often does, I should have discredited him, just as I discredit the observation of a man, quoted by Romanes, who says that jackals, ambushing deer at the latter's watering place, deliberately wait till the deer have filled themselves with water, knowing that in that state they are more easily run down and captured."

In a word, concludes Mr. Burroughs, it is almost impossible for us not to interpret the lives of the lower animals in the terms of our own experience and our own psychology, but we err grievously when we do so. We err when we attribute to animals what we call

sentiments or any of the emotions that spring from our moral and esthetic natures—the sentiments of justice, truth, beauty, altruism, goodness, duty and the like. These sentiments are the products of concepts and ideas to which the brute natures are strangers. But all the emotions of our animal natures—fear, anger, curiosity, local attachment, jealousy and rivalry—are undoubtedly the same in the lower orders of animal life. Nevertheless the tendency to humanize the animals is more and more marked among students of nature who write books that aim at popularity.

THE QUALITIES REQUISITE FOR A PSYCHIC MEDIUM

That most eminent of all living observers of "psychic" and "metaphysical" phenomena, Dr. J. Maxwell, announces at the outset in his newly issued work* that he may not be taken very seriously when he describes the kind of person through whom these much ridiculed phenomena can be observed. But Sir Oliver Lodge comes warmly to the defense of Dr. Maxwell on this point, observing that the latter is not only an eminent French lawyer, but a learned and even eminent physician. He supplemented his legal training by going through a full six years' medical curriculum, and graduated M. D. in order to pursue psycho-physiological studies with more freedom and to be able to form a sounder and more instructed judgment on the strange phenomena which came under his notice. Even more emphatic in his endorsement of Dr. Maxwell is Prof. Charles Richet, the distinguished physiologist of Paris. Whatever be the fate in store for Dr. Maxwell's ideas, declares Professor Richet, "we may rest assured that the facts which he has well observed will remain." Professor Richet thinks he sees in Maxwell's work "the lineaments of a new science."

So far, then, as scientific standing is concerned, Dr. Maxwell appears with good credentials when he essays to reveal the right qualifications of a "medium" of psychic phenomena. And here are the doctor's own words on this subject:

"As a rule it is necessary to experiment with mediums in order to discover them. Their gifts are often latent and only reveal themselves if conditions favorable to their manifestation are

supplied. This is not always the case and there is generally a chance of coming across a medium when experimenting with persons in whose presence certain irregular abnormal noises are heard, certain movements of furniture are spontaneously produced. Such things are far from being as uncommon as one would think. This assertion may seem paradoxical, but such is not the case.

"I have met with good mediums who were ignorant of the existence of their faculties; yet when I questioned them, I discovered that they frequently heard little 'raps' upon the wood of their bed or upon their night table, without attaching any importance to it. Others have often noticed the displacement of ordinary articles. Sometimes, but more rarely, the facts observed are so intense that the house appears to be haunted. We are often tempted to attribute to fraud the phenomena of haunting. I believe accounts of this nature are not all false, and I shall perhaps try and show this in a future work. We must not reason like one of my friends, a man of vast erudition and superior intelligence, who one day said to me: 'A little girl from thirteen to sixteen years old is always to be found in haunted houses—as soon as the little girl is taken away, the phenomena cease.' Granted. Things generally happen thus; only the little girl may not be the voluntary cause of the phenomena: she may be the involuntary cause of them, a medium in activity, producing supernormal phenomena of the nature of those observed at spiritistic seances."

However, Dr. Maxwell admits that it is only rarely we have opportunities of experimenting with "ready made mediums" of this sort. As a general thing, we must "try on patiently" until "the longed-for phoenix" is made to reveal himself or herself:

"At the same time, I ought to point out that the chances of encountering a medium will be greater if we look for him among nervous people. It seems to me that a certain impressionability—or nervous instability—is a favorable condition

**METAPHYSICAL PHENOMENA, METHODS AND OBSERVATIONS.* By Dr. J. Maxwell, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

for the effervescence of medianity. I use the term 'nervous instability' for want of a better, but I do not use it in an ill sense. Hysterical people do not always give clear, decided phenomena; my best experiments have been made with those who were not in any way hysterical.

"Neurasthenics generally give no result whatever.

"The nervous instability of which I speak is, therefore, neither hysteria, nor neurasthenia, nor any nervous affection whatsoever. It is a state of the nervous system such as appears in hypertension. A lively impressionability, a delicate susceptibility, a certain unequalness of temper, establish analogy between mediums and certain neurotic patients; but they are to be distinguished from the latter by the integrity of their sensibilities, of their reflex movements and of their visual range. As a rule, they have a lively intelligence, are susceptible to attention and do not lack energy; their artistic sentiments are relatively developed; they are confiding and unreserved with those who show them sympathy, are distrustful and irritable if not treated gently. They pass easily from sadness to joy and experience an irresistible need of physical agitation; these two characteristics are just the ones which made me choose the expression of nervous instability.

"I say instability, I do not say want of equilibrium. Many mediums whom I have known have an extremely well balanced mind, from a mental and nervous point of view. My impression is that their nervous system is even superior to that of the average."

These are conspicuous, then, among the signs leading to the opinion that a certain given person is a medium. These signs are not certain, but they seem to Dr. Maxwell probable. Yet there is only one sure way of testing a medium—we must experiment:

"It has been observed that certain people do not obtain phenomena when they operate alone but obtain them, on the contrary, when with another person. I myself have not had occasion to remark this fact, but I have often noticed that the presence of certain people favored the attainment of results, while the presence of others troubled or stopped it. I have no explanation to offer for this fact. Certainly credulity or incredulity has no influence whatever on the results of an experiment. I have seen people who were very little inclined to allow themselves to be convinced make excellent auxiliaries. At the same time, I have seen convinced spiritists make detestable co-operators.

"It seems as if the faculty of giving forth this unknown force were unequally distributed, that it constitutes a physical property of the organism; that, in relation to it, some persons will be positive and others negative, some will emit and others absorb it."

Hence, adds Dr. Maxwell, the importance of the choice of co-operators, or, in other words, of the composition of what is styled the "circle":

"The number of experimenters is comparatively unimportant; in principle, the more numerous the circle the greater the force thrown out. But the presence of a large number of sitters is a bad condition for observation; it also enhances the difficulty of the realization of what spiritists call the harmony of the circle. But I ought to say that the first luminous phenomena which I have seen have been obtained when there were from fifteen to twenty people present. On the other hand, I have had the opportunity of experimenting several times alone with a non-professional medium, when I succeeded in seeing faces which I recognized."

And now we come to the environment most appropriate for a medium through whom a personification—the manifesting intelligence, whatever this may be, usually the soul or spirit of a deceased person—is to evince itself in a "circle":

"Sufficient light first of all—the personification must not acquire the habit of operating in darkness, for the brighter the light the more convincing the experiment; a small room, a light table with four legs, put together with wooden pegs rather than with nails; a cabinet of soft thin curtains; the experimenters to agree to experiment seriously without turning into ridicule the practices to which they submit themselves. It is a good plan to allow only one of their circle to direct the seance, to converse with the personification, to control the proceedings. They must try and keep up a spirit of good understanding and refrain from reciprocally accusing each other of pushing the table—novices do this regularly. Discussion should be relegated to the end and should never be provoked during the sitting. Finally, they should pay great attention to the susceptibility of the medium."

The sort of person through whom psychic phenomena most adequately manifest themselves is usually one of superior intelligence. More than this, such a person is free from the grosser traits of human character. Man's perception of psychic phenomena would appear to be impaired by a materialistic tendency in his environment. As the race grows more refined, more moral, more sensitive to good impressions, the number of psychic mediums should increase. It would appear that many persons who in private life suffer because they are misunderstood are psychic mediums whose powers are dormant. If Dr. Maxwell's conclusions be sound, it would seem that the immediate future will bring into notice innumerable persons of psychic insight. Psychic phenomena were much better understood in some portions of Europe during the Middle Ages than they have ever been understood since. Many obscure incidents in history will be made clear with the progress of psychical study.

THE DYNAMICS OF DREAMS

Dreaming and waking differ only in degree and form of manifestation. They do not differ in principle and essence. So declares Dr. Axel Emil Gibson in *The Medical Record* (New York). From a lengthy and exhaustive study of many cases he arrives at the conclusion that "like waking consciousness, dream reveals" although it does not create. "The same world that surrounds the waking individual," he tells us, "surrounds the dreaming, only the view points and media of observation are changed." The world-picture, "observed through the operation of new structural media," becomes visible in a new perspective—"a perspective which involves the relations not only of space but also of time." The rate of speed at which the events of a dream unfold themselves to us is quite incomprehensible. Space, as we have any notion of dream unfold themselves to us is quite incomprehensible. "But the workings of self-consciousness are identical." Further, we are morally responsible for the nature of our dreams:

"As the life-experience of an individual in his waking consciousness receives its character and value by and through his power of response to environment, so in a similar way the value of a dream depends upon the power of the Ego to respond to consciousness in its various forms of emotions, ideas, and feelings which constitute the environments of the subjective of dream-plane. Waking or dreaming, the individual is or becomes what he chooses to be at any given moment of his existence. High standards of life will generate in him a power to respond to high ideals, accompanied by a corresponding growth in his moral nature of a high and sterling character. Nor has the memory of a dream much to do with its deeper evolutionary value. For, as the recollection of important changes in the working life of an individual is not a *sine qua non* for the value of these changes as character-building forces, so the direct recollection of a dream is not a test condition, neither for its existence as such, nor for its value as ethical and moral force in our life. Dreams are concomitants to sleep, as inevitably as mental action and sensibility are to waking, but the recollection of dreams depends on the power of the mind to record the experiences of the subjective plane on the tablets of waking memory, and thus attune the corresponding cerebral structures to the scale of vibrations prevailing on the subjective or dream-plane. The somnambulist, while seldom remembering his dreams, yet by his pantomimes and soliloquies demonstrating that he is engaged on subjective planes, bears irrefutable testimony to the possibility of dreaming without the dreamer upon awakening having the slightest suspicion of having dreamed."

From what "mental or psychic storehouse"

does the dreaming ego obtain the material out of which to "rear its fairy structures"? We are induced to search for it, replies Dr. Gibson, in the "mind itself," and it would necessarily follow that the "motives, ideas, emotions, thoughts and feelings," with which we employ our minds at every moment, "go to form our character and to influence our lives for good or bad" whether we be awake or whether we happen to be dreaming.

What the writer says about dreams as prophetic is of equal interest:

"As the dream presents incidents and conditions unknown to the waking man, it might be said that to some extent all dreams are prophetic. If adjusted in consciousness to the memories of the cells of his body, the dreamer, in the quietude of the sensory exchanges, may become the recipient of truths concerning his physiological conditions.

"Such dreams are prognostic, and may, if the dreamer be sufficiently sensitive to the cellular consciousness of his body, also become prophylactic, and set free powers of self-prescription. With such powers is meant a function already present in animals and plants in the form of instinct. It is the power of self-preservation—the force back of natural evolution, which practically determines the survival value of every entity. In the absence of the storms of emotions and passions, which in the human mind continues to drown almost every other expression of consciousness than that of sensation, the nature of the animal is receptive and responsive to the needs of its cell-lives. From this springs the startling power of self-diagnosis and self-prescription, so frequently and incomprehensibly exhibited by the animals when overtaken by accident or ill health."

The entire optical apparatus is placed by sleep in a state of "temporary arrest." The function called sight, being dislodged from the channels of physical vision, is still intact, still seeks for expression and "reappears in a new mode of manifestation on the plane of dream." To explain away the power of sight in dream by designating it imagination in no sense detracts from its functional value, "for in its last analysis what is imagination but an expression of the same power which manifests in physical vision, though functioning through structures other and subtler than those of the cerebral nuclei and connected optic apparatus?" In waking consciousness, "while our minds are blinded by the blazing pyrotechnics and flitting apparitions of the senses, the vision of imagination remains dim and uncertain, and may even impart misleading representations to consciousness." And

as there is a difference between mere seeing and observing, so is there a difference between the idle day dreams of an untrained imagination and the strong, vivid realization of ideal prototypes, as experienced by poets and artists, in whom imagination is developed into a distinct and reliable function of subjective seeing. We quote further:

"Now in dream, when the turmoil and disturbance of the waking consciousness are kept in abeyance, the powers of imagination are set free, turning every individual, to some degree, into an artist and a seer. Manifesting along the lines of least resistance, the power of consciousness, when finding its sensory avenues through physical fatigue rendered unavailable, seeks expression through interior and more subtle structures. For the difference between visions of dream (imagination)

and visions of waking (ordinary seeing) consists in the difference of the involved structural media, and as a change of octave in a musical instrument reveals new tonal powers, so the introduction through sleep of a new medium for vision gives to the world-picture a new perspective. Nothing new, however, has been brought out; dream reveals, but does not create. It presents the same seer, the same function, the same world; only the viewpoint is changed, which again results in the appearance of new aspects, with corresponding powers of universal expression."

One of Dr. Gibson's most striking conclusions relates to the extent to which dreams, or something analogous, are found not only in lower animal life, but even in plant life, "Whatever is susceptible of sleeping is also susceptible of dreaming."

BIOLOGY'S VERDICT ON THE "DON JUAN" TYPE OF CHARACTER

In fulfilment of the function of perpetuating the human race on this planet, if the latest researches of that widely read German biologist, Prof. Dr. A. Rauber, go for anything, there is but one male available for each female available. As Dr. Rauber's views are set forth in the Leipsic *Grenzboten*, it would appear that erotic poetry, and more particularly that classical theme in it afforded by "Don Juan" and his sort, is unbiological. Dr. Rauber avers that the whole attitude of contemporary poetry and fiction is one of flat defiance of all that science has established regarding the adaptability of species to environment. Were "Don Juan" to become normal the human race could not persist:

"To depict the delight of sensuality may unquestionably be a function of the poetic art. And beyond doubt in an age long since gone, the poet's art might even proclaim a right to be sensual in order that the springs of life might not run dry. But it is easy for the imaginative writer to get beyond bounds and to produce results equally prejudicial in a sense quite opposed to the drying up of life's springs. The proper limit is set by biological science, which demonstrates that for every man there is in existence but one woman. (To be sure, this had been demonstrated already by statistical science, and that, too, long prior to the evolution of the later science.)

"Whoever among men is united to more than one woman works ill not only to the female thus misused, not only to the progeny born out of monogamy, but likewise to the potential mate, the man for whom this woman was available and who

thereafter must either be deprived of her altogether or receive her impaired. If females thus impaired descend to a lower level, injury is done not only to males in fugitive association with them but also to those females for whom those males were destined. From this series of injuries there ensues a heavy burden of indemnity for Don Juan to carry."

The "Medea" of Euripedes is, in this respect, in harmony with the established facts of biology, thinks Dr. Rauber. We see here the course of Jason, in violent opposition to a soundly scientific view of monogamic institutions as it was, fearfully punished. The masterpiece of Euripedes should be commended for its biology to the modern writer. The latter is too apt to overlook or misunderstand biology. "Free love" is shown as unscientific by recent research, although the teachings of science on this head have yet to become current among poets and writers of polite literature. For every violation of the monogamic pact acts prejudicially not only to those immediately concerned but to the potential mate. Thus the perpetuation of our species is interrupted so far as its normal course is concerned. That its normal course is monogamic may be inferred from the circumstances antecedent to the establishment of any biological factor in the case:

"In the primitive period of the human species, all such clans and groups as possessed a considerable supply of the male element enjoyed

advantages over those among whom a preponderating female element established itself through the birth rate. In every hostile collision, the former tribal groups tended more and more to gain ascendancy over the latter. Those primitive tribes, therefore, which were most liberally endowed with youths and men survived as the fittest in the struggle for existence. This tendency to a higher male birth rate was transmitted by heredity to the peoples of to-day."

Hence the tendency to a higher birth rate of boys than of girls, according to Dr. Rauber. Nature here corrects the balance with the progress of time, by reducing the male pre-

ponderance until old age is reached, when more women survivors are found than men survivors. All this is in the interest of the higher evolution. For in biology the practice of monogamy is to the human species what the practice of nest building is to birds—the function whereby the young are best facilitated in the attainment of maturity. And it is in regard to this fundamental factor in biological research—the perpetuation of the species—that the antagonism between the Don Juan type of human character and the law of nature comes most clearly into view.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS ON THE Isthmus OF PANAMA

It is difficult to fix precise limits respecting the period during which the Isthmus of Panama was rent by volcanic eruptions, says Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A., in what is perhaps the most authoritative study of the problems of the Panama Canal yet published.* General Abbot was a member of the "Comité Technique" of the canal and subsequently consulting engineer of the New Panama Canal Company. He was afforded ample facilities for investigating the part which volcanic and earthquake shocks have played in the geological history of the Isthmus and for estimating correctly the relative advantages of the Panama route over the Nicaragua route on this important point. As a miscalculation of the water supply of the future canal "might be productive of consequences too serious to be contemplated," so, also, ignorance of the seismographical phenomena to be apprehended might undo or lead to the undoing of the labors of years. However, General Abbot has no misgivings on this head:

"The fact that volcanic activity has long ceased near the Panama route is of capital importance, inasmuch as earthquake disturbances are closely associated with volcanic action. Throughout the entire region between Chiriquí and Tolima, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, there are no intermediate active volcanoes. It is true that there are occasionally moderate earthquake shocks near Panama, but they can usually be traced to more violent disturbances elsewhere, transmitted with diminishing force to considerable distances. To obtain precise figures as to these earth movements, two delicate self-recording seismographs were established by the new Pan-

ama Company near Panama in September, 1900, and continuous records have been kept there until the property was turned over to the United States in April, 1904. A similar series of observations was kept near San José de Costa Rica by the government of that country, beginning in January, 1901. The results have been published monthly in the United States monthly weather review with only two months lacking (November, 1903, and March, 1904). The work was in charge of M. Enrique Pittier, the director of the *Instituto Físico-Geográfico*, whose labors in science are widely known. The station is only about sixty miles from the locks of the projected Nicaragua Canal (eastern division) and a comparison of the two sets of records is interesting. The instruments at both stations were extremely delicate, recording movements of the earth crust too slight to be detected by the senses. Such movements are classed as 'tremors' while well defined movements are classed as 'light shocks' or as 'strong shocks,' according to their severity. M. Pittier notes in one or two of the 'light shocks' that people ran out of the houses."

Isthmian earthquake records, thus compiled, show one "tremor" in 1900, but no light or strong shocks. There was a "light shock" in 1901 and four "tremors" in the same year. The ensuing annual period, 1902, brought one "tremor" and one "light shock." One "light shock" was the sum total of all records for 1903, and in 1904 there was a "tremor" preceded by a "light shock." At San José, Costa Rica, there were throughout that identical period totals of 43 "tremors," 91 "light shocks" and 35 "strong shocks." General Abbot concludes:

"These figures place in strong relief the relative stability of the regions traversed by the two projected canals. During the forty-four months there were eleven tremblings of the earth's crust at Panama, of which only four were sensible

*PROBLEMS OF THE PANAMA CANAL. By Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A. (retired). The Macmillan Company.

and they were too slight to cause alarm to the inhabitants. During the thirty-eight of these months for which we have corresponding records, there were at San José 169 earth movements, of which ninety-one were classed as light shocks and thirty-five as strong shocks. But even these figures fail to present the matter with sufficient force. The duration of the motion at Panama was insignificant, while at San José the earth

continued shaking during 966 seconds or more than sixteen minutes, giving a monthly mean average of about half a minute during the entire period. No records of this nature have been kept for the western division of the Nicaragua route, but it is well known to contain several volcanoes, with the attendant risks. The selection of the Panama route certainly was fortunate in this."

HAS BURBANK REVOLUTIONIZED BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE?

Physical aspects of life on our planet have been so affected by the results of Luther Burbank's life-work that biology and its subsidiary sciences appear to Mr. W. S. Harwood—Burbank's authorized exponent and interpreter—to be on the eve of revolution. "In his [Burbank's] study of the subtler life of nature," we are assured, "he has arrived at conclusions and developed theories and disproved so-called laws in so significant a manner as to entitle him to consideration among the foremost thinkers of his generation." Why all this is so Mr. Harwood sets forth in a work fresh from the press.* He writes:

"For example, one man would arrive at a certain conclusion, or law, if he chose so to designate it, from the facts developed in a series of experiments with a dozen plants, carried on in a garden or conservatory. Possibly, from the study of these plants, their habits, their changes under breeding and selection, these conclusions would be held absolute and applicable to a far wider field than that in which these few individuals were found. Working with the same plant, a flower or a fruit as the case might be, Mr. Burbank arrived at absolutely opposite conclusions. But, in place of a dozen plants he used a hundred thousand; in place of a corner in a garden or a narrow space under the glass of a hothouse, he used an acre of ground in the open; in place of a dozen distinct plants from which to make conclusions, he dealt with over two thousand species; and thus he was able to command an outlook broader than man had ever had before. Willing at all points to yield the moment he was convinced of error, it was yet inevitable that his own sound judgment should tell him that when his vast experiments developed results diametrically opposed to the results of the scientists working in circumscribed quarters, he was bound to stand by his own."

This, we are told, may very clearly be seen in the outcome of Burbank's test of what are styled the Mendelian laws:

"Mendel, a parish priest in Brün, Austria, a devoted student of botany, prepared a paper in

the year 1865 in which he showed, as a result of his years of investigation, that certain laws were bound to obtain in the breeding of plants. When two peas, for example, were crossed, two prevailing sets of characters or characteristics were developed. One of these he called 'dominant,'—certain prominent characteristics of the parent disclosed in the offspring, as color of flower, length of stem, shape of leaves, form of seed, arrangement of flowers and so on. Certain other parental characters he called 'recessive,' appearing in lesser number in the new plant, or disappearing altogether. These characteristics appeared in the offspring in an invariable ratio, that of three to one. Seventy-five per cent. of the characters of the new plant-form,—color, development and so on,—would be 'dominant,' twenty-five per cent. would be 'recessive.' The recessive characters thereafter bred true, but the dominant ones produced progeny one-third genuine dominant—which also bred true to their own type; and two-thirds cross breeds, the latter, when self-fertilized, giving out the old ratio of seventy-five per cent. 'dominant' characters, twenty-five per cent. 'recessive.'

"These laws, so-called, would provide means for determining in advance what results would follow in the breeding of plants; and if carried forward into animal-breeding, would be of inconceivable value. Quite generally throughout Europe these laws have been accepted by the scientific world.

"Over and over again, through a series of many years, dealing with millions of plants and upon a scale which dwarfs all other experimentation, Mr. Burbank has disproved these laws. In the street in front of his home in Santa Rosa stands a row of walnut trees. These may be taken as a fair illustration of the manifold facts bearing on the points which have been developed by him. Instead of following any set proportion or ratio, the parental characteristics appeared in the children with absolutely no regard for law or even order, while many new characters were developed. Thousands of different forms were assumed by the leaves, for example, absolutely unlike the forms of the parent leaves. The nuts which came from the new trees were often wholly unlike those of either parent; indeed, very frequently they were wholly different from any walnuts ever known before. Sometimes there were five leaves on a stem, sometimes twenty or thirty, sometimes fifty. Many assumed, too, a most delicious fragrance, a character wholly lack-

**New Creations in Plant Life.* By W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Company.

ing in either of their forebears. Nor did the new trees show any similarity in growth to the old, a new tree in thirteen years having grown six times as large of girth and six times as tall as the parents had grown in twenty-eight years."

In innumerable other instances coming under Burbank's own rules of experiment, the alleged laws have been "absolutely disproven" by the evidence afforded through tests on a proper scale. Here are other instances in which Mr. Harwood thinks Mr. Burbank has demonstrated "the absurdity of reasoning from inadequate data." One of them pertains to that vexed question, so prominent in recent scientific controversies about evolution, whether acquired characteristics are transmitted to offspring. Says Mr. Harwood:

"Leading scientists have maintained and their followers have added the weight of their evidence, that 'acquired characteristics are never transmitted.' In the limitless fields of operation before him, Mr. Burbank has not only disproven this over and over again, but has established the opposite, that acquired characteristics are the only ones that are transmitted.

"Another theory, now widely accepted by scientific men, the theory of mutation, or saltation, new forms of life being produced by springing from the parents by a sudden leap or bound, evolution thus going on by rare and sudden leaps, appears to have been overthrown by Mr. Burbank. Instead of any law or other force governing these peculiar mutations—which mutations, it has been held, produce new and stable varieties from which nature selects those which are fit—Mr. Burbank times without number has produced these strange mutations at will. They can be produced, he says, by anybody who systematically sets to work to disturb the life habits of the plants. Thus the peculiar phenomena which scientific observers on a small field have so sedulously studied, and have at last come to consider the result of a supreme act of nature, are entirely within the province of any market gardener or amateur plant breeder. In addition to this, he has demonstrated that that which the scientists have called mutations are not periods in the plant life at all, but only states or conditions, the result of hereditary tendencies and environments."

Mr. Burbank himself epitomizes in these words: "By crossing different species we can form more variations and mutations in a half dozen generations than will be developed by ordinary variations in a thousand generations." Mr. Harwood notes, too, that Mr. Burbank has by this time reached certain well-defined theories, one of them relating to heredity. "Out of the years of his investigations, carried on upon such a colossal scale, he has established the principle that heredity is 'the sum of all the effects of the environment of all past generations, on the responsive, ever-

moving life forces; or, in other words, a record kept by the vital principle of its struggle onward and upward from simple forms of life; not vague in any respect, but indelibly fixed by repetition.'" And Burbank condenses this still further: "Heredity is the sum of all past environment." Heredity thus becomes an influence quite other than present-day science conceives it. "Every plant, animal and planet occupies its place in the order of nature by the action of two forces—the inherent constitutional life force with all its acquired habits, the sum of which is heredity; and the many complicated outside forces or environments. To guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force, is and must be the sole object of the breeder, whether of plants or animals."

By the use of the term "vital principle" Mr. Burbank does not "attempt to establish its essence or identity," for, in his own words again: "When simple cells become joined together, mutual protection is assured, and we know that they exhibit organized forces in new directions which were impossible by any of the individual cells not associated in a cell colony with its fellows. These cell colonies will, if environment is favorable, increase in strength, while colonies less favorably situated may be crippled or destroyed. We see this natural selection in all life, every day all around us. But this is only one of the many forces at work in the upward, outward and onward movement of life."

Mr. Burbank, says Mr. Harwood, does not ignore the survival of the fittest or the principles of natural selection. "He goes beyond them." For "the grand principal cause of all existing species and varieties" throughout this globe he maintains to be "the crossing of species." In Burbank's own words once more:

"The very existence of the higher orders of plants which now inhabit the earth has been secured to them only by their power of adaptation to crossings, for through the variations produced by the combination of numerous tendencies, individuals are produced which are better endowed to meet the prevailing conditions of life. Thus, to nature's persistence in crossing do we owe all that earth now produces in man, animals or plants; and this magnificently stupendous fact may also be safely carried into the domain of chemistry as well; for what are common air and water but nature's earlier efforts in that line, and our nourishing foods but the result of myriad complex chemical affinities of later date?"

"Past tendencies must fade somewhat as the new ones are added, and as each individual has ancestors in untold numbers, and as each is bound

to the other like the numerous threads of a fabric, individuals within a species, by thus having very numerous similar lines of heredity, are very much alike; yet no two are just alike. Cross two species and see what the results will be: Sharp mutations and variations appear, not in the first generation, as the two are bound together in a mutual compact which, when unloosed by the next and succeeding generations, will branch in every direction as the myriad different lines of heredity combine and press forward in various new directions. A study of plants or animals belonging to widely different species and even genera which have been under similar environment for a long time will always show a similarity

in many respects in the various means they are compelled to adopt for defense in the preservation and reproduction of life. Desert plants often have thorns, acrid qualities and reduced foliage surface, while in moist climates thorns are seldom seen, and foliage is more abundant and not so often acrid or distasteful. Similar environments produce similar results on the life forces, even with the most distantly related plants or animals. This fact alone should be proof enough, if proof were still needed, that acquired characters are transmitted, even though in opposition to numerous popular theories. All characters which are transmitted have once been acquired."

THE "INFINITE MINUTENESS" OF CORPUSCLES

To obtain any adequate conception of the size of a corpuscle we must have recourse to what Prof. G. H. Darwin, president of the British Association, styles "a scheme of three-fold magnification." Lord Kelvin has shown that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules of water would be of a size intermediate between that of a cricket ball and of a marble. "Now," proceeds Professor Darwin (as quoted in London *Nature*), "each molecule contains three atoms, two being of hydrogen and one of oxygen." The molecular system in all likelihood has some sort of resemblance to that of a triple star: "The three atoms, replacing the stars, revolve about one another in some sort of dance which cannot be exactly described. I doubt whether it is possible to say how large a part of the space occupied by the whole molecule is occupied by the atoms; but perhaps the atoms bear to the molecule some such relationship as the molecule to the drop of water referred to. Finally, the corpuscles may stand to the atom in a similar scale of magnitude. Accordingly a threefold magnification would be needed to bring these ultimate parts of the atom within the range of our ordinary scales of measurement."

This, to Professor Darwin, seems the most striking of all the results flowing from the stream of "the new knowledge," if only for the reason that "the vast edifice of modern chemistry" must no longer be regarded as "built with atomic bricks." He writes:

"The atom, previously supposed to be indivisible, really consists of a large number of component parts. By various convergent lines of experiment it has been proved that the simplest of all atoms—namely, that of hydrogen—consists of

about 800 separate parts; while the number of parts in the atom of the denser metals must be counted by tens of thousands. These separate parts of the atom have been called corpuscles or electrons, and may be described as particles of negative electricity. It is paradoxical, yet true, that the physicist knows more about these ultra-atomic corpuscles and can more easily count them than is the case with the atoms of which they form the parts. The corpuscles, being negatively electrified, repel one another just as the hairs on a person's head mutually repel one another when combed with a vulcanite comb. The mechanism is as yet obscure whereby the mutual repulsion of the negative corpuscles is restrained from breaking up the atom, but a positive electrical charge, or something equivalent thereto, must exist in the atom, so as to prevent disruption. The existence in the atom of this community of negative corpuscles is certain, and we know further that they are moving with speeds which may in some cases be comparable to the velocity of light, namely, 200,000 miles a second. But the mechanism whereby they are held together in a group is hypothetical. It is only just a year ago that Thomson suggested, as representing the atom, a mechanical or electrical model whose properties could be accurately examined by mathematical methods. He would be the first to admit that his model is at most merely a crude representation of actuality, yet he has been able to show that such an atom must possess mechanical and electrical properties which simulate, with what Whetham describes as 'almost Satanic exactness,' some of the most obscure and yet most fundamental properties of the chemical elements. '*Se non è vero, è ben trovato,*' and we are surely justified in believing that we have the clue which the alchemists sought in vain. Thomson's atom consists of a globe charged with positive electricity, inside which there are some thousand or thousands of corpuscles of negative electricity, revolving in regular orbits with great velocities. Since two electrical charges repel one another if they are of the same kind, and attract one another if they are of opposite kinds, the corpuscles mutually repel one another; but all are attracted by the globe containing them."

HABITABILITY AND UNINHABITABILITY OF EARTH'S SISTER PLANETS

While it is reasonable enough to suppose that beings not only animated, but endowed with reason, inhabit countless worlds in space, writes Simon Newcomb in *Harper's Magazine*, it is entirely beyond the reach of our race to establish the fact one way or the other by actual observation in the present state of human knowledge. Even in the case of earth's sister planets, the question is one which completely transcends not only our powers of observation now, but "every appliance of research that we can conceive of men devising." If we imagine Mars to be inhabited, and if we further conceive its denizens as gifted with capacities equal to our own, "the problem of merely producing an illumination which could be seen in our most powerful telescope would be beyond all the ordinary efforts of an entire nation." We cannot, thinks Professor Newcomb, anticipate beholding any signs of the works of the dwellers even on Mars. As for the other planets, Mercury, to begin with, is in a position most ill adapted for observation from the earth. When nearest to ourselves it is between ourselves and the sun. Its dark hemisphere is then turned earthward. Nothing satisfactory has yet been made out relative to the condition of Mercury. We cannot be certain that it has an atmosphere. The temperature on its surface is probably far higher than any earthly animal could tolerate. "But this proves nothing."

Venus has an atmosphere. That atmosphere, however, is so charged with what may be clouds, if not vapor, that it seems highly improbable that man will ever be afforded a view of the solid substance of the planet itself through it. Certain observers have imagined they detected spots on this planet for days in succession. Other observers dispute the phenomenon. Assuming that Venus possesses rational denizens, it is not likely that they ever behold either the sun or the stars. "Instead of the sun they see only an effulgence in the vapory sky which disappears and reappears at regular intervals."

Our knowledge of Mars is more definite. There seem to Professor Newcomb to be greater possibilities that life exists on Mars than that it exists on any other of earth's sisters in our own solar system. We quote at some length:

"That there must be something in the nature of vapor at least seems to be shown by the formation and disappearance of the white polar caps of this planet. Every reader of astronomy at the present time knows that, during the Martian winter, white caps form around the pole of the planet which is turned away from the sun, and grow larger and larger until the sun begins to shine upon them, when they gradually grow smaller, and perhaps nearly disappear. It seems, therefore, fairly well proved that, under the influence of cold, some white substance forms around the polar regions of Mars which evaporates under the influence of the sun's rays. It has been supposed that this substance is snow produced in the same way that snow is produced on the earth, by the evaporation of water.

"But there are difficulties in the way of this explanation. The sun sends less than half as much heat to Mars as to the earth, and it does not seem likely that the polar regions can ever receive enough of heat to melt any considerable quantity of snow. Nor does it seem likely that any clouds from which snow could fall ever obscure the surface of Mars.

"But a very slight change in the explanation will make it tenable. Quite possibly the white deposits may be due to something like hoar frost condensed from slightly moist air, without the actual production of snow. This would produce the effect that we see. Even this explanation implies that Mars has air and water, rare though the former may be. It is quite possible that a density less than this would sustain life in some form. Life not totally unlike that on the earth may therefore exist upon Mars for anything that we know to the contrary. More than this we cannot say.

"In the case of the outer planets the answer to our question must be in the negative. It now seems likely that Jupiter is a body very much like our sun, only that the dark portion is too cool to emit much, if any, light. It is doubtful whether Jupiter has anything in the nature of a solid surface. Its interior is in all likelihood a mass of molten matter far above a red heat, which is surrounded by a comparatively cool, yet, to our measure, extremely hot, vapor. The belt-like clouds which surround the planet are due to this vapor combined with the rapid rotation. If there is any solid surface below the atmosphere that we can see, it is swept by winds such that nothing we have on earth could withstand them. But, as we have said, the probabilities are very much against there being anything like a surface. At some great depth in the fiery vapor there is a solid nucleus; that is all we can say.

"The planet Saturn seems to be very much like that of Jupiter in its composition. It receives so little heat from the sun that, unless it is a mass of fiery vapor like Jupiter, the surface must be far below the freezing-point.

"We cannot speak with such certainty of Uranus and Neptune."

THE EARTHQUAKE A SIGN OF "PLANETARY VITALITY"

A moonquake is now unthinkable because the moon is as dead as a door nail. Our satellite is "ever foreshadowing our own ultimate doom, like the mummy at Egyptian banquets"; but in the meantime, if the *Edinburgh Review* (London) has correctly conceived the teachings of the new seismology, to which it devotes a recent and impressive article, the inhabitants of earth may console themselves for the havoc wrought through earthquakes by reflecting that they demonstrate the vitality of our planet. In that distant past when the moon actually quaked there may—some scientists declare there must—have been forms of animation upon its surface. "Though the moon, by reason of its smaller size, was bound to lose its atmosphere, it must have taken millions of years to do so, and there may have been time for the cycle of life, from the primeval germ up to sentient beings and down again to the hardiest lingering plant-cells, to run its full circle." The writer in *The Edinburgh Review* continues to develop his line of thought:

"Earthquakes are a sign of planetary vitality. They would seem to be characteristic of the terrestrial phase of development. Effete globes like the moon can scarcely be subject to the stresses to which they are due; nor can they be very suitably constituted for the propagation of elastic waves. Inchoate worlds such as Jupiter and Saturn are still less likely to be the scenes of reverberating concussions. Their materials have not yet acquired the necessary cohesion. They are pasty or fluid, if not partially vaporous. On the earth the seismic epoch presumably opened when, exterior solidification having commenced, the geological ages began to run. It will last so long as peaks crumble and rivers carry sediment; so long as the areal distribution of loads fluctuates, and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief. Our globe is, by its elasticity, kept habitable. The separation of sea from dry land is thus and no otherwise maintained; the alternations of elevation and subsidence manifest the continual activity of this reserve of energy. The dimensions of the globe we inhabit depend upon the balance of pressure and expansiveness. Relaxation or enhancement of either instantly occasions a bending inward or an arching outward of the crust. Just by these sensitive reactions the planet shows itself to be alive, and seismic thrillings are the breaths it draws."

WHEN THE MURDERER'S PHOTOGRAPH IS IN HIS VICTIM'S EYE

A butcher's portrait has been found on the retina of a slaughtered ox, or so, at any rate, it would appear from a communication in the *London Telegraph*. But Dr. George Lindsay Johnson, F. R. C. S., says the trace of truth underlying the slaughtered ox story is based upon experiments by Professor Kuehne, of Heidelberg, and Professor Boll, of Vienna:

"The latter discovered that the layer of pigment cells immediately behind the rods and cones of the retina secreted a pinkish purple colouring-matter which spread between the ends of the rods. He called this Sehpurpur (visual purple), and found that it became rapidly bleached by light. Kuehne succeeded in taking a photograph, or 'optogram,' as he called it, of a window showing the panes on a rabbit's eye, and fixing it in a solution of alum. The experiment is extremely difficult to perform, and requires the utmost care and precautions. To succeed in obtaining a portrait of anyone on the eye of a person suddenly killed, the following conditions are necessary, and the failure of anyone would probably prevent any portrait being formed at all. The victim would have to be chloroformed and fixed im-

movably in a dentist's chair, the eyelids held apart by an instrument, and the pupil dilated with a mydriatic. The murderer, in the same way, would have to have his face kept immovable, at a distance previously agreed upon, during the whole of the ten minutes' exposure, while his face was brilliantly illuminated—all extraneous light being carefully excluded. It would also be necessary for the refraction of the victim's eye to have been previously ascertained, and such a spectacle lens placed in front of it as would sharply define the face of the murderer on the victim's retina. The moment the exposure was sufficient the eye would have to be smeared over with lamp black, at once removed from the body in a subdued nonactinic light, divided in half, and the back half placed in a solution of alum. If all these directions were implicitly followed the result might yield an image sufficiently distinct to be recognized as a human face, but in any case it would be ridiculously small. If, for example, the murderer's face were nine and one-half inches long, and at a distance of one yard from the victim's eye, the size of the face on the retina would be under four millimetres—i. e., a little over an eighth of an inch, nor could it be enlarged, as the light used for that purpose would cause the image to fade."

Music and the Drama

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH

Pessimistic reflections on the present condition of the American stage are continually being circulated through the magazines and literary journals; but a survey of the actual dramatic situation reveals a remarkable degree of health and vitality. The successes of the opening season in New York were chronicled in these pages last month. A continuation of the record leads to a consideration of at least two dramatic events of commanding importance. Richard Mansfield has rendered great service to the theatrical world by producing, for the first time on any English-speaking stage, Schiller's "Don Carlos"; and Harrison Grey Fiske deserves commendation for producing, also for the first time in English, the widely misunderstood but exquisitely beautiful drama of Maeterlinck's, "Monna Vanna." Apart from these European dramas, the American theater-going public has had an opportunity to see two native plays of distinction. David Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West," chosen to inaugurate the new Belasco Theater in Washington, was given its first performance before an audience which included prominent members of the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps, and it scored a pronounced success; while "The Squaw-Man," by Edwin Milton Royle, if not the "great American play" long hoped for, is yet, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, "a highly respectable contribution to a stage that has been none too rich in native works of even transient value." The irritating and stimulating Bernard Shaw still occupies a vantage place on our stage; but it is probably a tribute to American intelligence that his Irish tract, "John Bull's Other Island," and his clinical study, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," have been rejected. It may also be accounted a hopeful sign of the times that there is a marked revival of interest in Shakespeare's plays, to which Robert B. Mantell, Ben Greet and the Marlowe-Sothern combination have been the main contributing factors.

"DON CARLOS"

This tragedy of Schiller's was written in 1787, and is a crowning achievement of a dramatic period which embraced not only

Schiller, but Goethe and Lessing, and which touched heights that have never since been reached. Its first presentations in this country were given in Toledo and Chicago. As produced by Mr. Mansfield, it employs a cast of 117 persons, and requires eight massive tableaux of the court of the Escorial in Madrid. The *motif* of the play is thus described by James O'Donnell Bennett in the *Chicago Record-Herald*:

"The Mansfield version of 'Don Carlos' tells swiftly and with many beautiful embroideries of sentiment and language the tale of the unhappy Spanish crown prince, the Hamlet of the sixteenth century, who saw his father take as wife that Elizabeth of Valois to whom the son himself had been betrothed and whom he loved as only the Latin temperament is capable of loving—in a word, to distraction and to despair. How the crown prince, half crazed by melancholy and disappointment, lingered near the object of his hopeless passion; how slander couched his name with that of his father's queen, how intrigue and jealousy accomplished his ruin and the ruin of all who had desired to serve him—that is the substance of this tragedy of domestic and official life in the gloomy palace of Philip II. in Madrid about the year 1568."

The same writer characterizes Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of this character as "weighty with conviction, fragrant with charm, animated by intense sympathy and made a wonder work by its masterful grasp, and, most of all, by its ever-shifting contradictions." He continues:

"When this man looked inward and considered his own sorrows his tones were heavy with moaning. When he looked outward and considered the treachery and tyranny of a cruel age, his tones bore scorn. When he remembered his destiny as inheritor of the empire of Charles V., he spoke as one blowing upon a trumpet, and his cry, 'I am a monarch's son,' caused an awed, almost an awful, hush to descend upon the house.

"Before that trumpet blast had died away he sighed, 'And not one in all the world can I call friend.' In one breath Mr. Mansfield had exalted the listeners, in the next he made them wish to weep.

"In fine, here was Hamlet in the tenderness, the yearning, the affection, the sympathy, the sweetness of the character, and Hamlet, too, in the irony of the crown prince's outlook upon life. It was not the Hamlet of Shakespeare, because Schiller's Don Carlos has not Hamlet's depth of understanding. But that is Schiller's fault, not Mr. Mansfield's."

"MONNA VANNA"

"Monna Vanna" has achieved undesirable notoriety by reason of the fact that the London dramatic censor prohibited its presentation; but, as given at the Manhattan Theater, in New York, it is generally accepted as a vehicle of the loftiest idealism. In the opinion of the *New York Sun*, it is "one of the few modern pieces that combine dramatic strength with deep spiritual intuition"; and it has served both to introduce Maeterlinck as a writer of actable drama and to signalize the elevation of Bertha Kalich, the Yiddish actress, from the Bowery to Broadway. The story of the piece recalls Judith and Holofernes, and carries a suggestion of the Lady Godiva legend. It tells of a woman who is asked to sacrifice her chastity that a city may be saved. To quote from *The Dramatic Mirror* (New York):

"The place and time of the action is Pisa at the close of the Fifteenth Century. Pisa is surrounded, her inhabitants are starving and, ammunition failing, are about to fall into the hands of their enemies, the Florentines. The cru-

cial point of the play comes in the offer of the Florentine general, Prinzivalle, to save the city, if Guido Colonna, its commander, will send his wife, Vanna, alone, wrapped only in her mantle, to spend the night in the general's tent. In true, exalted, sacrificial spirit Monna Vanna, despite the commands of her husband and his repudiation of her, fulfills the demand. In the tent, Prinzivalle's love, born in their childhood, reawakens and in the purity of her presence turns to something finer and sweeter than his elemental passion, and he lets her go unharmed. Threatened by treacherous masters at home, doomed to death by this final mad act of rescuing Pisa, Prinzivalle gives Vanna what she calls the surest test of his love by agreeing to save himself by taking refuge in Pisa. Then tragedy follows Vanna. Her husband refuses to believe in her purity, refuses to keep her word of protection to Prinzivalle, accuses her of loving her destroyer and finally orders him killed. In the contrast between her husband's unseeing cruelty and her lover's sympathetic understanding, her woman's heart turns to the latter, and to save him she practices deception, crying out that she had hid, that he had harmed her, that she had brought him to Pisa by a trick, and she demands the key to the dungeon that she—she who has suffered—shall alone have the satisfaction of revenge. The play ends as she goes, her husband believes, to wreak her vengeance, in reality to join her lover and escape with him whom she has saved and, saving, loves. 'It was an evil dream,' Guido says. 'Yes,' Vanna answers, 'it was an evil dream. The beautiful dream is beginning.'"

That Maeterlinck's play is what the *New York Evening Post* declares it to be—"a fine poetic work, with a moving theme, throbbing with human passion"—is generally conceded; but opinions vary in regard to the adequacy of the New York performance and of Madame Kalich's part in it. The *New York Times* thinks that "there is much in this production to command respect, little to excite enthusiasm"; and Alan Dale, of the *New York American*, writes:

"'Monna Vanna' was presented with much dignity. It had a fine cast. It had adequate, but not ostentatious scenery. It was acted as a poem, rather than as a melodrama. Its mystic side was emphasized. Maeterlinck himself would have approved this performance. But it . . . did not 'touch.' It left us cold."

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

According to the Washington correspondent of *The Dramatic Mirror* (New York), Mr. Belasco's new play, given at the nation's capital with Blanche Bates in the title rôle, "made the biggest kind of a hit"; and the *Washington Star* refers to its first night as "one of the most brilliant events in local theatrical history." *The Star* says further:

"'The Girl of the Golden West' presents a



MADAME MAETERLINCK

Maeterlinck's play, "Monna Vanna," was written for her, and she has appeared in the title rôle in many European cities.



Courtesy of The Theatre Magazine

ARNOLD DALY

The leading exponent of Bernard Shaw's dramas in this country.

number of striking novelties. It is at least novel that the heroine of the piece is the keeper of a saloon and the hero a road agent, an outlaw, while the dominant male character is a gambler embodying both vice and virtue. The other figures in the piece are men of uncouth manners and rough, and at times profane, speech. To handle such a bold theme so as not to offend the sensibilities of intelligent auditors requires skill and cleverness in both author and players greater than the audacity of the undertaking. That this is done was attested by the favorable judgment passed upon the play last evening.

"There are many strong lines in the play and thrilling dramatic scenes and incidents compelling most intense interest and suspense. The climax of the play is at the close of the second act when 'The Girl' and Jack Rance play a desperate game of poker for possession of the road agent, whom Rance has found in the girl's mountain cabin.

"It is difficult to describe the suspense produced by this scene, which is only relieved when the girl, in her desperation to save her lover, pretends to faint, and while Rance is getting a restorative she slips three aces from her stocking and wins. Even the cheating, to which Rance would not resort, is forgiven in the girl."

Of Blanche Bates's acting in this play the *Washington Times* says: "Miss Bates's work is

always interesting. Her enthusiasm, her vivacity at all times and her charming and delicate sense of humor have given her a place with the best American actors. In her portrayal of the little saloon-keeper in the Sierras she brought together all these qualities."

"THE SQUAW MAN"

This is another play dealing with the "golden West," and aiming to hold a picturesque phase which is rapidly disappearing from American life. Its author, Edwin Milton Royle, is by no means a novice in play-writing, and his present success is the result of years of laborious and often discouraging labor. The title rôle is taken by William Faversham, and is felt to provide an exceptionally favorable opportunity for his talents. Mr. John Corbin, of the *New York Sun*, discusses the play thus:

"With the single exception of 'Leah Kleschna' it is many years since Broadway has seen so vigorous and compelling a melodrama as Mr. Edwin Milton Royle's 'The Squaw Man,' in which Mr. Faversham is appearing at Wallack's; and



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

The eminent English playwright now on a visit to this country. Two of his dramas are to be given here later in the season.

the effect of the piece, like that of its predecessor, is due to a very rare combination of excellence in the writing and the acting. . . .

"The story of 'The Squaw Man' centres in one of those deeds of heroic self-sacrifice so long familiar to the popular stage. The hero [Jim Carston], an Englishman, in love with the wife of his cousin and brother officer, assumes the guilt of the other man's crime and buries himself in the American cattle country. . . . A young Indian girl who has fallen in love with him saves his life by shooting a 'bad man' who has the drop on him; and she subsequently rescues him from death by fever, and leaves her tribe to live with him and nurse him back to life. When a son is born, it is thoroughly in keeping with Carston's unselfish nature that, outcast and forlorn as he is, he should marry her. . . .

"Admirable is the handling of the character of the squaw. In effect what she does is to kill herself so that her husband may return to England to claim the title to which he has fallen heir by the death of his cousin, and at the same time marry the English woman he has always loved. But her sacrifice is thoroughly rational. Her son has been taken away from her to be educated as heir to the Earldom, and at the same time she is run to earth by a sheriff and his posse to answer for killing the man who threatened Carston's life. Never for a moment is the old theme of self-sacrifice presented with melodramatic falsity. In all its main outlines the story is as true as it is moving."

"JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND"

In England this has been proclaimed Bernard Shaw's best play; but in New York it has been roughly handled by the critics and only ran a few nights. It is "a sort of political

charade," says the *New York Evening Post*, "the meaning of which the audience are to guess, if they can." Alan Dale, of the *New York American*, refers to the play as "a thick, glutinous and impenetrable four-act tract," and says further:

"For more than three solid hours we sat, in our theater-faces, and listened to an Englishman and an Irishman holding forth on Tariff-reform League, Nationalists, Separatists, Protective Tariff, Free Trade, the Disestablished Church, the principles of the Liberal party, Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone, the Tories, the Unionists, the House of Commons, and—presumably—Mr. Bernard Shaw's own conception of the Trinity.

"It was not gay. The Irishman had one theory; the Englishman knocked it down. The Englishman had another theory; the Irishman pulverized it. This went on with dizzy persistence, but those who waited for the end found nothing settled. It was all admirably impartial, but it was a 'tie.' Mr. Shaw gave the Englishman and the Irishman a black eye apiece, and seemed to revel ghoulishly. But it was not amusing, and it was not 'play.' It was ineffably tedious, insufferably drawn out."

The *Times* is more favorable in its comment. "The play has not the superficial brightness of some of Shaw's other plays," it remarks, "but it is a poor mentality indeed that will confess itself unable to get a good deal of entertainment from it." *The Sun* comments: "It is Bernard Shaw at his best—and at his worst."

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION."

Turning from the comparative failure of "John Bull's Other Island" to recoup himself by performances of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Arnold Daly, already well known as the leading exponent of the Shaw drama in this country, encountered difficulties which were evidently unexpected by him. Upon the first performance of the play in New Haven, Conn., the mayor of that city revoked the license of the theater in which it had been presented, and forbade further performances on the ground that it was "grossly indecent and not fit for public presentation." In spite of this fact and a public warning addressed to him by Anthony Comstock, Mr. Daly took the play to New York, and gave it there in the Garrick Theater on the evening of October 30. The verdict of Police-Commissioner McAdoo and of the majority of metropolitan critics was substantially that of the mayor of New Haven, and the play was suppressed.

Mrs. Warren's "profession" is the profession that Kipling has called the oldest in the world

—that of the courtesan. According to *The Sun*:

"The play is, in fact, little more than the dramatization of a tract on the social evil, with much socialistic discussion of the right of women to labor and be paid living wages.

"Mrs. Warren, a woman born of the slums, has preferred affluence as the manager of a syndicate operating 'private hotels' from Brussels to Budapest to poisoning paralysis and death as an operative in a white lead factory, and when her daughter, educated in innocence, arrives at an age to ask leading questions she defends her 'profession' with arguments which might have been, and perhaps were, derived from the socialistic and materialistic Herr Bebel.

"Incidentally, the girl has fallen in love with one Frank Gardner, the worthless son of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and is entreated in marriage by her mother's business partner, a played out *roué* of a Baronet who, it seems, enjoys eminent social respectability. It transpires that, in consequence of Frank's father's youthful oats (which he still feels at times in his clerical age, for, like all Socialists, Shaw is hard on respectability) the lovers are half brother and sister, and so cannot marry—a fact which, as it seems, causes very little perturbation to anybody on any score. . . .

"By all Victorian standards, the piece is impossible. Yet such a play was not dreamed of in the philosophy of the past generation.

"Certainly, there is nothing in the law as lately quoted to warrant its suppression. It does not 'outrage' any decent 'decency' nor any humane 'humanity.' The worst thing about it is the atmosphere of salacious expectation which the self-appointed moralists have conjured out of nothing."

The one performance of the play given in New York was attended by a great crowd of theatre-goers. As high as \$30 was paid for a single seat. The comment of the metropolitan critics was unprecedented in its severity. The New York Tribune described the play as "an affront to decency and a blot on the theater." The New York Times said: "'Mrs. Warren's Profession' as an acted play bears about the same relation to the drama that the *post-mortem* bears to the science of which it is a part."

Bernard Shaw ingeniously defends his position as the author of this play in *The Review of Reviews* (London), in a letter addressed to Mr. Stead and published previously to the sensational developments in this country. He says, in part:

"If you produce plays of the Gaiety type, or dramas in which the heroine is a fascinating prostitute living in a halo of romance and luxury, you will not have the smallest difficulty in securing the King's two-guinea certificate that the performance 'does not, in its general tendency, contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage.' . . .



ROBERT B. MANTELL

Now appearing in New York in classic and Shakespearean roles.

"The objection to my play is its exposure of prostitution as a sordid commercial exploitation of female poverty, for which society, not the prostitute, is to blame, and its acceptance of certain obvious possibilities of consanguinity between the children of people whose relations have been irregular.

"The recommendation which secures a license for the plays which you describe as worthy of Gomorrah is that they make sexual adventures amusing and agreeable, and suppress every disgusting or horrifying association or contingency of such adventures.

"This is what English public opinion calls upholding morality."

THE SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL.

Robert Mantell, whose acting in classic rôles is well and favorably known to theatre-goers throughout the country, calls attention, in a recent article (*Broadway Magazine*) to the fact that Shakespeare "has stood the test of three hundred years of constant usage." "Shakespearean drama never was and never will be a Standard Oil or a frenzied finance investment for the box office," he says, "but at no time within the memory of the present generation has it proven itself to be a losing speculation." This statement is suggested by his own experience, which has led him to undertake an ambitious repertoire of Shake-



SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE

spearean plays in which he is now appearing at the Garden Theater, New York. Ben Greet is another Shakespearean enthusiast. "Hen-

ry V," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar" are among the plays that he is presenting in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, in "the Elizabethan manner"—that is to say, on an open stage of the kind used in Shakespeare's time. Finally, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, whose performances of "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Much Ado about Nothing" last winter netted \$800,000, are producing this year "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice." The Shakespearian drama is knowing "a second spring," says Albert Everett in *Leslie's Weekly*. He continues:

"There is on an unprecedented popular revival. Out of the midst of a people seemingly insensible of finer feelings than those evoked by the Rogers Brothers has come an impulse for the other extreme—a thronging response to the three most elaborate Shakespearian productions the country has ever known. And it redounds to the credit of Mr. Charles Frohman that the supply was at hand as soon as the taste was manifested."

THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY IRVING'S CAREER

Beneath the panegyric of praise evoked by the death of Sir Henry Irving runs a note of pure tragedy. The feeling is insistently expressed, both in England and this country, that his career, in a certain high sense, was a failure. Bernard Shaw is the mouthpiece of an extreme phase of this sentiment when he says, in a letter to the Vienna *Freie Presse*, that Irving was "a narrow-minded egotist, without culture, living in a dream of his own greatness." More sober critics register their conviction that Irving was a great *man*, but not a great actor; that his most cherished plans were defeated and had to be abandoned; and that death came as a welcome release from increasing difficulties. Clara Morris, the American actress, writing in *Collier's Weekly* of his personal life and of his recent estrangement from Ellen Terry, says:

"Sickness, heavy losses, private sorrows could not break him. He gathered himself together and continued to climb upward—but on the heights the air is cold and man is very lonely!"

"Receiving the adulation of the world, and the true affection of hundreds of friends, he yet described himself as 'the loneliest man in England.'"

Hall Caine, the famous novelist, and John Corbin, the well-equipped dramatic critic of

the *New York Sun*, both paint Sir Henry's career in dark colors. The former tells, in the *New York Herald*, of his almost life-long friendship with the English actor. Of Irving's later days he writes:

"If at a later period his character seemed to develop for a while a certain bitterness, the change was not to be wondered at, in the light of the buffeting he suffered at the hands of an inscrutable fate. The old favorite of the footlights seemed to lose his hold; the public applauded but no longer followed him. He had never been a practical man in the commercial sense, and just as in his prosperous times he had sometimes spent more on some of his productions than could possibly return to him if he filled his theatre to its utmost capacity on every night of the season, so in his declining days he continued to present plays which the public did not want."

"Bad times came on rapidly; his treasures had to be disposed of and his rare books had to be sold as part of 'the library of a gentleman.' At last, with his other possessions, his theatre itself passed out of his hands, and then the head of the profession, the chief of English actors, the one player in England (perhaps in the world) who had become famous outside his own walk of life, and one of the men of the age, broken in health and now old before his time, became a rambler without a home."

In the same spirit, Mr. Corbin writes:

"To the interests of the English drama he gave the tireless energies of half a century, the un-

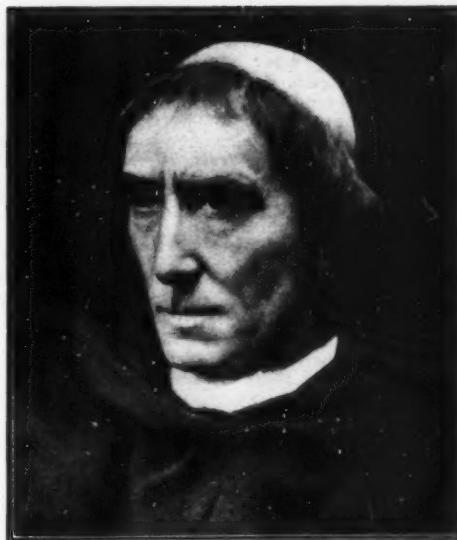
flinching devotion of an austere and noble mind —only to be virtually deserted by the intelligent public, and see the fabric he had reared, the memorable Lyceum Theatre, sold out and converted into a music hall. Less than two days before his death, at a public luncheon as guest of the Mayor of Bradford, he pleaded eloquently, as he had so often pleaded before, for the public recognition and support of the theatre as a prime factor in public education. But all that he achieved and all his earnest entreaties have proved futile."

Mr. Corbin says further:

"Admired as he was, and justly, he had no firm hold upon his public. It is a mistake to say that he brought the art of scenic illusion to its highest modern development. Beerbohm Tree imitated his effects, and, thanks to the size of the stage of Her Majesty's, surpassed them in vastness and variety of effect. A public accustomed to delight in mere externals deserted Irving for a man of far inferior powers. For many years before the fall of the Lyceum the great actor's productions were failures, as regards the London public. In the provinces and in America his vogue lasted longer. In the spring, with the annual invasion of tourists, the Lyceum, which all winter had been all but empty, became suddenly crowded; and his annual tours continued profitable. But even we were ceasing to care for him. His last engagement here was an unmistakable failure. 'I have spent a princely fortune on Shakespeare,' he once remarked. It would have been nearer the mark to say that he had made a princely fortune on Shakespeare and spent it on scenery."

There is a sense in which the greatest tragedy of Sir Henry Irving's life lies in the fact that the stamp of critical approval on his work as an actor, which he must have craved above all else, was never indisputably his. It is true that so authoritative a critic as William Winter, of the New York *Tribune*, has declared, since Irving's death, that, in view of the number and variety of the parts he played, Irving may be regarded as "the greatest actor that ever lived." But this glowing estimate is isolated, and at variance with the most competent critical judgment. Mr. Corbin meets Mr. Winter's statement with the question, "When has the variety of an actor's powers been the sole test of his greatness?" and goes on to say (in *The Sun*):

"Irving's very features, beautiful and theatrically striking as they were, were almost as detrimental to the effects of pure tragedy and comedy as his speech and physique. Popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, the most useful face on the stage is that in which the features, while adequately marked, are of so neutral a cast as to be capable of being transformed to suit the needs not only of a variety of characters, but of each of the successive, often widely contrasted, of the same character. Such preeminently were the features of Garrick, and to them he must have owed no small measure of the intensity as well



SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET

as the variety of his effects. Such also are the features of Coquelin, except for the tendency to the grotesque, which stands in the way of success in serious rôles. Irving, with his salient, unalterable masque, was predestined to fall short of the full range of both tragic and comic art. Whatever he did was inspired by a noble soul and a keenly artistic understanding. 'His whole being,' as Mr. Winter says, 'was dominated by intellect.' But what has intellect to do with the player? Plastic grace, vocal force and a face responsive to every mood of emotion, grave and gay—these are the substance of his art. Intelligence can do marvels in eking them out, but it can never really take their place. The dominant note in Irving's art was not so much dramatic as picturesque."

Mr. Corbin's position is evidently that of a majority of English critics. Three of the most influential weekly publications in London, *The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review* and *The Outlook*, have expressed regret that the Dean of Westminster sanctioned the interment in Westminster Abbey of the ashes of Sir Henry Irving, and deny to Irving greatness as an actor in the sense that Garrick was great. The London *Speaker* thinks that Irving owed his triumphs to brain power and a thorough understanding of the significance of his parts. It continues:

"He was not at his best in a great declamatory part or in a part of pure passion. He had neither the elocution nor the physical force of Salvini. He could not sweep an audience off its feet by a display of passionate virtuosity. Both his Othello and his Lear lacked force, and he at-

tempted to make up for this want by the introduction of subtleties that were not in the parts. Shakespeare may have intended all kinds of subtleties in Macbeth, as modern commentators ingeniously contend; but he also certainly meant him to be a fierce barbarian tyrant; and Irving's Macbeth was neither fierce nor barbaric. Seeing him on the stage one was profoundly interested in him; but one could not believe that he would ever do anything, least of all a series of designed and bloody murders. He was simply Hamlet in armor, and without his charm or problem. Irving was trained in melodrama and in sentimental comedy to act between his parts, and he could not shake off the habit when he came to act Shakespearian parts that were not thoroughly suited to his temperament. Hence he was sometimes slow when he ought to have been quick, and would illustrate passages with gesture and by-play which only required a fine delivery to be understood.

The London *Academy* takes the view that "it was not as an actor at all that Sir Henry Irving did his best work." Nor, it adds, does his fame rest on "what was, perhaps, strictly his most important achievement with regard to the stage—that is, his stage-management." His strength lay in his personality:

"We are driven back to the fact, inexplicable yet undeniable, that Henry Irving was a great man. It was as if the personal influence which

he exercised over the footlights night after night radiated through the world, convincing everybody—even those who did not agree with his rendering of such and such a part or his treatment of such and such a play—that this man was not as other men were, that he had something in him of a divine force, a superhuman genius which set him apart from even the ablest and most beloved of his fellows."

The sentiment here is in substantial agreement with Mr. Winter's tribute to Irving's personal qualities, printed in the New York *Tribune*:

"In his character he combined great wisdom with great simplicity. His whole being was dominated by intellect, but his sympathy extended to every suffering creature upon earth, and in practical charity his munificence was boundless. In many ways he was a lonely man—isolated in part by mental supremacy, in part by temperament, and in part by circumstances of cruel personal experience—but he loved to make others happy, and he gazed with eyes of benevolence on all the wide pageantry and pathos of this mortal scene. No mind more noble, no heart more tender, no spirit more pure and gentle ever came into this world. Henry Irving lived to bless mankind, and in his death—which is a universal bereavement—he leaves an immortal memory of genius and goodness and an immortal example of all that is heroic and beautiful in the conduct of life."

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF BERNARD SHAW

That Bernard Shaw's "bubble reputation" will collapse as rapidly as it has grown, is evidently the verdict of a majority of literary and dramatic critics in this country. The eulogies which greeted "Candida" and Mr. Shaw's earlier dramatic work are giving place to bitterly hostile comment. Typical expressions of opinion from representative Americans are those of Police-Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, who forbade the performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" on the ground that it is "revolting, indecent and nauseating," and of Thomas Nelson Page, the well-known novelist, who recently declared, in a New York *Times* interview, that he had not the least confidence in Mr. Shaw's sincerity, and that he found "Man and Superman" "as rotten as anything could well be." Even so friendly a commentator as Mr. Austin Lewis, a socialistic writer of San Francisco, speaks of Bernard Shaw as a man who has failed to "make good," whether considered from the intellectual or artistic point of view, and prophesies that the English playwright will shortly be overtaken by his "nemesis."

Mr. Lewis comes to these conclusions in an article in *The Overland Monthly* (October), in which he contends that "Man and Superman" marks at one and the same time Bernard Shaw's climax as a writer and the probable conclusion of his influence as a molder of opinion. All the brilliancy of the play, he says, and the literary skill of which Mr. Shaw is so pronounced a master, cannot successfully hide "a complete philosophic failure." Bernard Shaw has made the fatal mistake of assuming an attitude of contempt toward humanity. He is "a workman quarreling with his tools." To quote further:

"All this has had the effect of destroying his literary work, a deplorable fact when we consider of what he is really capable, or rather of what he has promised to be capable, for it is true that he has never yet gone beyond the stage of brilliant promise. Apart from brilliant epigrams and witty sayings, which have never tasted so well as they did in the days of Wilde, and which are in fact in many instances but examples of clever fooling, what has 'Man and Superman' to offer us? An inversion of ordinary ideas on the marriage question, an inversion of extraordinary ideas on the subject of heaven and hell, an

analysis of the opinions of certain political and social types, never true to nature, always slightly distorted, adding no wit to the knowledge which the ordinary student possesses of these types, these with 'The Revolutionist's Handbook' constitute the whole of Mr. Shaw's contribution. 'The Revolutionist's Handbook,' brilliant as it is, and daring as it professes to be, is actually not new—for the most part it is not original. It simply reiterates the complaint of the rebel, not always of the intelligent rebel, frequently a growl of the Max Nordau variety, whose 'Conventional Lies' and 'Paradoxes' could have furnished much of the thought, and it too often reproduces the incoherent anger of the baser sort of anarchist, so that Mr. Herbert Burrows in a critical essay says bluntly: 'Mr. Shaw is really an anarchist of a chaotic type, as his latest master, Nietzsche, really is, and the principle or want of principle of life of both of them is disintegration.'

"Mr. Shaw, by his ostentatious elimination of emotion, has placed himself in a position from which extrication must be difficult, if not impossible. A philosopher may be superior to emotions, or inferior, which is perhaps nearer the truth, but an artist can never be so, and Mr. Shaw chooses to appeal to us as an artist. He is thus driven, perforce, to that most barren of fields, literary art for the sake of literary art. But Mr. Shaw does not really want to be a literary artist—he uses the art medium as a means of dosing us with philosophy, and that is all. He despises art and artists, and gives his grounds in a fashion which makes dissent from him difficult. What, then, is left to him, except to continue his lamentations over the weakness and folly of his fellow-men, and to long, artistically, but in the very nature of things, vainly, for the Superman?"

Mr. Lionel Strachey, a writer in *The Critic* (November), thinks that the reputed "popularity" of Bernard Shaw in this country is in reality an illusion. He says in part:

"The average American is not more of a fool—despite his common sense (synonym for intellectual aridity)—in fact is rather less of a fool, than the ordinary European; but everywhere in the world does the mediocre man bristle up, like a porcupine at bay, against any idea or sentiment foreign to the habitual horizon."

"Consider, then, his stony wonder at being promised by the newspapers 'a dramatic travesty of the ideas of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche,' composed by an author professing 'no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics.' (See the preface 'Mainly about Myself.') Our sleeves are full of instructive and improving maxims from Shaw's plays, which we will proceed to shake out, inviting the glad, unspoilt to the feast. Here, for instance, is a brightly buoyant, hopeful Americanism: 'It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die.' And here is a saw for the good Christian citizen, the prop of the State, the pillar of the Church: 'A man should stand for his belief, against law and religion.' The fond, watchful parent and the sapient educator of the young may devoutly ponder the advice: 'Do not give your

children moral and religious instruction unless you are quite sure they will not take it too seriously.'

"The purity of the marriage relation in America, and its paramount moral force as the mainstay of American civilization, has long been the theme of American writers and orators, of journalists, essayists, novelists, of prelates, legislators, statesmen—aye, Presidents of This Great Republic!

"It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can."

"The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error."

"Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions; that is the secret of its popularity."

"And the popularity of all these views, outspoken in the plays—what is the secret of that? Nobody knows, because there is no secret in a thing which never has existed, and never can exist. But if there be some, asserting in our teeth that Shaw has been, is, or will be, popular in the United States, let them give only one season's attention to the stage, not neglecting historical plays, patriotic plays, rural drama, melodrama, musical comedy, and vaudeville. Then may they get an inkling what a fatal gulf of hostility divides the spirit of the perfectly commonplace American from that of friend Bernard."

The Bookman (November) looks for "a sudden and somewhat pitiful extinction" of the Shaw vogue:

"It has been observed of the literary commentator, as of the blue-bottle fly, that he buzzes loudest just before he drops, and so while we read and listen to what is now being said of Mr. Shaw we may look for a sudden and somewhat pitiful extinction. Not that the Shaw plays will necessarily lose their present interest, but the Shaw commentator is certainly doomed. Excesses of this sort have of late years been invariably followed by periods of severe repression—of silence almost proportionate to the degree of garrulity when the talking fit was on. The hush that settled upon 'Trilby' and 'Robert Elsmere' endures to this day. The reader of 'The Man with the Hoe,' if there be one, is as the owl in the desert; and upon the lips of the Omarian the spider builds its web. Men still find pleasure in the writings of Stevenson, but where are the Stevensonians? Where are the Smithites, Brownists and Robinsonians of yester-year? Let a subject once fall to the cult or the clique, let the lavish tongues of small expounders have their way, and the waters soon close over it. Let a man's name be the signal for lengthy and witless argument, like that now occasioned by Mr. Shaw's, and people soon learn to omit it."

A staff-writer on *The Dramatic Mirror* (New York) goes further:

"Shaw apparently is past his perihelion. It may sound of prejudice or of unwisdom to say it, but the prediction may be ventured that even twenty years from now Shaw's works will rest on those shelves of literary accumulation where

dust is most to be found and least frequently disturbed, and long before that time any public estimate of him whatever will have disappeared.

He will be lost in a crowd of persons who once wrote and as to whom a literary encyclopædia is always necessary for identification."

BEETHOVEN AND HIS "IMMORTAL BELOVED"

The growth and perpetuation of purely legendary details involved in the lives of men of genius is one of the mysteries of history. An illustration of this is furnished by the story of Beethoven and the attempts to establish the identity of the woman whom he addressed as his "Immortal Beloved." Biographer after biographer, says Gustav Kobbé, in his new work,* have attributed the object of this famous address, contained in a letter now preserved in the Berlin Library, to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom Beethoven dedicated the "Moonlight Sonata." This error was first refuted by Alexander W. Thayer, the American biographer of Beethoven, whose work, unfortunately, has never been printed

**THE LOVES OF GREAT COMPOSERS.* By Gustav Kobbé.
Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

in English. Mr. Thayer, who gathered together the most authentic data for a Beethoven biography, shows that the letter must have been written in 1806, and could not have been intended for the Countess Giulietta; but he did not venture to name the actual recipient. According to Mr. Kobbé, there is no longer any reason for doubt about her identity. The "undoubted recipient" was the Countess Therese Brunswick.

After Beethoven's death, in 1827, the letter, together with a portrait, was found in an old chest. None of the composer's family, into whose possession the portrait passed, knew of the identity of the woman whom it represented, though she was then alive and continued to live for more than thirty years thereafter. In 1863 the Beethoven family

presented the portrait to a Viennese musician, Joseph Hellmesberger, and it was later acquired by the Beethoven Museum, in Bonn, where the master was born in 1772. It still hangs there besides the portrait of the composer, and on the back can be read the inscription in a feminine hand: "To the rare genius, the great artist, and the good man, from T. B." Mr. Kobbé writes:

"Who was T. B.? If some one who had recently seen the Bonn portrait should chance to visit the National Museum in Budapest, he would come upon the bust of a woman whose features seemed familiar to him. They would grow upon him as those of the woman with the yellow shawl over her light brown hair, a drapery of red on her shoulders and fastened at her throat, who had looked out at him from the Bonn portrait. The bust, made at a more advanced age, he would find had been placed in the museum in honor of the woman who had founded the first home for friendless children in the Austrian Empire. And her name? Countess Therese Brunswick. She was Beethoven's 'Immortal Beloved.' 'T. B.'—Therese Brunswick. She was the woman who knew that the portrait found in the chest was hers; and that the letter



Courtesy of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

COUNTESS THERESE VON BRUNSWICK

"Only think of it! Just as a person sits to a painter for a portrait, Countess Therese Brunswick was the model for Beethoven's 'Leonore'."

had been received by her shortly after her secret betrothal to Beethoven, and returned by her to him when he broke the engagement because he loved her too deeply to link her life to his."

The non-fulfilment of their romance partook of tragic elements for both of them, but the act of renunciation was consonant with the character of Beethoven. He had love to offer her, "but he was uncouth, stricken with deafness, and had many of the 'bad moments' of genius. He foresaw unhappiness for both of them, and to spare her took upon himself the great act of renunciation."

To this act of renunciation is attributed the melancholy of Beethoven. Its cause was divined by his friend Baron Spaun, and the knowledge of the romance was known to one other, the brother of the Countess, who was also a friend of Beethoven. Sympathetic as he was with the love of his friend and his sister, he had the worldly patience to counsel moderation until Beethoven's worldly estate should improve. Reflection upon his friend's advice caused Beethoven to renounce what he felt could never be happily realized. The secret was once intimated by the countess. Thus:

"Some years after the composer's death, Countess Therese Brunswick conceived a great liking for a young girl, Miriam Tenger, whom she had taken under her care for a short period, until a suitable school was selected for her in Vienna. When the time for parting came, Miriam burst into tears and clung to the Countess's hand.

"'Child, child,' exclaimed the lady, 'do you really love me so deeply?'

"I love you, I love you so,' sobbed the child, 'that I could die for you.'

"The Countess placed her hand on the girl's head. 'My child,' she said, 'when you have grown older and wiser, you will understand what I mean when I say that to *live* for those we love shows a far greater love, because it requires so much more courage. But while you are in Vienna, there is one favor you can do me, which my heart will consider a great one. On the twenty-seventh of every March go to the Wahringer Cemetery and lay a wreath of immortelles on Beethoven's grave.'



Courtesy of T Y Crowell & Co.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

After the painting by Stieler.

Another interesting incident is recorded by Mr. Kobbé:

"In 1860, when the leaves of thirty-three autumns had fallen upon the composer's grave and the countess had gone to her last resting-place, a voice, like an echo from a dead past, linked the names of Beethoven and the woman he had loved. There was at that time in Germany a virtuosa, Frau Hebenstrait, who when a young girl had been a pupil of Beethoven's friend, the violinist Schuppanzigh. At a musical, in the year mentioned, she had just taken part in the performance of the third 'Leonore' overture, when, as if moved to speak by the beauty of the music, she suddenly said: 'Only think of it! Just as a person sits to a painter for a portrait, Countess Therese Brunswick was the model for Beethoven's "Leonore." What a debt the world owes her for it!' After a pause she went on: 'Beethoven never would have dared marry without money, and a countess, too—and so refined, and delicate enough to blow away. And he—an angel and a demon in one! What would have become of them both, and of his genius with him?' So far as I have been able to discover, this was the first even semi-public linking of the two names."

GORKY'S PESSIMISTIC SOCIAL DRAMA, "THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN"

In the nature of an *amende honorable* to the "intellectuals" of Russia, Maxim Gorky's new play, "The Children of the Sun," declared by those who have heard it read to be the most powerful and moving and significant of the dramas yet produced by that master, is at the same time a highly pessimistic picture of contemporary conditions in Russia. It was written in the St. Petersburg prison during Gorky's confinement after the tragic events of last January, and was largely suggested by those events.

The object of the play is to present in realistic and strong colors the contrast that exists between the Russian *intelligencia*, the cultivated and civilized minority, and the mass of the people, the illiterate, superstitious, easily misled peasantry. The theme is old in Russian literature, but Gorky's treatment of it is original. And it assumes peculiar interest from the fact that the new drama is, as the author confesses, a sort of apology to the *intelligencia*, which he satirized and rebuked in the play of two years ago, called "Datchniki" (The Summer Cottagers).

In that play the intellectuals were represented as summer boarders, birds of passage, people without roots in the soil, without permanent interests or ties in the country that gives them all that they possess and live by, materially and morally. In a recent interview on the new drama in the St. Petersburg *Russ*, Gorky's view was very different. He said that the Russian *intelligencia* was the best in the world, and added: "Though it might be ridiculed and unmasked, as, for example, in 'Datchniki' (that feeble, tedious, abortive play which I did wrong in publishing), it is yet the best in the world, the best as regards its nobility, its disinterestedness, its devotion to the cause of the people."

"But how weak and insignificant it is in point of numbers," Gorky went on to say; "how slight is its influence; how little the masses understand it, and to what terrible, tragic results this misunderstanding might lead! There is danger of a collision between the mass and the minority, and in such a collision Russian culture may perish."

This interview furnishes the theme of the play, the key to it. It has been read to the members of the Moscow "Artistic Theater,"

where it will shortly be presented, and one of those who heard it sent the following account of it to the *Mercure de France* (Paris):

The children of the sun are those who enjoy the delights of the intellectual and aesthetic and higher life. The characters of the play are, with one or two exceptions, privileged to live and move in the light and warmth of the sun. They are, however, surrounded by and in contact with children of darkness, of a cold, cheerless, gloomy atmosphere.

The leading characters are: a scientist who believes that truth, truth alone, will emancipate humanity and give it happiness, and who carries self-abnegation to an extreme in his pursuit of scientific truth; a great artist, who worships beauty and believes that it, even more than science, is essential to the salvation of mankind, and who, like the scientist, endeavors to spread the light and warmth of his sun among the unfortunate and disinherited children of darkness; Helen, the wife of the scientist, his true companion, equally devoted to the cause of truth and humanity; Lisa, a young girl whose nervous system has been shattered by bloody repression of political demonstrations she has witnessed; Tchepourity, a brave, right-hearted, but rather skeptical youth who loves Lisa and who is accused of indifference to the great cause of social reform, and of sentimental affection for animals (he is a veterinary surgeon); and a locksmith, a brutal, drunken savage who cruelly maltreats his sick, helpless wife.

The children of the sun have the most exalted ideas and standards of conduct. Helen is rather neglected by her husband, who thinks of no one and nothing except science, but is loved tenderly by the artist. The latter assures her that her husband no longer cares for her; she determines to learn the truth. If she is no longer dear or necessary to her husband, she will leave him, but for intrigue, falsehood, disloyalty, she has no ear or mind. She goes frankly to her husband, explanations take place, and the wedded pair will henceforth walk arm-in-arm and carry on their work with deeper sympathy and fervor than before.

Helen is interested in the locksmith and his unhappy wife. She pities both, and tries to succor and save the poor woman, who, however, dies from an attack of cholera which has invaded the provincial town that is the scene of the drama. The brutal locksmith, with the mob of the city, accuses the scientist and all his intellectual friends—physicians, sanitarians, philanthropic workers—of having caused the epidemic and facilitated its spread by their "hellish" liquids and laboratory experiments. The masses rise in revolt; an assault on the intellectuals is begun, the locksmith leading the infuriated, frenzied rabble. The scientist is pursued in the street, stoned and threatened with death. He succeeds in reaching his house. The mob storms the house, shouting,

"Death to the sorcerér!" Helen, seeing nothing but the danger, obeying her love instinct, seizes a pistol, fires on the mob and kills its leader.

Meantime Lisa, who has loved Tchepouriny without avowing her affection, alarmed by the revolt and the riotous scenes, rushes in asking where the young skeptic is. She fears the mob has killed him. A letter is handed to her in which Tchepouriny announces in cheerful, laconic terms that as his love for the people had been doubted and his skepticism disapproved, he, in view of the awful tragedy he knew not how to prevent, would prove his sincere devotion to humanity by hanging himself!

In discussing the play, E. Semienoff writes

in the Paris *Mercure* to the following effect:

"Here we see the source of Gorky's pessimism and anxiety. The children of darkness frighten him. The embittered and frenzied locksmith, conscious of the social disease, but impotent before it, is the symbol of the danger Gorky apprehends. The play is a cry of anguish, an appeal and a warning. The children of the sun are so few, so weak, that they may be overwhelmed, devoured, exterminated. In their ignorance and misery, the people attack their truest friends, who in self-protection must kill those for whom they would gladly make sacrifices. . . . Society must not forget those at the bottom, in obscurity and degradation."

JOYZELLE AND LANCÉOR—A PLAY BY MAETERLINCK*

Maurice Maeterlinck's drama, "Joyzelle," is surrounded by an atmosphere of mysticism, the scenes all being laid on the island of Merlin, the enchanter. There are but four characters: Merlin, Lancéor his son, Arielle, Merlin's genius (visible to him alone) and Joyzelle. The play opens with dialogue between Merlin and Arielle, by which it appears that the fate of Lancéor depends upon one thing. "If he love, if he be loved with a marvelous love . . . a love heroic and yet softer than a flower; with a love that takes all, but gives more than it takes; a love that hesitates never, deceives not; is disconcerted by nothing, obstructed by nothing; hearing nothing, seeing nothing beyond a mysterious happiness invisible to others, but apparent everywhere in all forms; advancing through all trials, even to crime to win it back"—if he be so loved, his life will be happier, longer and more beautiful than that of most men. If he be not so loved, death will soon claim him. So much of the future can be read by Arielle; but whether Joyzelle is the maiden whose love shall save Lancéor is not revealed. To ascertain that, trials "exceedingly sharp and cruel" must be imposed upon her.

Lancéor is not aware that Merlin is his father. He has been shipwrecked (by Merlin's contrivance) and has found the palace of Merlin by chance, as he thinks. Here for the first time he meets Joyzelle, whose life has been in Merlin's keeping ever since he saved her from shipwreck on this same island.

Lancéor's coming arouses the feigned wrath of Merlin, who pretends to see in him the

emissary of an enemy. Lancéor is imprisoned in a part of the palace. If he goes beyond the assigned limits, he pronounces his own sentence. Joyzelle is forbidden to see him again. This brings us to ACT SECOND:

A wild abandoned garden, full of stalks and foul weeds. On the right, a high, sombre wall, pierced by a griled gate.

Joyzelle (entering): Here is the garden that no one visits; the sun comes here no longer, the poor wild flowers on which war is made because they are not beautiful, here await death, and the birds are silent. Here is the violet without its perfume, the golden crowfoot, thin and trembling, and the poppy, falling continually. Here is the scabious begging for a little water, the poisonous spurge hiding its green blossoms, the bluebell shaking its useless buds in silence. I know you all, humble and despised, so good and so ugly. You might be attractive; so little is lacking, almost nothing—a ray of happiness, a minute of favor, a bolder breath to call a bee. But no eye sees you, no hand plants you, no hand plucks you; I, I also come among you only to be alone. How sad everything is here! The grass is withered and dry, the leaves are sick, the old trees are dying; and spring herself and the morning dew are afraid they will become woeful in this solitude.

(Lancéor appears at the grille.)

Lancéor: Joyzelle.

Joyzelle (turning hastily): Lancéor!

Lancéor: Joyzelle.

Joyzelle: Go away! Go away! Take care! If he sees you, it is death.

Lancéor: He will not see us; he's far away from here.

Joyzelle: Where is he?

Lancéor: I saw him go away. I watched his departure from the top of the tower where I am a prisoner. He is at the end of the island, near that blue forest that shuts in the horizon.

Joyzelle: But he can come back; or some one may tell him. Go away! Go away, I tell you! It means your life!

*The complete play, translated by Clarence Stratton, appears in the latest number of *Post Lore*, Boston, and is here reprinted, in part, by permission.

Lancéor: The palace is deserted; I have gone through the rooms, the garden and the court, the long boxwood hedges, the marble stairways—

Joyzelle: Go away; it's only a trap. He wants your life, I know it, he has said so. He suspects that I love you. He merely wants an excuse to do his will. Go away! It is already too—

Lancéor: No.

Joyzelle: If you will not go away, I shall go.

Lancéor: If you go, Joyzelle, I shall remain at this gate until night brings him back to the palace. He will find me on the forbidden threshold. I have crossed the bounds he gave me, I have already disobeyed; and I desire that he see it, I want him to know.

Joyzelle: Lancéor, have pity! I beg you, Lancéor! You are risking our entire happiness! Do not think of yourself alone! I will go wherever you say, if you will only leave that grille! We can see each other again somewhere else, later, another day. We must have time, we must be careful, we must scheme. See, I stretch out my arms, what do you want me to do? What must I promise you?

Lancéor: Open the gate.

Joyzelle: No, no, no, I cannot.

Lancéor: Open it, open it, Joyzelle, if you wish me to live.

Joyzelle: Why do you wish me to open it?

Lancéor: I wish to see you closer, I wish to touch your hands that I have not touched, to look at you as I looked at you the first day. Open, or I shall wish to be lost; I shall not go away.

Joyzelle: You will go away then?

Lancéor: I promise you, Joyzelle. As soon as you open, before a swallow, before a thought will have the time to pass from its present place to surprise my hand as it touches yours. I beg you, Joyzelle, this is too cruel. Here I am at this gate like a blind beggar. I can see only your shadow passing among the leaves. These hateful bars cut off your face. A single glance, Joyzelle, so I can see all; and then I shall slink away like a thief fleeing with a treasure that streams behind him. No one will know and we shall be happy.

Joyzelle: Lancéor, this is terrible! I never tremble, but I am trembling now. Perhaps it means your life, as it already means mine. What brightness is that coming up so suddenly? It comes to threaten us, it is going to betray us!

Lancéor: No, it's nothing but the sun mounting behind the wall. It's the innocent sun, the good sunlight of May, coming to inspirit us. Open now, open quickly, each passing minute adds its dangers to the dangers you fear. A single sign, Joyzelle, a raising of your hand, and you open to me the gates of life.

(*Joyzelle turns the key; the gate opens; Lancéor crosses the threshold.*)

Lancéor (*seizing Joyzelle in his arms*): Joyzelle.

Joyzelle: I am here.

Lancéor: I have your hands and your eyes, your hair and your lips in the same kiss and at a single instant, all the gifts of love that I have never had and all its presence. My arms are so surprised that they cannot hold them, and my whole life cannot contain them. Do not turn away your face, do not take away your lips!

Joyzelle: It is not to avoid you, but better to approach—

Lancéor: Do not turn your head; do not rob me of a single shadow of your eyelids, a glance of your eyes; not hours, but minutes menace our happiness.

Joyzelle: I was seeking your smile.

Lancéor: And yours meets it in the first kiss of our lips to unite our destinies. It seems to me now that I have always seen you, and that I have always embraced you; and that I begin anew, in reality, on the threshold of Paradise what I did on earth in embracing your shadow.

Joyzelle: I have enfolded you at night when I have enfolded my dreams.

Lancéor: I have had no doubt.

Joyzelle: I have had no fear.

Lancéor: And all is given me.

Joyzelle: And everything makes me happy.

Lancéor: How deep are your eyes and full of confidence!

Joyzelle: And how pure are yours; and full of certitude!

Lancéor: How I know them!

Joyzelle: And how I recognize yours!

Lancéor: Your hands on my shoulders make the same movement they made when I waited for them without daring to awaken.

Joyzelle: And your arm on my neck takes the same place.

Lancéor: Formerly, just as now, your eyes closed under the breath of love.

Joyzelle: And just so tears came to your eyes as you opened them.

Lancéor: When happiness is such.

Joyzelle: Pain does not come so long as love prevents it.

Lancéor: You love me?

Joyzelle: Yes.

Lancéor: O, how you have said yes! Yes, from the bottom of your heart, from the depth of your mind and from the depth of your soul! I knew it perhaps, but you had to say it; and even our kisses without it mean nothing. Now, it is enough, it will nourish my life, all the hatred in the world could not blot it out, and thirty years of torture could not weaken it! I am in the light and the spring weighs me down! I look at heaven and the garden awakens! Listen to the birds making the trees sing, repeating your smile and that wonderful yes; and see the rays caressing your hair like diamonds sparkling among flames, and the thousands of flowers leaning over us to surprise in our eyes the mystery of a love they cannot know!

Joyzelle (*opening her eyes*): There are only poor dead flowers here—

(*She looks around her, stupefied; for, as soon as Lancéor entered, though they did not notice, the desolate garden began to change gradually. The wild plants, the vile poisonous grasses, have grown, and each, according to its kind, has increased its weakly flowers to a prodigious full-blown size.*)

Lancéor: Here are none but flowers of life! Look! They fall, they rustle down on us! They burst out on the branches, they bend down the trees, they impede our steps, they crowd, they crush, they open wide one within another, they blind the leaves, they dazzle the grass; I know none of them, springtime is intoxicated; I have

never seen it so disordered, so resplendent!

Joyzelle: Where are we?

Lancéor: We are in the garden you would not open to my love.

Joyzelle: What have we done?

Lancéor: I have given you the kiss that is given but once; and you have spoken the word that is never repeated.

Joyzelle: Lancéor, I am mad, or we are going to die.

Lancéor (supporting her): Joyzelle, you are pale, and your dear arms hold me as though you fear that a hidden enemy—

Joyzelle: You have not seen?

Lancéor: What?

Joyzelle: We are caught in a trap, and these flowers betray us. The birds used to be silent, the trees were dead, only vile plants were here, that no one would pluck. I knew them all, and I can recall their names, names that bring back to me their former misery. And now the crow-foot is laden with golden discs, the poor white chickweed is a thicket of lilies, the great scabious hangs down upon our heads; and these purple bells that overtop the wall, to tell the world that we have seen each other, they are the digitalis that grew in the shade. You would say that heaven has spread out these flowers. Do not look at them; they are here to ruin us. Ah, I was wrong in seeking, I should have known. He murmured confused threats. Yes, yes, I knew well that he could use spells. They told me so once, but I did not believe it. Now, his time has come; it is well, it is too late, but they will see perhaps that love also knows—

(*A call on a horn is heard.*)

Lancéor: Listen.

Joyzelle: It's the trot of horses and the sound of the horn. He is returning. Save yourself.

Lancéor: But you?

Joyzelle: I? I have nothing to fear except his odious love. Go!

Lancéor: I shall stay with you, and if his violence—

Joyzelle: You will ruin us both. Go! Hide there, behind those spurges. Whatever he may say, whatever he may do, do not show yourself and I have no fear for myself, I know how to defend myself. Go! he is coming! Go! I hear his voice.

(*Lancéor hides behind a clump of tall spurge. The grille opens and Merlin enters the garden.*)

Merlin: He is here, Joyzelle.

Joyzelle: No.

Merlin: These flowers do not lie; they betray love. They are your guardians, and are faithful to me. I am not cruel, I pardon more than once. You can save him by pointing out to me the thicket where he is hiding. (*Joyzelle stands motionless.*) Do not look at me with those eyes of hatred. You will love me some day, for love has obscure and generous ways. You don't believe that I keep my promises?

Joyzelle: No!

Merlin: I have done nothing, Joyzelle, that deserves so much hatred, nor such an insult. Since you wish, I shall let fate act.

(*A cry of pain is heard from behind the spurge.*)

Joyzelle (darting behind the bushes): Lancéor:

Lancéor: Joyzelle! I am wounded. A serpent has bitten me.

Joyzelle: It is not a serpent. It is a frightful beast! It is striking at you! I crush it under my foot. It slavers. It is dead. Lancéor, you are white! Lean on my neck. Fear nothing, I am strong. Show me your wound. Lancéor, I am here. Lancéor, answer me!

Merlin (approaching and examining the bite): The wound is fatal. The poison is slow and its action peculiar. Do not lose hope. I alone know the remedy.

Joyzelle: Lancéor, Lancéor! Answer me, answer me!

Merlin: He will not answer, he is sound asleep. Refire, Joyzelle, unless you wish this simple sleep to end in the grave. Depart, Joyzelle, this is not to betray him, it is to prevent death.

Joyzelle: Make the sign that will give him life!

Merlin (regarding her gravely): I will do it, Joyzelle.

(*Joyzelle goes out slowly, comes back, but retires finally at a gesture, grave and imperious, that Merlin makes. Alone, Merlin kneels before Lancéor to dress his wound.*)

Merlin: There, fear nothing, my son, there, 'tis for your happiness, and my whole heart will overflow in the first kiss I am able to give you.

(*He kisses Lancéor. Arielle enters.*)

Arielle: Master, we must hasten to lay the new trap. . . . I am going to revive him, I am going to renew and make deeper and blinder still the intoxication in which I have just plunged him; and I am going to be visible to his eyes to deceive his kisses.

Merlin (with a smiling rebroach in his voice): Arielle!

Arielle: Go, let me proceed. You know that the kisses given to poor Arielle pass like the image of a wing on running water.

(*Merlin leaves. Arielle goes to the basin of water, and there, half hidden behind the hedge of laurels, opens the veils that envelop her, seats herself on the grassy steps surrounding the basin, and unknots slowly her abundant hair, while Lancéor wakes groping.*)

Lancéor: Where did I fall asleep? I know not what poison entered into my heart. I am no longer the same and my mind wanders. I struggle against intoxication, I know not where I am going. (*Seeing Arielle.*) But who is that woman behind the laurels? (*He draws near the hedge and looks through.*) She is beautiful! She is half nude and her foot bent under like a modest flower taps the smiling water that encircles it with pearls. She raises her arms to knot her hair; and the brightness of heaven rolls between her shoulders like luminous water on wings of marble. (*Moving nearer.*) She is beautiful, she is beautiful! I must see her. She turns and one of her bare breasts, through her hair, adds its rays to the rays that strike it. She listens, she hears; and her widening eyes question the roses. She has seen me, she is hiding, she is going to flee. (*Passing through the hedge.*) No, no, do not flee from me! I have seen you. It is too late! (*Taking Arielle in his arms.*) I wish to know the name of a vision so pure, which plunges into night all I have loved! I wish to know too what faithful shadow, what

deep retreat hides the marvel I hold in my arms! What trees, what grottoes, what towers, what walls can impede the brightness of this flesh, the perfume of this life, the flame of these eyes? Where, then, have you been hidden, you, whom even a blind man could find without trouble in a holiday crowd? No, do not start away; this is not passion, the intoxication of a moment; this is the enduring bedazzlement of love! I am at your knees, I embrace them humbly, I give myself to you alone. I ask nothing but a kiss from these lips to forget the past and seal the future. Incline your head. I see you bend down, I see you consent; and I call for the token that nothing will ever efface. (*He kisses her passionately. A cry of distress is heard from behind the shrubs.*) What is that?

(*Arielle flees. Joyzelle enters.*)

Joyzelle (agitated): Lancéor!

Lancéor: Where did you come from, Joyzelle?

Joyzelle: I saw and heard.

Lancéor: Indeed, what? What did you see? Look around you, there is nothing to see. The laurels are in flower, the water in the basin is slumbering. The doves are cooing, the water lilies are opening; that is all I see, that is all you can see.

Joyzelle: Do you love her?

Lancéor: Who?

Joyzelle: She who has just fled.

Lancéor: How then could I love her? I have never seen her. That woman was there, I was passing by chance. She uttered a cry. I ran to her. She seemed to lose her footing; and at the instant when I gave her my hand, she gave me the kiss you heard.

Joyzelle: Is it you who speak?

Lancéor: Yes, look at me then; I am indeed myself. Come nearer, touch me, if you doubt.

Joyzelle: This test is frightful; but this is mortal.

Lancéor: What?

Joyzelle: This was the first time you saw this woman?

Lancéor: Yes.

Joyzelle: I shall say no more. Perhaps I shall understand; at all events, I pardon you.

Lancéor: There is nothing to pardon.

Joyzelle: What are you saying?

Lancéor: I say that I can do nothing but accept a pardon that you accord a fault I have not committed.

Joyzelle: That you have not committed? Then I have not seen what I have seen, heard what I have heard?

Lancéor: No.

Joyzelle: Lancéor!

Lancéor: Lancéor! Lancéor! Though you should call me thus for more than a thousand years, nothing would change about what was nothing!

Joyzelle: I do not know what is passing between our two joys. But look at me and touch my hands that I may know where you are! If you speak thus, it was not you whom I saw this morning in the wonderful garden where I gave away my soul! No, something must be playing with our strength. No, it is not possible that all should be lost thus, because of a single word. I am seeking, I am losing my way. I saw you then, and all truth and all trust, as the sea is

suddenly seen between the trees! I was sure, I knew. Love does not deceive. Now it does deceive! It cannot be that all should be rolled away because of a yes or a no. No, no, I do not wish it! Come, it is not too late; we have not yet lost our happiness. It is within our hands, to be grasped by them. What you have just done was perhaps foolish. I shall forget it, I scoff at it; I saw nothing, I tell you! It did not happen; you wipe it out with a single word. You know well, as I do, that love has words that nothing resists; and that the greatest fault, when it is confessed in a loyal kiss, becomes a truth more beautiful than innocence. Speak to me that word; give me that kiss; confess the truth; admit what I saw, what I heard; and everything will be pure as it was; and I shall regain all that you gave me.

Lancéor: I have said what I have said; if you do not believe me, go, you vex me.

Joyzelle: Look at me. You love her since you lie so?

Lancéor: No, I love no one, and you less than others.

Joyzelle: Lancéor—What have I done?—Perhaps without knowing?

Lancéor: Nothing, it is not that. But I, I am not what you believed, I feel I shall not be again. I am like others; I want you to know it, and accept it,—that all our promises be scattered on the wind of some new dream, as this dry leaf that I crush in my hand! Ah, the love of woman! Well, then, so much the worse for them! I will live like the others in a faithless world where no one loves, where all oaths give way before the first trial. Ah, tears! They were necessary and I was waiting for them! You are hard, I know it, and your tears are rare. I count them, drop by drop! You have not loved me. Love that comes in this fashion, at the first call, is not the love to base happiness on. At any rate, I was not what I hoped for. Still more tears! They flow too late! You have not loved me, I have not loved you. Another would have said—Ah, another would have known! But you, no, no, go! Go now, I tell you!

(*Joyzelle moves away silently, sobbing. After she has taken a few steps, she turns, hesitates, looks sadly at Lancéor, then disappears, crying in a low voice, "I love you."*)

Lancéor: What have I done? I obeyed—what? I know not. What have I said? It was not I that spoke. I have lost my happiness, the present, the future. I am no longer myself. I do that which I hate. I know not who I am. Joyzelle!—Ah, my Joyzelle.

Joyzelle's love having met this test and survived, despite Lancéor's apparent unfaithfulness and deceit, is subjected to other trials. The final test of all is that she must give her self for one night to Merlin, to save Lancéor from death. She promises. On the night in question, she appears according to promise, but with a poniard with which she strikes at Merlin, the blow being arrested by Arielle. The tests are ended. Joyzelle's love has dared even crime. The lovers are reunited.

Persons in the Foreground

JACK LONDON, APOSTLE OF THE PRIMITIVE

In the days before Jack London became famous he found a wealthy and kindly aunt in Chicago who was much impressed by the potentialities of her boy nephew. She "took him up," so to speak, clothed him in fine linen, and set him in high places. He played his part in conventional life for about a month, and then, at an evening reception, was overwhelmed by an impulse he could not resist. In the midnight hours he slipped away, divested himself of "the starched misery which had chafed his body but not chastened his spirit," and took trail for the open fields. The incident is narrated by Julian Hawthorne in the Los Angeles *Examiner*, and serves to emphasize a fundamental trait in the character of the man whom Mr. Hawthorne does not hesitate to describe as "the first American novelist, in originality, of the day." Jack London is the incarnation of what the Germans call *Wanderlust*—a spirit forever restless. Something of Byron there is, a dash of Gorky, too, in this "prodigious youngster of twenty-eight," who is at once passionate idealist and brute materialist. The theme of his most ambitious novel, "The Sea Wolf," is just this conflict between idealism and materialism, and as one follows the steps in his career one cannot but wonder which of the two forces will triumph in his work and life.

Like Gorky, Jack London comes to us "out of the depths." The title of a book into which he has put his very heart is "The People of the Abyss." It describes the squalid "East End" of London, in which he chose to live for several months disguised as a dock laborer. In an autobiographical statement, "How I Became a Socialist," rescued from a defunct socialist monthly, and now displayed between the broad margins of a Macmillan book, he tells us that he started life as "a rampant individualist" and could see himself "only raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's *blond beasts*, lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength." But the hard knocks of life shattered this exultant optimism. As a young workman, he came from California to the congested labor centers of the East, and "dropped down from

the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the 'submerged tenth.'" He consorted with "sailor-men, soldier-men, labor-men, all wrenched and distorted and twisted out of shape by toil and accident, and cast adrift by their masters like so many old horses." To quote further:

"I battered on the drag and slammed back gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening the while to life-histories which began under auspices as fair as mine, with digestions and bodies equal to and better than mine, and which ended there before my eyes in the shambles at the bottom of the Social Pit.

"And as I listened my brain began to work. The woman of the streets and the man of the gutter drew very close to me. I saw the picture of the Social Pit as vividly as though it were a concrete thing, and at the bottom of the Pit I saw them, myself above them, not far, and hanging on to the slippery wall by main strength and sweat. And I confess a terror seized me. What when my strength failed? when I should be unable to work shoulder to shoulder with the strong men who were as yet babes unborn? And there and then I swore a great oath. It ran something like this: *All my days I have worked hard with my body, and according to the number of days I have worked, by just that much am I nearer the bottom of the Pit. I shall climb out of the Pit, but not by the muscles of my body shall I climb out. I shall do no more hard work, and may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to do.*

"Since that day I have opened many books, but no economic argument, no lucid demonstration of the logic and inevitableness of Socialism, affects me as profoundly and convincingly as I was affected on the day when I first saw the walls of the Social Pit rise around me and felt myself slipping down, down, into the shambles at the bottom."

This is a fair sample of the kind of writing that has earned for Jack London the qualifying term, "primitive." "He has lived brotherly to the great forces of nature," says Mr. Hawthorne; "the artificialities of society and of modern civilization have had practically no part in his development." Mr. Hawthorne continues:

"As he grew up, sturdy and strong, with the clamor of life in him, the adventures and romances of dead men no longer satisfied him. Nature, the world of sea and storm, of vast skies

and wide plains, called to him and he went to it. He met it first at fourteen, throwing in his lot with a gang of oyster pirates on the Pacific coast. These were stirring days for the boy; for the pirate sloop on which he lived was unduly active and many a race with the patrol boats, many a crash, a flare and a fight in the dark had Jack London known before his fifteenth year.

"Later it amused him to join the fish patrol, hunting law-breakers by day and breaking laws with his pirate friends by night. Fish patrolling was more dangerous than pirating and only men used to desperate and dangerous deeds could be induced to tackle the pirating fishers of the Bay.

"At seventeen he left both the pirates and the patrol and shipped before the mast on a sealer where he spent nearly a year. Here he sounded the 'primitive' note to the full. Here he met Nature in its most brutal aspect, lived through experiences he considered too horrible to depict even in that book of horrors, 'The Sea Wolf.'"

Later, Jack London took a course at the University of California, and then, impelled by the old adventurous spirit, determined to try his luck in the Klondike. Out of that experience came "The White Silence," and some of the greatest short stories that have been written on this continent; also "The Call of the Wild," the book that made his reputation as a novelist.

Jack London's latest novel is built on a big motive. It is concerned with the universal love of woman for man and with the "game" that constantly encroaches on woman's domain and lures man from her. Its meaning is summed up in the following passage:

"This, then, was the end of it all—of the carpets and the furniture and the little rented house; of the meetings and walkings out, the thrilling nights of star-shine, the deliciousness of surrender, the loving and being loved. She was stunned by the awful facts of this game she did not understand—the grip it laid on men's souls, its irony and its faithlessness, its risks and hazards and fierce insurrections of the blood, making woman pitiful, not the be-all and end-all of man, but his toy and pastime. To women his mothering and care-taking, his moods and his moments, but to the game his days and nights of striving, the tribute of his head and hand, his most patient toil and wildest effort, all the strain and the stress of his being—to the game, his heart's desire."

Jack London strikes another great note, and comes near to revealing his own religion, in the eloquent close to the preface of his book of Socialist essays, "The War of the Classes":

"The capitalist must learn, first and for always, that Socialism is based, not upon the equality, but upon the inequality of men. Next, he must learn that no new birth into spiritual purity is necessary before Socialism becomes possible. He must learn that Socialism deals with what is, not with what ought to be; and that the material with which it deals is the 'clay of the common road,' the warm human, fallible and frail, sordid and petty, absurd and contradictory, even grotesque, and yet, withal, shot through with flashes and glimmerings of something finer and God-like, with here and there sweetmesses of service and unselfishness, desires for goodness, for renunciation and sacrifice, and with conscience, stern and awful, at times blazingly imperious, demanding the right,—the right, nothing more nor less than the right."

THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Insurance policies aggregating over \$300,000 were taken out on the hats, dresses and jewelry accompanying the Princess of Wales on the royal tour of India which has barely commenced and which is not to terminate until next March. Her Royal Highness now ranks, according to the mature judgment of the best informed dailies in London, as the best dressed woman in the world. That seems also the Indian verdict. Already the cables transmit details regarding innumerable pieces of head-gear required for ceremonial occasions in the great dependency. One evening gown of white gauze embroidered with crystal and mother-of-pearl beads dazzles the eyes with the genuine sequins sparkling all over it. The effect was only enhanced when Her Royal Highness donned the diamond crown symbolizing her rank as future Empress of India.

Even radical newspapers in Europe misunderstand the princess egregiously if all this magnificence be quite congenial to her. She may be now the best dressed woman in the world, but she is always, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* declares, one of the most retiring. Her tastes are decidedly literary, according to the well-informed writer in the Austrian daily, and she has always held carefully aloof from the "showy" side of royal existence. "Princess May," to give her the appellation most used in England, is typically English as regards appearance. Her hair is of "the goldish blonde" hue and her eyes are "pellucidly blue." She is "tallish," or looks it. She is fond of outdoors life and has won notice through her rare skill at tennis and for her even rarer skill in preparing the food of her numerous children. In addition to her housewifely skill, how-

ever, polite accomplishments seem to have been acquired by the princess without number. The Paris *Gaulois* praises her voice as "sympathetic." It was trained by an Italian master. The Vienna *Fremdenblatt* finds that her Highness speaks French and German "perfectly," and the Berlin *Post* speaks enthusiastically of her proficiency on the piano and the harp. The princess also, according to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, is greatly interested in the University Extension movement. She read the works prescribed in the courses "diligently and with interest," taking her examination like any other student. Further:

"The Princess of Wales is a great lover of literature. Her favorite writers are Tennyson, Carlyle and Emerson. The novelist she prefers above all others is George Eliot. But in her well chosen personal library, the volumes which she takes down most frequently, next to her greatest favorites, are by Goethe, Molière, Dante, Macaulay and John Morley. No matter how urgent may be the demands of her exalted station upon the minutes of her day, she never fails, some time in the twenty-four hours, to have recourse to some author she esteems and read him with eagerness."

It was by special command of the princess, notes the London *Evening Standard*, that a liberal supply of the best literature was placed aboard the battleship that conveyed her and her husband to India. But for an idea of her strictly domestic virtues we return to the *Neue Freie Presse*:

"The future Queen of England is a devoted, tender mother, who carefully and personally supervises the training of her children. The first rule in her nursery is simplicity. There is simplicity of surroundings, simplicity in clothing, simplicity in appearance. In truth, the children of the Princess of Wales are not reared more luxuriously than are the children of the better sort of middle class families in England.

"One is irresistibly reminded by all these things of the contrast in the case of the great Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt. That boy prince once gazed from the windows of the royal palace into the street where some miserably clad boys were throwing stones into a puddle and making the water splash. The prince begged that he might join in this sport. But his suite promptly told him that such diversions were not for the heir to the most exalted throne in Europe."

The personal characteristics of the princess are said in the Paris *Figaro* to be shyness and reserve. She is so averse to "the pomp of power" that the number of state ceremonies involving her appearance in royal garb has been materially reduced. The fact that she must don costumes in India for the sole purpose of inspiring awe in native princes is said to have elicited so strong a protest from her



THE PRINCESS OF WALES

For state reasons she must become "the most gorgeously clad of beings" on her present tour in India.

that some concession was made at the last moment. The princess had heard that "loud and derisive laughter" was occasioned by one state costume at the Delhi durbar, and she did not wish to run any risks of that sort. However, the dresses she has consented to wear make her easily, thinks the French daily, "the most gorgeously clad of beings." The millinery is "exquisite in form and coloring" and "especially made of the lightest possible weight" owing to the nature of the Indian climate. Her highness has with her no less than ninety-six different hats, designed to match special toilets, all repeating the lace, velvet and other fabrics comprising the respective dresses to be worn with them. The predilection of the royal lady for "close fitting toques" is exemplified in all this millinery, which in most instances is equipped with brims. The last detail has its origin in the dislike of her Royal Highness to carrying a parasol and the necessity, nevertheless, of

shielding her eyes from the Indian sun. But a white robe ablaze with paillette embroideries and a day robe of ivory net decorated with Limerick and Carrickmacross lace are thought by London fashion prints to be the most striking

of all the creations packed away in the sixty-one large trunks containing the wardrobe taken by her Royal Highness to the great dependency of which her husband is destined—if he lives—to become emperor.

THE "SON OF HEAVEN" AND HIS AUGUST AUNT

Kwang-Hsu, "Son of Heaven," Chinese Emperor, is without charm and has the least possible share of personal magnetism, thinks Miss Katharine A. Carl, the American artist who painted the now celebrated portrait of the Empress Dowager in the National Museum at Washington. The figure of the Chinese Emperor, we are told by Miss Carl, is slight and elegant and his height is five feet four. These details and those that follow are taken from the remarkable first-hand study of the Empress Dowager and her imperial circle which Miss Carl has published as a means of correcting many misapprehensions as to her experiences as a guest in the imperial palace at Peking.* So intimately acquainted did Miss Carl become with the Empress Dowager and with the Empress Dowager's "set" that the evidential value of the following description of the personal appearance of "the son of heaven" is beyond dispute:

"He has a well-shaped head, with the intelligent qualities well developed, a high brow, with large brown eyes and rather drooping lids, not at all Chinese in form and setting. His nose is high and, like most members of the imperial family, is of the so-called 'noble' type. A rather large mouth with thin lips, the upper short with a proud curve, the lower slightly protruding, a clear-cut, thin jaw, a strong chin a little beyond the line of the forehead, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on the whole face, give him an ascetic air and, in spite of his rather delicate physique, an appearance of great reserve of strength. His complexion is not so white and clear as that of the other members of the imperial family, for the Manchus have whiter skins than the Chinese; but this seems more the result of delicacy than natural with the Emperor. His luxuriant, very long hair, a characteristic of the Manchus, is beautifully silky and glossy and always arranged with the greatest care.

"It is said he much dislikes being shaved, but tradition, immutable in China, does not allow a man under forty, even if he be the 'son of heaven,' to wear a mustache or whiskers. Like all well-bred Chinese, he has small feet and hands, the latter long and thin and most expressive. The Emperor dresses with extreme neatness and great

simplicity, wearing few ornaments and no jewels except on state occasions. His face is kindly in expression, but the glance from his rather heavy-lidded eyes is shrewd and intelligent. His manner is shy and retiring, but this does not seem to be so much from a lack of confidence in himself as from the absence of that magnetic quality which gives one an appearance of assurance."

Altogether, he seemed to Miss Carl, viewing him from her coign of vantage as a guest in the palace, to be "the ideal of what one would imagine an Oriental potentate to be whose title is the 'son of heaven.'" The quality of his smile seemed to her to be "Sphinx-like." The other aspects of his countenance are striking enough:

"In his eyes one sees the calm, half-contemptuous outlook upon the world of the fatalist. There is an abstractness in the subtlety of his regard, an abstractness that embodies one's idea of the 'spirit of the Orient.' At first it is difficult to tell whether this comes from a sense of power or from a knowledge of the lack of it, but that firm and fleshless jaw, that ascetic face and keen eye, show there must be reserve strength, that there can be no lack of power, should he wish to exert it. Over his whole face there is a look of self-repression which has almost reached a state of passivity.

"The look of eternal patience in the half-veiled regard of those large eyes seems to show that he will yet try to accomplish China's salvation—that he is but awaiting his opportunity."

There is no evidence that he feels animosity against the Empress Dowager, observes Miss Carl, in contradiction of a widespread impression. There exist "rigidly formal relations" between the imperial aunt and the imperial nephew, but those relations, nevertheless, "seem to be most friendly." He seems now to give but little advice. He holds audiences, however, and sees many of the officials alone. He issues edicts independently of her Majesty; but on all grave affairs, and at the meeting of the grand council, she is always present and the decisions are the results of their two opinions.

The palace occupied by the "son of heaven" is as magnificently appointed as that of the "son of heaven's" aunt. He has his own eunuchs

**WITH THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.* By Katharine Carl. The Century Company.

and attendants, and leads his own life, quite independently of Dowager and the ladies in their the ladies. He pays his respects to his 'august aunt and adopted mother' every morning before the audience and they go together to transact affairs of state, after which he returns to his own palace and follows his own pursuits. On festivals, when the theater is going, he comes into the imperial lodge during the representations and on these days joins the Empress walks around the gardens or in boating on the lake. He also dines with Her Majesty on these occasions, but he does not seem to care as much for the theater as she does.

Moreover, he is literally and intellectually inclined:

"He occupies himself daily with his studies, among which is English. He is a great reader. There is a special official at the palace who buys His Majesty's books and they say this is no sinecure, as he does not devote himself only to Chinese literature and the classics, but devours translations of foreign works and is constantly calling for new ones. They say he always reads a book a day, besides attending to his other duties.

"He is passionately fond of music, plays on a number of Chinese instruments and has even tried the piano. He has a good ear for music and can pick out any air he has heard upon any instrument at his disposal. He is very clever, also, in a mechanical way and can take to pieces and put together a clock, with fair success. He has been known, however, to fail in getting the very complicated mechanism of some of the palace clocks properly together again. The Empress Dowager is constantly fearing that her nephew is constantly fearing that His Majesty will take some of her favorite clocks to pieces and not be able to put them into working order again. And he will not allow anyone else to finish what he has begun."

Finally, he is fond of children and ignores pretty young girls and women. At any rate, he ignored them when Miss Carl was at court. On the other hand, "he seems to have a great respect for cleverness."

The pen-picture which Miss Carl gives us



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HOW THE EMPRESS DOWAGER MAKES THE CHINESE EMPEROR TAKE SECOND PLACE

The old lady sits on the throne while her nephew has a chair at her side. Miss Carl, who painted the Empress Dowager's portrait, explains that the aunt, as "ancestress," is entitled to this mark of deference. The kneeling servitor is delivering a communication.

of the Empress Dowager is a very pleasing one. We are told of her "musical and exquisitely modulated voice, so fresh and silvery, so youthful," and of her charming enunciation of the Chinese language, which on her tongue "sounds like beautiful rhythmic poetry." She is very artistic and paints flowers charmingly, being remarkably clever with her fingers. She is also immaculately neat as to



Courtesy of The Century Co. Copyright 1905.

**AN UNFLATTERING PORTRAIT OF CHINA'S EMPRESS
DOWAGER**

This was painted by Miss Katharine Carl, who tells the world in her new book that the Empress Dowager insisted upon being portrayed true to life, with no idealizing touches.

her person. She designs her own dresses, directs the setting of her jewels, and has excellent taste in the choice of colors. "I never saw her with an unbecoming color on," says Miss Carl, "except the imperial yellow." This she wore because she was obliged to, but she would sometimes have such heavy embroidery that the original color became hardly visible.

She is an epicure and often designs new and dainty dishes. She is a lover also of dainty perfumes and has these made under her own supervision. She seems to love all animals and to possess an almost magical power over them; but she rarely caresses one of them, and when she does so, has a cloth wrung out of hot water brought to her at once to wipe her fingers.

What could be more winsome than the following picture:

"On one of our promenades in the park I saw a curious instance of her wonderful personal magnetism and her power over animals. A bird had escaped from its cage, and some eunuchs were making efforts to catch it, when her Majesty and suite came into that part of the grounds. The eunuchs had found it impossible to entice the bird back into its cage; nor would it come upon a long stick, with a perch attached, which they held up near the tree where it rested. The eunuchs scattered at the approach of her Majesty, and she inquired why they were there. The chief eunuch explained what they were doing, and the Empress Dowager said, 'I will call it down.' I thought this was a vain boast, and in my heart I pitied her. She was so accustomed to have the whole world bowed to her that she fancied even a bird in the grounds would obey her mandate, and I watched to see how she would take her defeat. She had a long, wand-like stick, which had been cut from a sapling and freshly stripped of its bark. She loved the faint forest odor of those freshly cut sticks, and in the spring often carried one when she went out. They were long and slender, with a crook at the top. I used to think she looked like the pictures of fairies when she walked with these long, white wands. She would use them for pointing out a flower she wished the eunuchs to gather, or for tracing de-

signs on the gravel when she sat down. To-day she held the wand she carried aloft and made a low, bird-like sound with her lips, never taking her eyes off the bird. She had the most musical of voices, and its flute-like sound seemed like a magnet to the bird. It fluttered and began to descend from bough to bough until it lighted upon the crook of her wand, when she gently moved her other hand up nearer and nearer until it finally rested on her finger. I had been watch-

ing with breathless attention, and so tense and absorbed had I become that the sudden cessation when the bird finally came upon her finger caused me a throb of almost pain. No one else, how-

ever, of her entourage seemed to think this anything extraordinary. After a few moments she handed the bird to one of the eunuchs, and we continued our promenade."

THE STORY OF JOSEPH W. FOLK

The seventh son of a seventh son is supposed to be endowed with remarkable qualities. But if William Allen White is to be entirely credited, Mr. Joseph W. Folk, governor of Missouri at the age of thirty-six, and "one of the half-dozen real leaders of civic honesty in America," is a seventh son of a seventh son and yet is "a most ordinary young man equipped with the usual physical and mental accouterment." There is nothing mystical about him or his success. The only difference between him and many another young gentleman in *Vanity Fair*, says Mr. White, is that Folk "has sense enough to be honest and to make it pay." Mr. White tells the story of Folk's career in his usual vivid style in *McClure's* for December. It is a stimulating and reassuring story.

After he succeeded in getting born, in Brownsville, Tennessee (his ancestors on both sides having fought in the American Revolution), young Joseph got the usual education of an American boy in an American country town and finished off at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, graduating with the law class of 1890. After practising law a short time in Brownsville, he went to St. Louis, and achieved his first prominence as attorney for some striking street-car employees. As a result of this prominence, he became the Democratic nominee for circuit attorney in St. Louis, and was elected. Then he began to surprise people. He had told all his friends that he would enforce the laws; but all candidates said that and they supposed Folk was like the rest. He surprised them by meaning it. The orator who nominated him in the convention laid the usual stress, for oratorical purposes, upon Folk's pledge to enforce the laws. When Folk afterward put him in jail for "boodling," a great many people saw the joke, but the orator did not see it. "Ed" Butler, who was the organizer of "the election thugs" for the Democratic machine in St. Louis, and who dictated most of the nominations, tells his little tale of woe as follows, according to Mr. White:

"It was like this: I was going to nominate a

man named Clark—good fellow, and all right, 's far I know, when in comes Harry Hawes to my office one day an' says, 'Colonel, how bad do you want that man Clark?' An' I says, 'well—I dunno; I've promised it to him.' 'Well,' Harry says, 'I got a young feller name Folk I want to have it.' That was Harry's way. He wanted to be a leader. An' he knew he could n't beat me fair; so he done it the other way. I says, 'well, I'll see Clark and see what he says.' And I seen him and he says he did n't need the office particularly, and I says, 'well, if you don't, Harry Hawes's got a young feller name Folk that's been attorney for the Union Labor fellers and settled up their strike for 'em, and Harry kind o' wants to name him,' and so the next time I seen Harry I says, 'bring your little man around,' and he done it and I looked him over, and there did n't seem to be anything the matter of him, so I says all right and he was nominated. An' look what he done—spent four years tryin' to put me in the penitentiary—that's the kind of a man Harry Hawes is. He's a leader now, and I'm out. An' that's how he done it."

Mr. Folk began operations by securing the indictments of a number of election thieves, most of whom had worked for his own election. Then he started in on boodling councilmen. "Within three years, Folk uncovered in St. Louis more corruption than had ever been uncovered at one time and place in the civilized world." Prior to that, not an indictment had ever been secured in Missouri against a public official for "boodling." Folk, in four years' time, brought forty cases, convicted twenty of the accused, and though the State Supreme Court ordered the release of twelve of them on technicalities, the remaining eight are now serving time in the penitentiary. All sorts of efforts to stop him and to entrap him were made. Courtesans were set upon him. He was threatened with assassination. It was said by the corruptionists that as soon as his term of office was ended they would make it impossible for him to live in Missouri. This last threat was so often repeated that he concluded that his only chance of safety lay in completing the work he had begun and totally destroying the power of the corrupt forces. And so he became a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. He made a whirlwind

campaign of the State. Every member of the State Central Committee of his party—the Democratic—was against him. So was the State administration and all the politicians of note. And “an unlimited campaign fund” was subscribed to defeat him. With no social prestige, no special oratorical ability, no peculiar talent for political organization, no per-

made upon him for that issue, cast him as the hero, and Americans never fail to applaud the hero and hiss the villain.” Although on election day all the other Democratic candidates on the State ticket were defeated by about 15,000 plurality, Folk was elected by 30,000 plurality, running 5,000 ahead of Roosevelt.

As governor, Folk, we are assured, is “not



THE MOTHER OF GOVERNOR FOLK

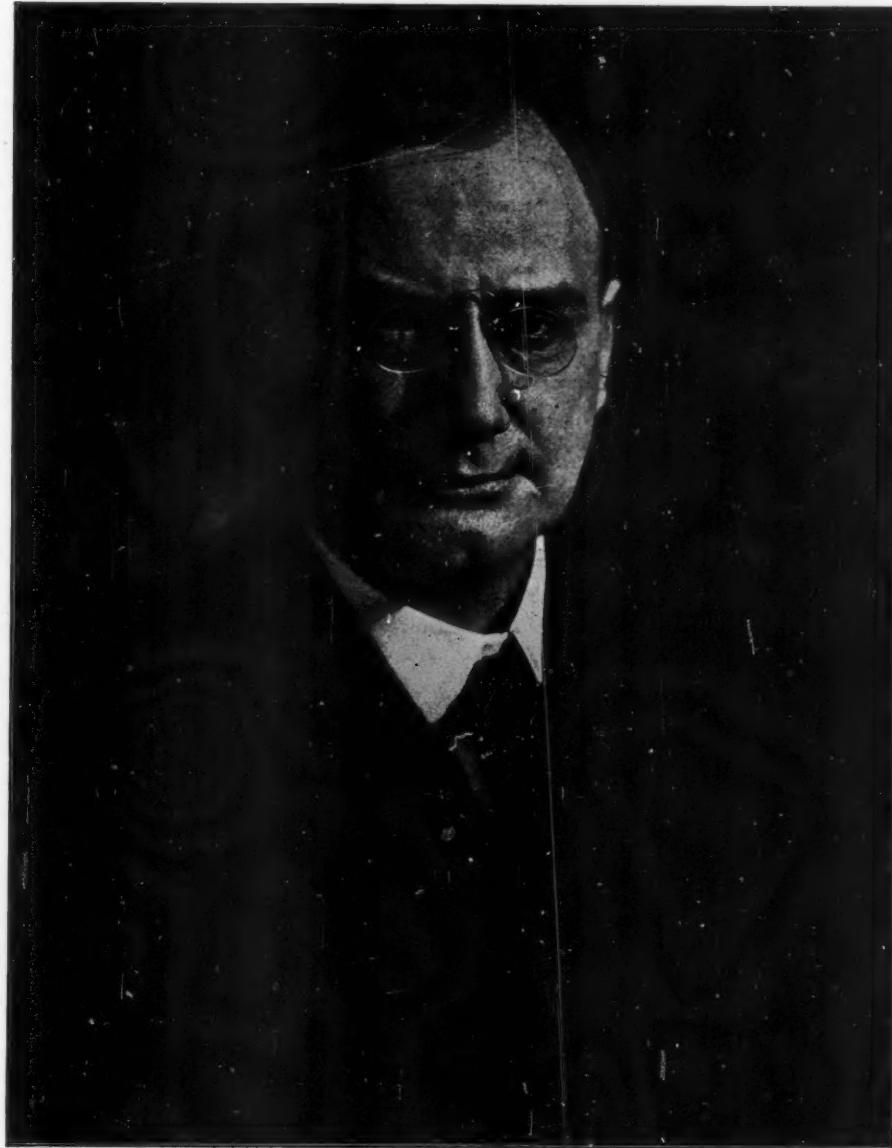
sonal magnetism, no campaign fund to speak of, he closed his canvass with a unanimous nomination in the convention. It was a most signal triumph for simple, straightforward honesty and unquestioned courage. Says Mr. White: “A great moral issue was moving among the people. That issue concerned the enforcement or the annulment of law, and Folk dramatized it. His career, and the fight

letting down.” In spite of great legal difficulties, he has effectually put a stop to race-track gambling in St. Louis. He has enforced the laws against selling liquor on Sunday, so that “the hotel bars and all drinking places are closed on Sunday in the first-class cities of Missouri for the first time in the history of the State.” He has secured any number of sadly needed laws relating to railroads,

while vetoing bills that were manifestly unjust to the roads and designed as "strikes." And as a result of it all, the value of land in Missouri since Folk began operations has increased twenty per cent., the annual immigration has increased twenty-five per cent., the Sunday business of the local street-cars has

increased twenty-five per cent., the Monday deposits in the savings banks "have increased remarkably," and the number of arrests in the three cities where statistics are available has decreased twenty per cent., and the Sunday arrests have diminished forty per cent.

So much for what Folk has done. As for



GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX

Joseph W. Folk is accounted "one of the half-dozen real leaders of civic honesty in America."

the man himself, Mr. White gives us this description:

"He is a smallish man in stature, being a trifle less than five feet seven in height, and some day he will be stout. He is of the sack-coat size and build and temperament—as Roosevelt is—but finding himself a public man, he dresses the part in what we of the West call a Prince Albert coat, a garment which seems to give citizens confidence in their public officials. And this leads one in to the core of the man's character—caution. If the word 'foxy' could be knighted into polite diction, it might be applied to Joseph W. Folk. For, though intrigue is foreign to his nature, and though he never walks on his toes, and has no stomach for shams and pretenses, every step he takes is taken with direction; every word he says is weighed carefully—though hardly painfully as a stupid man's words are doled out to cover his ignorance; and every act, public or private, which may have the least significance upon those who witness it, is measured by some wise rule. Hence the Prince Albert coat; hence his abstinence; hence his unruffled front; hence the conventionality of his daily walk. Nor is this veneer. It comes from his heart. Fearing the effect on young men who might see him smoking, Folk has given up his cigar and pipe. He is as modest as a girl, and yet he is worldly-wise enough to know the force of the example of a public man, and he willingly sacrifices his comfort that he may not violate this trivial obligation to the people. His language is as clean as a woman's, and it comes from a carefully weeded heart. Add to the picture of a frock-coated, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, shy-mannered, self-deprecating young man, a black soft hat and a boyish smile playing elusively over a countenance regular and oval, and it needs but few touches to make it live."

He is, furthermore, "deeply pious, without being in the least sanctimonious and without any cant." He is "rigid in his observance of conventionalities," though not in the least punctilious about formalities. He is good-natured and genial, but never humorous, sarcastic or flippant. His dominant passion is public service, but he "seems to have no confidants, no advisers, no board of strategy." His honesty seems to Mr. White the result of a deliberate conviction, of faith or creed, that honesty is the best policy. Intellectually he is not yet as big as he is morally; but he is growing. He is not a person of broad and catholic culture. The effort to make him a presidential candidate is deprecated by Mr. White, who asserts that not Folk's best friends but his most unswerving enemies are those who talk the loudest about him as a candidate for President in 1908. "To many of those who know him best and admire him most he does not yet seem to be of size or of strength for presidential timber; or better, perhaps, it may be said that he does not seem to be of such size and strength as he will be after ten years more in the school of life, and that the kind of a president he might likely make three years from now is so much inferior to the president that they hope and believe he would make ten or a dozen years from now, that they dislike to see him wasted on an earlier opportunity."

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

When Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke (or Sir Purdon, as he is generally called in England) reached this country on November 4 last, to take up his work as Director of the Metropolitan Museum, the first thing he did, before leaving the White Star Line pier, was to declare his intention of becoming a naturalized American citizen. The next thing he did was to prove himself well qualified to become an American: he began to hustle! Before going to his hotel or to any other place, he took a cab from the pier to the Museum, where he spent his first day until four o'clock in the afternoon. Evidently he feels the need of haste. He is sixty years old, and it will take him, he says, twenty years to bring the Metropolitan up to the standard of the South Kensington Museum of London. So he has no time to lose. And he is losing none.

When Sir Purdon yielded to the solicitations

of Mr. Pierrepont Morgan and agreed to resign the directorship of the London museum and accept that of the New York museum, the announcement was received in England "with something approaching to consternation," according to a writer—W. G. Paulson Townsend—in *The Critic*. One explanation of his acceptance may be that he wants to follow the world's art treasures. When asked if America is as artistic as England, he replied in the affirmative, and added: "America ought to be, for all the art objects come to America. The greatest mistake and discouragement over here is the heavy duty that is imposed on art objects. . . . It is better for Europe that America does put a duty on, for if it did not there would be nothing left in Europe. When a good thing turns up it is always America that is notified. I have often gone after an article and found that it was

held for Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan has made good investments, and the things he bought, say six years ago, can now be sold at an advance. It is hard to catch Americans."

Sir Purdon Clarke is an all-around expert. "He appears to be chemist, scientist, artist, craftsman, antiquary, archeologist and alchemist combined," says John Lane, of *The International Studio*. Mr. Lane says further:

"In England his departure can only be regarded as a national loss. Mr. Morgan has annexed many men and things in Europe, but the removal of Sir Purdon is the one irreparable loss that British lovers of the arts will not soon forgive. Mr. Morgan must be congratulated, too, on obtaining such distinguished services for fifteen thousand dollars per annum. Just think of the number of 'buyers' there are at the various stores on Broadway and Fifth Avenue who draw annually twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars. It is evident that Sir Purdon has not been induced to accept the position from pecuniary motives. Indeed, I believe that he at once recognized the unexampled opportunity of impressing his personality and enthusiasms on the art of eighty millions of the most alert people in the world."

Sir Purdon, we are told, is an Englishman whose native land is Ireland. That is to say, he comes of a West of England family which settled in Ireland, and he was born in County Dublin in 1846. He was educated, in France and elsewhere, for an architect, and his first distinction was achieved as student in the Art Training Schools of the South Kensington, when the national medal for architectural design was awarded to him. Later he became a member of the museum's staff, and his travels in various parts of the world served to equip him fully in the knowledge of the world's best art. He was sent, first, to Italy to superintend the reproduction of mosaics in Venice and Rome, "where he completely mastered the technicalities of that ancient and glorious art." Then he went to Egypt. Two years later he was living in Teheran, Persia. Still later he was traveling in Turkey. Then he began his work as organizer. He took charge of various exhibitions in London and elsewhere. In 1880 he went to India for two years. Of his sojourns in the East, Mr. Townsend writes:

"There is no secret of Eastern craft, however cunning it may be, that is not known to Sir Purdon. He has the rare gift of instilling into the minds of Eastern men a feeling of trust and of good-fellowship that has unlocked to him the portal of many a guarded secret in art work. This was his protection in India and Persia when searching for treasures of art in the bazars of almost unknown towns. To the ordinary agent

such an undertaking has a strong element of danger in it, especially when the objects have a place in the religion of either Hindoos or Mohammedans. Some of the treasures acquired by Sir Purdon in his Eastern expeditions are priceless now, and are the envy of all the nations,—notably pieces of jewelry, rare enamels, and fabrics. Above all is the ceramic collection a valuable one, representing nearly all the varieties of the art of the Eastern potter."

In 1892, Sir Purdon became Chief Keeper of the South Kensington Museum, and in 1896 the Director. One of the most marked changes developed by him was in the expansion of the circulation department, a sort of university extension idea, in accordance with which an enormous collection of art objects are circulated freely throughout the British provinces, and the treasures of the museum are thus made widely accessible. He not only believes in the democracy of art, but, according to John Lane, is himself accessible to all men. He is "a born organizer" and an expert in detecting spurious antiques, so much so, in fact, that if he were taken through the Metropolitan Museum blindfolded he would, in some cases, "know spurious objects from their odor." Mr. Lane tells us further:

"Sir Purdon Clarke will tell you not to neglect the appreciation of your native talent in behalf of the foreigner who spends a few months with you each season and exchanges his daubs for your dollars. Without any pretensions to be a prophet, I feel convinced that your new director will be disappointed not to find a section devoted to the beautiful work of the North American Indians. Their dyes, pottery, colours, shapes, carvings and metal work will be very suggestive to his practical mind and he will doubtless give the formation of this department his early attention. Above all things, Sir Purdon will make your museum a great educational power. He will demonstrate by models how to chasten your national tendency of over-decoration; even your architecture, beautiful as it frequently is, being sometimes over loaded by incongruous ornament."

He is described further as a man of great personal charm, and there is nothing of the art bigot about him. "He is fond of every style of art, and one of his characteristics is that he is a staunch upholder of the claims of England as an art-producing country in the Middle Ages."

At the reception given to Sir Purdon at the Metropolitan Museum November 15, six thousand persons were present to shake his hand and offer him good wishes. So great was the attendance that the carriage lines extended two blocks on each side of the museum on Fifth Avenue and through the cross streets beyond Madison Avenue.

Recent Poetry

William Watson's poetry, as it appears in a complete collection just published in two volumes (John Lane), places him in the very front rank of minor poets. He is not one of the great bards. He has not executed any masterpieces. He has not shaped the thought of his age to any considerable degree, nor startled the imagination nor appreciably increased the treasury of familiar quotations. But there is no poet living, not even Swinburne, who less often mars his verse with careless and slovenly work. His themes are high and worthy, and the treatment always has a certain nobility, both of form and of content. If one may not call him a great poet one wishes to do so again and again. The last ten stanzas of his poem "The Father of the Forest" are in the same class with Grey's Elegy, and his "The First Skylark of Spring" is within hailing distance of Shelley's immortal poem. We reproduce a part of the first and all of the second poem:

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings,—
What ages hast thou seen retire
Into the dusk of alien things?
What mighty news hath stormed thy shade,
Of armies perished, realms unmade?

* * * * *

Was it the wind befooling me
With ancient echoes, as I lay?
Was it the antic fantasy
Whose elvish mockeries cheat the day?
Surely a hollow murmur stole
From wizard bough and ghostly bale:

"Who prates to me of arms and kings,
Here in these courts of old repose?
Thy babble is of transient things,
Broils, and the dust of foolish blows.
Thy sounding annals are at best
The witness of a world's unrest

"Goodly the loud ostents to thee,
And pomps of time: to me more sweet
The vigils of Eternity,
And Silence patient at my feet;
And dreams beyond the deadening range
And dull monotones of Change.

"Often an air comes idly by
With news of cities and of men.
I hear a multitudinous sigh,
And lapse into my soul again.
Shall her great noons and sunsets be
Blurred with thine infelicity?

"Now from these veins the strength of old,
The warmth and lust of life depart;
Full of mortality, behold
The cavern that was once my heart!
Me, with blind arm, in season due,
Let the aerial woodman hew.

"For not though mightiest mortals fall,
The starry chariot hangs delayed.
His axle is uncooled, nor shall
The thunder of His wheels be stayed.
A changeless pace His coursers keep,
And halt not at the wells of sleep.

"The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red rose of the Dawn shall blow;
The million-lilied stream of Night
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And Autumn mourn; and everything
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring.

"With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

"The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end—

"Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world."

THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal untroubled sky,
And this next region at my feet.—
Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade, of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made,—
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on!

Not loftiest bard, of mightiest mind,
Shall ever chant a note so pure,
Till he can cast this earth behind
And breathe in heaven secure.

We sing of Life, with stormy breath
 That shakes the lute's distempered string:
 We sing of Love, and loveless Death
 Takes up the song we sing.

And born in toils of Fate's control,
 Insurgent from the womb, we strive
 With proud unmanumitted soul
 To burst the golden gyve.

Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars;
 On thee no shreds of thralldom hang;
 Not more enlarged, the morning stars
 Their great Te Deum sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,
 And but forget my bonds an hour;
 In amplitude of dreams a god,
 A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,
 And fretful ignorance irks it more.
 Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,
 And lightly held'st thy lore!

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
 In porches of the lucent morn,
 Ere he had felt his lack of wing,
 Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
 The sweet sky seemed not far above,
 And young and lovesome came the note;—
 Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old,
 And dreamlike from afar recalls;
 In flashes of forgotten gold
 An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one
 Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;
 Less inaccessible the sun,
 Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
 And of the courts of heaven art free,
 And carriest to his temporal ears
 News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
 And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
 Where mortal and immortal merge,
 And human dies divine.

One may pass readily from William Watson to Edwin Markham. Their best poetry is of much the same quality, but the American poet appeals with more success to those who are not academicians. Here is a beautiful little lyric, which we take from *Success*:

WIND AND LYRE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
 Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
 Strike till the dead heart stirs and sings!
 I am the altar and thou the fire:
 Burn, O Fire, to a whitened flame—
 Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

I am the night and thou the dream:
 Touch me softly and thrill me deep,
 When all is white on the hills of sleep.
 Thou art the moon and I the stream:
 Shine to the trembling heart of me,
 Light my soul to the mother-sea.

"There is an ethereal touch to Mr. Cawein's poetry of nature," says Ernest McGaffey, in the *St. Louis Mirror*, "which has all the subtle elusiveness of the seasons themselves." In illustration of this, he quotes from Mr. Cawein's latest volume, "The Vale of Tempe" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the following poem:

REVEALMENT

BY MADISON CAWEIN

A sense of sadness in the golden air,
 A pensiveness, that has no part in care,
 As if the Season, by some woodland pool,
 Braiding the early blossoms in her hair,
 Seeing her loveliness reflected there,
 Had sighed to find herself so beautiful.

A breathlessness, a feeling as of fear,
 Holy and dim as of a mystery near,
 As if the World about us listening went
 With lifted finger, and hand-hollowed ear,
 Harkening a music that we cannot hear,
 Haunting the quickening earth and firmament.

A prescience of the soul that has no name,
 Expectancy that is both wild and tame,
 As if the earth, from out its azure ring
 Of heavens, looked to see, as white as flame,—
 As Perseus once to chained Andromeda came,—
 The swift, divine revealment of the Spring.

Miss Florence Wilkinson comes honestly by her poetic gifts. Her father, Dr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, Professor of Poetry and Criticism in Chicago University, is himself not only an acute critic but the author of some ambitious epics ("The Epic of Saul" and "The Epic of Paul") that have found a small but very appreciative audience. Miss Wilkinson's verse is freer of theological gyves than is her father's and she is not so given as he to overrefinement. She rarely fails, however, to achieve the note of distinction. Here is a late poem of hers from *McClure's*:

THE CLOUD AND THE MOUNTAIN

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

The cloud spake to the Mountain and it said:
 "Lo! I am still as thou and lift a hoary head,
 Men marvel at my height and are adread."

My promontory rides the blue, a gallant prow;
 My valleys they are deep, the sunset smites my
 brow.
 I draw men's eyes with distance, even as thou."

The ancient Mountain spake: "Ephemeral and vain,
This evening thou shalt vanish never to come again,
A shape, a fleet similitude, built out of rain.

No flocks of sheep or goats follow thy phantom trails,
There are no folk inhabiting thy misty vales;
They insubstantial headland, lo, it faints and fails.

Thou art a dream, a shadow and a lure,
A ghostly mountain and a haunted moor
Where thin thoughts move, but nothing can endure."

The Cloud spake to the Mountain: "Even so:
It is with thee and thy perpetual snow;
Thou art a dream that insect generations know.

Ages before thou wast conceived, I AM:
Before the earth took shape or harbored man,
When the chained stars like molten rivers ran.

The men that build their cities upon thee
Are dimmer than the shapes that people me,
Figments of flesh and soon no more to be.

For as I am a fable in thy sight,
Art thou and all things, save the still small light
Of candled souls that journey home by night."

In another department of this magazine appears an article on José-Maria de Heredia, the Cuban who achieved a first place among contemporary French men of letters, and whose reputation rests upon his one thin volume of sonnets (one hundred and eighteen in number) entitled "Les Trophées." Three of these sonnets, translated for Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature, we take the liberty of reproducing:

ON PIERRE RONSARD'S BOOK OF LOVE

BY JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

In Bourgueil's pleasuremany a lover's hand
Wrote many a name in letters big and bold
On bark of shady tree; beneath the gold
Of Louvre's ceiling, love by smiles was fanned.
What matters it? Gone all the maddened band!
Four planks of wood their bodies did enfold;
None now disputes their love, or longs to hold
Their dried-up dust,—part of the grassy land.
All dead. Marie, Hélène, Cassandra proud,
Your bodies would be nothing in their shroud,—
Lilies and roses were not made to last,—
If Ronsard, on the yellow Loire or Seine,
Had not upon your brows his garlands cast
Of myrtle and of laurel not in vain

THE CONQUERORS

BY JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

Falcons fierce they are from charnel nest,
Weary of flight and burdens of their woe;
From Palos of Moguer they spell-bound go,
Heroic dreams and coarse their minds invest.
Far in deep mines the precious gold-veins rest
Waiting for them; and as the trade-winds blow
Filling their sails, they drive them all too slow
To that mysterious shore,—world of the West.
The phosphorescent blue of tropic seas
Colored their dreams when in the languid breeze
They slept each eve in hope of morrows
bright,—
Of epic morrows; or in unknown skies,
Leaning entranced, they saw from caravels white
From out the ocean, strange new stars arise.

THE SAMURI

BY JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

"It was a man with two swords."

The biva in her hand claims thought no more;
Some sounds she thrums, as, through the lattice
light
Of twist' bamboo, she sees, where all is bright
On the flat plain, her love and conqueror.
Swords at his side comes he,—her eyes adore,—
His fan held high, red girdle: splendid sight!
Deep scarlet on dark armor; and unite
Great blazons on his shoulder, feared in war.
Like huge crustacean, shining black and red,
Lacquer and silk and bronze from feet to head,
Plated and brilliant is this lovèd one.
He sees her,—smiles beneath his bearded masque;
And as he hastens, glitter in the sun
The gold antennæ trembling on his casque.

There is originality in the subject and in the treatment of the following poem, which we quote from the *Atlantic*:

SHAKSPERE TO HIS MIRROR

BY RICHARD BURTON

Within thy crystai depths I see
A figure semblable of me,
But no more me than I am one
With the brute rock I rest upon;
For how may brow or eye reveal
The infinites wherewith I deal?

Nay, I will break thee, mirror mine!
The unseen inward is divine,
The outward body but a bowl
That covers in the mounting soul.
If any one would truly know
What manner of man I come and go,
Not flesh alone, but blood and breath,
Lo, Lear, Lord Hamlet and Macbeth!

Poor mummer, I must shatter thee,
Since thou dost bear false tales of me!

This brings us to the numerous tributes in verse called into existence by the shattering of that other mirror of Shakespeare—Henry Irving. One of these tributes, that by Arthur Stringer, we quoted last month. Here are several more that are worth while. The first is from the *London Times*, the second from *The Canadian Magazine*, the third from *Punch*:

HENRY IRVING

BY JAMES RHOADES

So farewell, Irving! Punctual to the last
Great call that summoned him rehearse on high,
Who knows in what majestic drama cast
He turned from counterfeit of death to die?

Mighty magician, master of the spells
That move to grief or pity, love or scorn!
"The rest is silence"; but the silence tells
Of art ennobled and a stage forlorn.

SIR HENRY IRVING

BY VIRNA SHEARD

"Thou trumpet made for Shakespeare's lips to blow!"

No more for thee the music and the lights,
Thy magic may no more win smile nor frown;
For thee, Oh dear interpreter of dreams,
The curtain hath rung down.

No more the sea of faces, turned to thine,
Swayed by impassioned word and breathless
pause;
No more the triumph of thine art,—no more
The thunder of applause.

No more for thee the maddening, mystic bells,
The haunting horror—and the falling snow;
No more of Shylock's fury, and no more
The Prince of Denmark's woe.

Not once again the fret of heart and soul,
The loneliness and passion of King Lear;
No more bewilderment and broken words
Of wild despair and fear.

And never wilt thou conjure from the past
The dread and bitter field of Waterloo;
Thy trembling hands will never pluck again
Its roses or its rue.

Thou art no longer player to the Court;
No longer red-robed Cardinal or King;
To-day thou art thyself—the Well-Beloved—
Bereft of crown and ring.

Thy feet have found the path that Shakespeare
found,
Life's lonely exit of such far renown;
For thee, Oh dear interpreter of dreams,
The curtain hath rung down.

HENRY IRVING

Ring down the curtain, for the play is done.
Let the brief lights die out, and darkness fall.
Yonder to that real life he has his call;
And the loved face beholds the Eternal Sun.

Everybody who has ever read it remembers Kipling's "Last Chantey" and its jolly, jolly mariners who "plucked unhandily" at their "golden fiddles" and beseeched the Lord of All to give them back their sea. The theme, if not the style, of the two poems below (the first taken from *The Outlook*) reminds one of that:

THE FORMER THINGS

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

"There shall be no more night and no more sea."
—Yet to have known the tranquil twilight hour
And seen the slow sweep of the silver stars
Across the cold depths of the winter sky,
Or waited in the hush before the dawn;
To have been driven on the mighty wave
And dwelt within the curtains of the storm,
Or seen the tempest batter on the cliffs
Till it is broken to a murmuring peace
And all its surges softened into foam,—
Shall not the sons of men remember these,
Rejoicing they have known them, in the day
When sundering oceans and the pathless dark
Have passed away, and never can return?

"There shall be no more tears and no more pain."
—Yet to have known the patient hour of trust,
And seen the stars of faith and hope arise
Out of the blackness of a midnight grief,
Or grasped the robe of God within the dark;
To have been swept far from self's safe-laid
course
Into the heart of all the human storm
Of sorrow, and have battled through the surge
Bringing some shipwrecked brother to the shore,
Or learned the secret of accepted pain,
The fellowship of suffering and woe—
Shall not the souls of men remember these,
Rejoicing in remembrance, in the day
When sacrifice for others and for God
Has passed away, and never can return?

Still closer (in theme) to Kipling's poem is the one which Mr. Henderson, the well-known musical critic, contributes to the October number of *Scribner's*:

HEREAFTER

BY W. J. HENDERSON

Preach me no heaven of insensate rest
And drowsy chantings of obedient praise.
Must I intone the wide hereafter out
In dulcet choirings with young seraphim,
And lull to sleep my unperfected soul,
New fledged, and fluttering from its fleshy nest?
Why, let the angels sing and strike the harp
To pious chords; they never knew aught else.

If death be but a gate that leads to this,
 'Twere better that we dig our mortal graves
 So deep we shall not hear the judgment trump.
 Out of the cradled vale of puling babes
 We have climbed up the hill unto the crest
 Through dusty days of study and of thought.
 We have fed fat our minds with many books,
 Have read the record of the circling worlds,
 Have weighed far planets, caught slim asteroids,
 And found the secret of the stalwart earth
 Amid convenient atoms. But with this
 Have we encompassed knowledge? Are we wise?
 Thou knowest. "We are but the silly sport
 Of Time, that either blinds our futile eyes
 With gazing at the glory of the sun
 Or lights us with a glimpse between the stars.
 Here stand we shut within our pristine shells,
 The mind a kernel that has not yet burst
 Into a branching plant to drink the air.
 It does not tremble with the universe,
 Nor grow a part of all, a sentient ray,
 Vibrating to its core in synchrony
 With the great waves that bear through space
 The silent heart-throbs of infinity.
 Within this fleshly prison we are held,
 A subtle essence in a sealed globe;
 Break but the seal and we shall float across
 The earth, the seas, the bright, perennial stars,
 In immaterial perfume. We are souls,
 Yea, souls imprisoned, souls the serfs of Time,
 Set free alone by the decree of Death.
 Then preach me not of everlasting rest,
 A heaven of harps and oratorio.
 If that be heaven, then let me stay without,
 A homeless spirit, winging in the void
 An endless flight beyond the utmost worlds.
 For there at last I shall be wholly free
 To seek the full and perfectest rewards
 Of truth, to walk in glory through that land
 Which we but dream of and of which till now
 I have but seen the beacon fires afar
 Upon the shores of yon cerulean sea.

One looks for something perfunctory in a poem on Thanksgiving, and rarely looks in vain. But Miss Coates strikes a new note and a high one in the following stanzas, which are also taken from *Scribner's*:

THANKSGIVING

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Now gracious plenty rules the board,
 And in the purse is gold;
 By multitudes, in glad accord,
 Thy giving is extolled.
 Ah, suffer me to thank Thee, Lord,
 For what Thou dost withhold!

I thank Thee that howe'er we climb
 There yet is something higher;
 That though through all our reach of time
 We to the stars aspire,
 Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
 The pure sidereal fire!

I thank Thee for the unexplained,
 The hope that lies before,
 The victory that is not gained—
 O Father, more and more
 I thank Thee for the unattained—
 The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
 To inner depths of being;
 For all the upward spread of wings,
 From earthly bondage freeing;
 For mystery—the dream of things
 Beyond our power of seeing!

Is there anything new to be said in a Christmas poem? Quite likely there is, but blessed is he that does not look for it for he shall not be disappointed. And why should we want anything strictly new? The time-honored Christhas messages are certainly worth retelling at least once a year. Mr. Markham puts into new form the old gospel that we really find God in serving man, and that aspiration without service is a barren thing. Here is his poem which we reprint from advance sheets of the December *Woman's Home Companion*:

CHRIST WITH US

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
 In all this world unparadised!
 No Christ to go to in my need—
 No Christ to comfort me and feed!
 He passed in glory out of sight,
 The angels drew him into light:
 Now in the lonesome earth and air
 I can not find him anywhere.
 Would God that Heaven were not so far
 And I were where the White Ones are!"

Then from the grey stones of a street
 Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
 I heard a child's cry tremble up,
 And turned to share my scanty cup.
 When lo, the Christ I thought was dead
 Was in the little one I fed!
 At this I drew my aching eyes
 From the far-watching of the skies;
 And now whichever way I turn
 I see my Lord's white halo burn!

Wherever now a sorrow stands,
 'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands;
 In every lonely lane and street,
 'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—
 'Tis mine to roll away the Stone
 And warm His heart against my own.
 Here, here, on Earth I find it all—
 The young archangels white and tall,
 The Golden City and the doors,
 And all the shining of the floors!

Recent Fiction and the Critics

The most notable book of fiction just now before the American public is undoubtedly Mrs. Wharton's latest work.* It is characterized by

The House of Mirth. the New York *Evening Post* as a "sermon-story," the text of which is found in Ecclesiastes vii, 4 ("The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth"). The particular house of mirth touched up by Mrs. Wharton is the one in which New York society, or that portion of it chiefly bent on self-amusement, disports itself. Various critics compare the story with Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." "As a description of the 'Vanity Fair' that is growing up in America," says the *Evening Post* critic, "it is skilful, trenchant and brilliant." As a story, however, this reviewer does not find it convincing. "The blunt truth is that Mrs. Wharton lacked the courage to work out the drama as she evidently conceived it." Her conception was that of Omar Khayyam's—of a Great Jester looking on cynically at the "magic shadow shapes" of mortal figures; but the Great Jester's tone is not preserved, as Thackeray preserved it, to the last. The "moral ending" caught Mrs. Wharton in its toils, and "the result is that her sermon is less effective and her story is not convincing." But the same critic admits that the characters are vital and real, "rounded, memorable figures in the drama staged in this quivering house."

The *Times* (New York) speaks much more enthusiastically. Mrs. Wharton, we are told, has here set forth the relentlessness of Fate as vividly as ever it was set forth by Aeschylus or Shakespeare. The essential elements of the story are "as simple as those of the Greek tragedy." But while it will be acclaimed chiefly for its ethical side, the aesthetic rather than the homiletic sense has governed in its construction, and "as a finished and beautiful example of the modern novelist's art it makes its strongest appeal." The Boston *Herald* also refers to the novel as "a notable example of literary craftsmanship," which is "penetrating and pitiless in its perfection." This is the general verdict. "The novel is of admirable workmanship throughout," says Robert Bridges, writing in *Collier's Weekly*; "done with that good taste which comes from a knowledge of the best in life and letters, and with the restraint only a master of craftsmanship can give."

***THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.** By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Wharton's characterizations are brilliant and often epigrammatic. There is one lady—Mrs. Peniston—who is "one of the episodical persons who form the padding of life." Another—Carrie Fisher—is "a professional sponge, who was simply a mental habit corresponding to the physical titillations of the cigarette or the cocktail." Alice Wetherall is "an animated visiting list, whose most fervid convictions turn on the wording of invitations and the engraving of dinner cards." Miss Osburgh is "a large girl with flat surfaces and no high lights." As for the heroine—Lily Bart—she elicits many superlatives. Mr. Bridges, for instance, says of her:

"There is a depth and sincerity in this relentless dissection of a modern American girl that the author has never before equalled. The thing has been done cynically a dozen times—the surface of the character is so easily sketched. But in chapters such as the last interview with Selden and the visit to Nettie Struther's humble tenement, Mrs. Wharton gets at the very root of the tragedy in Lily Bart. There is not a touch of cynicism nor one stroke too much in the inherent pathos of the situation!"

The *Argonaut's* reviewer says of the same character:

"The women whom Lily Bart suggests are the heroines of great books—Tess, for example, and, emphatically, Becky. In her making, Mrs. Wharton has done a consistent, convincing, and admirable piece of work. Beside it, even the delicious descriptions of 'society' in New York, Tuxedo, Newport, and the various country places of the several people concerned, pale into inconsequence. The woman's the thing; we do not tire of her, even through the more than five hundred pages that the book contains."

One who loves contrasts in literature may find a striking one between Mrs. Wharton's tale of smart society and Octave Thanet's latest novel.*

The contrast, however, one hardly needs to say, is not in the literary quality, for Mrs.

The Man of the Hour. French is an artist as well as Mrs. Wharton; it lies in the quality of the characters and the material used in the construction of the two stories. In place of a society heroine, we have in Mrs. French's story a hero compounded of idealism and stern business sense. In place of New York's smart society, we get glimpses into labor circles in Illinois. And in place of a picture of the moral strabismus among

***THE MAN OF THE HOUR.** By Octave Thanet. Bobbs-Merrill & Company.

the rich leisure class we get pictures of the crookedness of labor leaders and the pros and cons of the contest between labor and capital. *The World To-day*, which considers "The Man of the Hour" "far and away the best, as it is the most serious, piece of work she [the author] has yet produced," outlines the scheme of the book as follows:

"The 'man of the hour' is a young American, whose father is an Illinois plow manufacturer and whose mother is a Russian princess of the nihilistic stamp. The son inherits the practical sagacity of his father and the radical idealism of his mother. The story centers about his efforts to make the American in him yield to his Russian idealism. Swept off his feet by a generous devotion to the poor, he gives away his fortune, his social position and, temporarily at least, the woman he loves, to become one of the wage-earning class. His growing convictions that the people of his adoption were unworthy of his sacrifice, and the final triumph of his inherited Americanism, make a story of really more than ordinary power. The author has, however, done more than make a social study; she has given us a dramatic story full of sentiment and action."

The verdict of *The Outlook* is that the story is "fine in spirit and thoroughly readable also as a story of character and incident. . . . The author has in some way obtained a true inside view of labor disputes, and shows us with equal fairness the dishonest labor agitator, the honest unionist, the employer who has both firmness and sympathy." The *Philadelphia Ledger* regards the novel as a "notable" one, rich in quiet, spontaneous humor; but it does not think that the author shows in this, her first novel, that mastery which she has always exhibited in short fiction: "In spite of the timeliness of its theme and the power of its working out, as a whole, the book drags at times. Here and there the author seems to be putting off a climax which, in the more familiar field of the short story, would have come naturally, easily and without delay." *The Bookman* speaks of "the artificiality of the plot," which has been "moulded to fit a preconceived thesis." The novel, however, it finds to be "not lacking in strength nor in that fine character-drawing that the writer's previous work has associated with her name."

The word "thrilling," applied to a novel nowadays, means usually an historical romance. It is a word that does its usual amount of duty in the critiques of Mr. Chambers's new

The Reckoning. novel of the American Revolution.* "It would be but an unresponsive American that would

not thrill to such relations," says the *New York Tribune*. "A thrilling and engrossing tale," says *The Sun* (New York). "A romance of the thrilling sort," says the *St. Louis Republic*. The one word is by itself almost a complete classification of a novel. But there are other things to be said of "The Reckoning." The London *Academy* calls it "emphatically the best work yet done by that very promising author." But for "one fatal blot," it thinks the book "might almost be counted a masterpiece." That blot is the choice of a spy for a hero. "We cannot away with the feeling that such work is not for the heroic." The *Philadelphia Press* makes the same criticism of the hero, but praises the heroine, Elsin Grey, as "a charming heroine, charming alike in her movements of spirited humor and anger."

The story treats of the last fierce fighting in northern New York between the revolutionaries and the Tories, and is designed to be the fourth in a series of which "Cardigan" and "The Maid at Arms" are two, the third of the series not yet having been published. If a story can be said to have "temperament," this story, the *St. Louis Republic* thinks, has it. From its exceptionally well-written review, we quote further:

"Chambers's bullets whistle almost audibly in the pages; when a twig snaps, as twigs do perforce in these chronicles, you can almost feel the presence of the savage buck who snaps it; and you can see the blood fly, and well-nigh smell it, when a tomahawk splits its way home; then there are situations of force and effect everywhere through the pages, an intensity of action, a certain naturalness of dialogue and 'human nature' in the incidents. But over all is the glamor of the Chambers' fancy, the gauzy woof of an artist's imagination which glories in tints, in poesies, in the little whims of the brush and pencil, so that you have just a pleasant reminder of unreality and a glimpse of the author himself here and there to vary the interest and dispel any possible tedium which the historical and narrative phase of the romance founded on fact and chronology might otherwise impart."

"This conclusion of an imaginative tragedy" is the phrase that H. Rider Haggard, not content with such a simple term as sequel, uses in describing his new novel.* After twenty years, **Ayesha.** *She - Who - Must - Be - Obeyed* comes back to live again in these pages. Naturally, the chief interest in the book lies in comparing it with "She." Opinion seems to be pretty evenly divided as to whether the power and charm are as great in the sequel as in its lurid predecessor. "Taken on its merits, 'Ayesha' is probably

*THE RECKONING. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Company.

*AYESHA. By H. Rider Haggard. Doubleday, Page & Company.

a book stronger and better than its original," thinks *The Critic*. *The Tribune* (New York) thinks, there is a subtle something, a certain freshness, lacking; yet "Holly and Leo are as indomitable as ever; the perils they have to overcome are still calculated to make us shudder, and Ayesha is as weirdly fascinating now as when she first dawned upon the horizon." The London *Athenaeum* thinks that the sequel shows no falling off. It says:

"Mr. Haggard's sense of adventure is alive throughout, as it was in 'She.' Once more we are introduced to catastrophic convulsions of Nature, to Titanic phenomena; once more primitive passions ride through his pages; and once more mysterious and remote cities are discovered to us. In fine, he uses his old imagination in just the old way. Honestly, his invention is as large and ingenious as before; and honestly his writing is more discreet and quite as picturesque. Yet 'Ayesha' fails to exercise the fascination of 'She'; and the reason must, perhaps, be sought, not in Mr. Haggard, but in ourselves. 'Ayesha' deserves indeed a vogue only second to that of her previous incarnation."

The London *Academy*, on the other hand, thinks that in the sequel Ayesha has become "a weak and whimsical woman with few or none of the supernatural attributes that belonged to her before, and the adventures with which her tale is blazoned appear to us absolutely incredible." It adds: "Not all the wishes that we could form of submitting our imagination to that of the author result in a moment of illusion; we see where the springs are, and even behold the very rope, as plainly as we did when Mr. Stephen Phillips tried to represent her in a theatre; and laughter comes too readily where the writer meant to produce awe."

For Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper, writing in *The Bookman* (New York), 'Ayesha' has spoiled the memory of 'She.'

Twenty-five years ago, when Mr. George Bernard Shaw was twenty-four years of age, he wrote a story which Mrs. Annie Besant published

as a serial in a propagandist magazine. He tried to get a publisher for it afterward in book form, but failed. Recently garbled versions have been published, and to forestall these Mr. Shaw publishes the novel,* and in a preface of thirty-six pages disclaims any present responsibility for his juvenile attempt. He says:

"At present, of course, I am not the author of 'The Irrational Knot.' Physiologists inform us that the substance of our bodies (and consequently of our souls) is shed and renewed at

*THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. By G. Bernard Shaw. Bren-tano's.

such a rate that no part of us lasts longer than eight years. I am therefore not now in any atom of me the person who wrote 'The Irrational Knot.' The last of that author perished in 1888; and two of his successors have since joined the majority. Fourth of his line I cannot be expected to take any very lively interest in the novels of my literary great-grandfather."

The novel, however, will, in the judgment of the Boston *Herald*, "arouse the acrimony of the censorious opponent and inflame the ardor of the ecstatic admirer of this brilliant Irishman."

The "irrational knot," of course, is the marriage tie, a fact showing that the youthful Shaw and the mature Shaw have been tilting at the same foe for a quarter of a century. The novel does nothing, in the opinion of the London *Times Literary Supplement*, to prove that the "knot" is "irrational." "What it does show is its author's opinion that society does not play the game by the institution. Society supports marriage when it can be used for the benefit of society; it is quite willing to ignore or to violate it when it tends to its detriment."

The *Athenaeum* finds less sparkling epigram than in Shaw's later writings, but from one point of view thinks the novel is as good as anything the author has done since. It says:

"The man who stands highest among living speakers of our tongue for the combination of distinction and fastidious taste could pick no hole in 'Man and Superman,' except that 'Hell is too long.' To such a one much of the dialogue in the book before us must seem unreadable vulgarity, and some critics might be inclined to admit that the publishers who, according to the author, refused it with unanimity, may have been right. On the other hand, if the adherence of the youthful writer to what he thought the conventional form of conversation required in a novel is set aside by the reader, the book is as good as anything Mr. Bernard Shaw has done."

The London *Academy* thinks that the characters in the novel "might be cast-iron for anythink they show of the flexibility and mutability of human life," and the author would have been well advised had he left it to its fate. Of Shaw's literary abilities to-day it says:

"It would be unfair to deny his title as a man of letters, since he has wit, scholarship, energy, accomplishments of many and diverse kinds: indeed, an exceptionally good outfit for literary work. But unfortunately for us as well as for himself he lacks those finer qualities which, if he but knew it, are essential to any one who claims to work according to the example of men of the first rank. For, after all, the fundamental requisite in an imaginative artist is that he should be an interpreter, and no interpreter would talk of 'readymade' morality, or assert, as though it were an attribute of a writer, that his morality is original."

Christmas Phantoms.—Maksim Gorky

My Christmas story was concluded. I flung down my pen, rose from the desk, and began to pace up and down the room.

It was night, and outside the snow-storm whirled through the air. Strange sounds reached my ears as of soft whispers, or of sighs, that penetrated from the street through the walls of my little chamber, three-fourths of which were engulfed in dark shadows. It was the snow driven by the wind that came crunching against the walls and lashed the window-panes. A light, white, indefinite object scurried past my window and disappeared, leaving a cold shiver within my soul.

I approached the window, looked out upon the street, and leaned my head, heated with the strained effort of imagination, upon the cold frame. The street lay in deserted silence. Now and then the wind ripped up little transparent clouds of snow from the pavement and sent them flying through the air like shreds of a delicate white fabric. A lamp burned opposite my window. Its flame trembled and quivered in fierce struggle with the wind. The flaring streak of light projected like a broadsword into the air, and the snow that was drifted from the roof of the house into this streak of light became aglow for a moment like a scintillating robe of sparks. My heart grew sad and chill as I watched this play of the wind. I quickly undressed myself, put out the lamp and lay down to sleep.

When the light was extinguished and darkness filled my room the sounds grew more audible and the window stared at me like a great white spot. The ceaseless ticking of the clock marked the passing of the seconds. At times their swift onward rush was drowned in the wheezing and crunching of the snow, but soon I heard again the low beat of the seconds as they dropped into eternity. Occasionally their sound was as distinct and precise as if the clock stood in my own skull.

I lay in my bed and thought of the story that I had just completed, wondering whether it had come out a success.

In this story I told of two beggars, a blind old man and his wife, who in silent, timid retirement trod the path of life that offered them nothing but fear and humiliation. They had left their village on the morning before Christmas to collect alms in the neighboring settlements that they might on the day thereafter celebrate the birth of Christ in holiday fashion.

They expected to visit the nearest villages and

to be back home for the early morning service, with their bags filled with all kinds of crumbs doled out to them for the sake of Christ.

Their hopes (thus I proceeded in my narration) were naturally disappointed. The gifts they received were scanty, and it was very late when the pair, worn out with the day's tramp, finally decided to return to their cold, desolate clay hut. With light burdens on their shoulders and with heavy grief in their hearts, they slowly trudged along over the snow-covered plain, the old woman walking in front and the old man holding fast to her belt and following behind. The night was dark, clouds covered the sky, and for two old people the way to the village was still very long. Their feet sank into the snow and the wind whirled it up and drove it into their faces. Silently and trembling with cold they plodded on and on. Weary and blinded by the snow, the old woman had strayed from the path, and they were now wandering aimlessly across the valley out on the open field.

"Are we going to be home soon? Take care that we do not miss the early mass!" mumbled the blind man behind his wife's shoulders.

She said that they would soon be home, and a new shiver of cold passed through her body. She knew that she had lost the way, but she dared not tell her husband. At times it seemed to her as if the wind carried the sound of the barking dogs to her ears, and she turned in the direction whence those sounds came; but soon she heard the barking from the other side.

At length her powers gave way and she said to the old man:

"Forgive me, father, forgive me for the sake of Christ. I have strayed from the road and I cannot go further. I must sit down."

"You will freeze to death," he answered.

"Let me rest only for a little while. And even if we do freeze to death, what matters it? Surely our life on this earth is not sweet."

The old man heaved a heavy sigh and consented.

They sat down on the snow with their backs against each other and looked like two bundles of rags—the sport of the wind. It drifted clouds of snow against them, covered them up with sharp, pointed crystals, and the old woman, who was more lightly dressed than her husband, soon felt herself in the embrace of a rare, delicious warmth.

"Mother," called the blind man, who shivered with violent cold, "stand up, we must be going!"

But she had dozed off and muttered but half-intelligible words through her sleep. He endeavored to raise her but he could not for want of adequate strength.

"You will freeze!" he shouted, and then he called aloud for help into the wide open field.

But she felt so warm, so comfortable! After some vain endeavor the blind man sat down again on the snow in dumb desperation. He was now firmly convinced that all that happened to him was by the express will of God and that there was no escape for him and his aged wife. The wind whirled and danced around them in wanton frolic, playfully bestrewed them with snow and had a merry, roguish sport with the tattered garments that covered their old limbs, weary with a long life of pinching destitution. The old man also was now overcome with a feeling of delicious comfort and warmth.

Suddenly the wind wafted the sweet, solemn, melodious sounds of a bell to his ears.

"Mother!" he cried, starting back, "they are ringing for matins. Quick, let us go!"

But she had already gone whence there is no return.

"Do you hear? They are ringing, I say. Get up! Oh, we will be too late!"

He tried to rise, but he found that he could not move. Then he understood that his end was near and he began to pray silently:

"Lord, be gracious unto the souls of your servants! We were sinners, both. Forgive us, oh, Lord! Have mercy upon us!"

Then it seemed to him that from across the field, enveloped in a bright, sparkling snow cloud, a radiant temple of God was floating toward him—a rare, wondrous temple. It was all made of flaming hearts of men and itself had the likeness of a heart, and in the midst of it, upon an elevated pedestal, stood Christ in his own person. At this vision the old man arose and fell upon his knees on the threshold of the temple. He regained his sight again and he looked at the Saviour and Redeemer. And from his elevated position Christ spake in a sweet, melodious voice:

"Hearts aglow with pity are the foundation of my temple. Enter thou into my temple, thou who in thy life hast thirsted for pity, thou who hast suffered misfortune and humiliation, go to thy Eternal Peace!"

"O, Lord!" spoke the old man, restored to sight, weeping with rapturous joy, "is it Thou in truth, O Lord!"

And Christ smiled benignly upon the old man and his life companion, who was awakened to

life again by the smile of the Saviour.

And thus both the beggars froze to death out in the open, snow-covered field.

I brought back to my mind the various incidents of the story, and wondered whether it had come out smooth and touching enough to arouse the reader's pity. It seemed to me that I could answer the question in the affirmative, that it could not possibly fail to produce the effect at which I had aimed.

With this thought I fell asleep, well satisfied with myself. The clock continued to tick, and I heard in my sleep the chasing and roaring of the snowstorm, that grew more and more violent. The lantern was blown out. The storm outside produced ever new sounds. The window shutters clattered. The branches of the trees near the door knocked against the metal plate of the roof. There was a sighing, groaning, howling, roaring and whistling, and all this was now united into a woful melody that filled the heart with sadness, now into a soft, low strain like a cradle song. It had the effect of a fantastic tale that held the soul as if under a spell.

But suddenly—what was this? The faint spot of the window flamed up into a bluish, phosphorescent light, and the window grew larger and larger until it finally assumed the proportions of the wall. In the blue light which filled the room there appeared of a sudden a thick, white cloud in which bright sparks glowed as with countless eyes. As if whirled about by the wind, the cloud turned and twisted, began to dissolve, became more and more transparent, broke into tiny pieces, and breathed a frosty chill into my body that filled me with anxiety. Something like a dissatisfied, angry murmur proceeded from the shreds of cloud, that gained more and more definite shape and assumed forms familiar to my eye. Yonder in the corner were a swarm of children, or rather the shades of children, and behind them emerged a gray-bearded old man by the side of several female forms.

"Whence do these shades come? What do they wish?" were the questions that passed through my mind as I gazed affrighted at this strange apparition.

"Whence come we and whence are we?" was the solemn retort of a serious, stern voice. "Do you not know us? Think a little!"

I shook my head in silence. I did not know them. They kept floating through the air in rhythmic motion as if they led a solemn dance to the tune of the storm. Half transparent, scarcely discernible in their outlines, they wavered lightly and noiselessly around me, and sud-

denly I distinguished in their midst the blind old man who held on fast to the belt of his old wife. Deeply bent they limped past me, their eyes fixed upon me with a reproachful look.

"Do you recognize them now?" asked the same solemn voice. I did not know whether it was the voice of the storm or the voice of my conscience, but there was in it a tone of command that brooked no contradiction.

"Yes, this is who they are," continued the Voice, "the sad heroes of your successful story. And all the others are also heroes of your Christmas stories—children, men and women whom you made to freeze to death in order to amuse the public. See how many there are and how pitiful they look, the offspring of your fancy!"

A movement passed through the wavering forms and two children, a boy and a girl, appeared in the foreground. They looked like two flowers of snow or of the sheen of the moon.

"These children," spoke the Voice, "you have caused to freeze under the window of that rich house in which beamed the brilliant Christmas tree. They were looking at the tree—do you recollect?—and they froze."

Noiselessly my poor little heroes floated past me and disappeared. They seemed to dissolve in the blue, nebulous glare of light. In their place appeared a woman with a sorrowful, emaciated countenance.

"This is that poor woman who was hurrying to her village home on Christmas Eve to bring her children some cheap Christmas gifts. You have let her freeze to death also."

I gazed full of shame and fear at the shade of the woman. She also vanished, and new forms appeared in their turn. They were all sad, silent phantoms with an expression of unspeakable woe in their somber gaze.

And again I heard the solemn Voice speak in sustained, impassive accents:

"Why have you written these stories? Is there not enough of real, tangible and visible misery in the world that you must needs invent more misery and sorrow, and strain your imagination in order to paint pictures of thrilling, realistic effects? Why do you do this? What is your object? Do you wish to deprive man of all joy in life, do you wish to take from him the last drop of faith in the good, by painting for him only the evil? Why is it that in your Christmas stories year after year you cause to freeze to death now children, now grown-up people? Why? What is your aim?"

I was staggered by this strange indictment. Everybody writes Christmas stories according to the same formula. You take a poor boy or a

poor girl, or something of that sort, and let them freeze somewhere under a window, behind which there is usually a Christmas tree that throws its radiant splendor upon them. This has become the fashion, and I was following the fashion.

I answered accordingly.

"If I let these people freeze," I said, "I do it with the best object in the world. By painting their death struggle I stir up humane feelings in the public for these unfortunates. I want to move the heart of my reader, that is all."

A strange agitation passed through the throng of phantoms, as if they wished to raise a mocking protest against my words.

"Do you see how they are laughing?" said the mysterious Voice.

"Why are they laughing?" I asked in a scarcely audible tone.

"Because you speak so foolishly. You wish to arouse noble feelings in the hearts of men by your pictures of imagined misery, when real misery and suffering are nothing to them but a daily spectacle. Consider for how long a time people have endeavored to stir up noble feelings in the hearts of men, think of how many men before you have applied their genius to that end, and then cast a look into real life! Fool that you are! If the reality does not move them, and if their feelings are not offended by its cruel, ruthless misery, and by the fathomless abyss of actual wretchedness, then how can you hope that the fictions of your imagination will make them better? Do you really think that you can move the heart of a human being by telling him about a frozen child? The sea of misery breaks against the dam of heartlessness, it rages and surges against it, and you want to appease it by throwing a few peas into it!"

The phantoms accompanied these words with their silent laughter, and the storm laughed a shrill, cynical laugh; but the Voice continued to speak unceasingly. Each word that it spoke was like a nail driven into my brain. It became intolerable, and I could no longer hold out.

"It is all a lie, a lie!" I cried in a paroxysm of rage, and jumping from my bed I fell headlong into the dark, and sank more and more quickly, more and more deeply, into the gaping abyss that suddenly opened before me. The whistling, howling, roaring and laughing followed me downward and the phantoms chased me through the dark, grinned in my face and mocked at me.

I awoke in the morning with a violent headache and in a very bad humor. The first thing I did was to read over my story of the blind beggar and his wife once more, and then I tore the manuscript into pieces.

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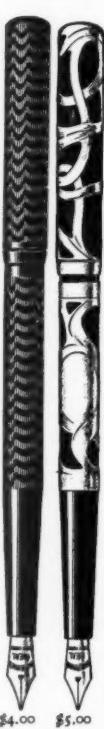
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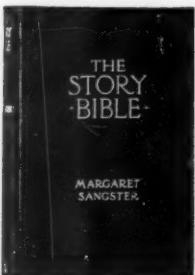
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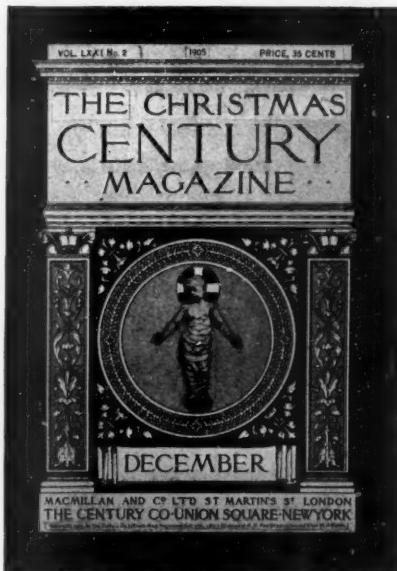
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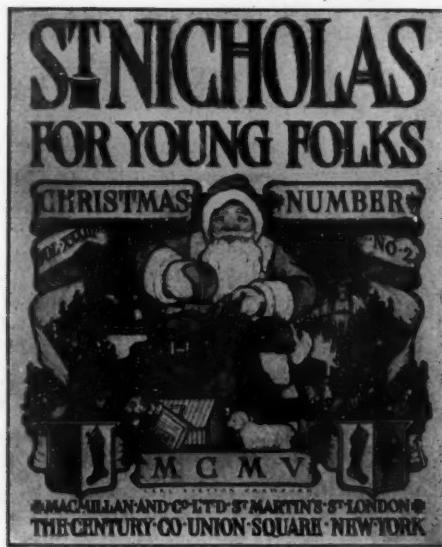
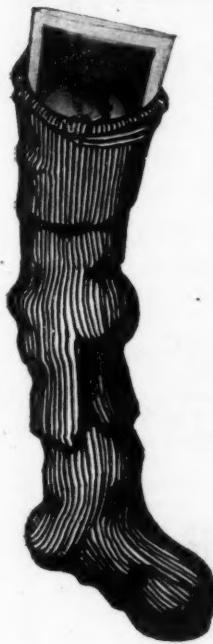
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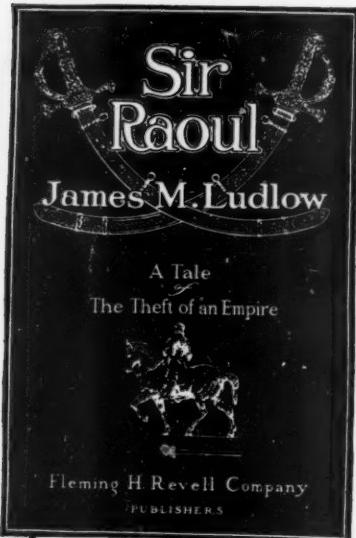
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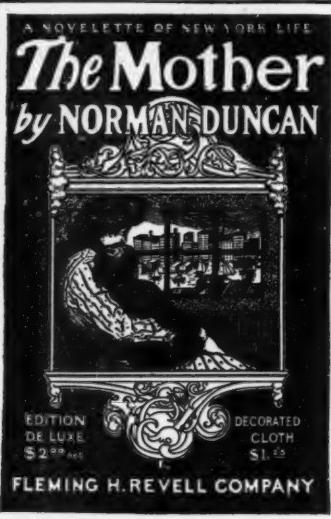
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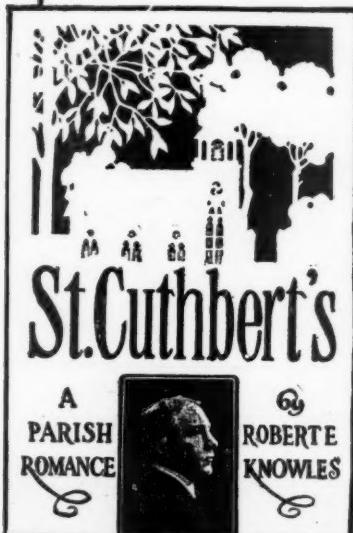
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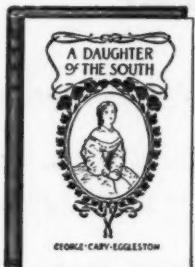
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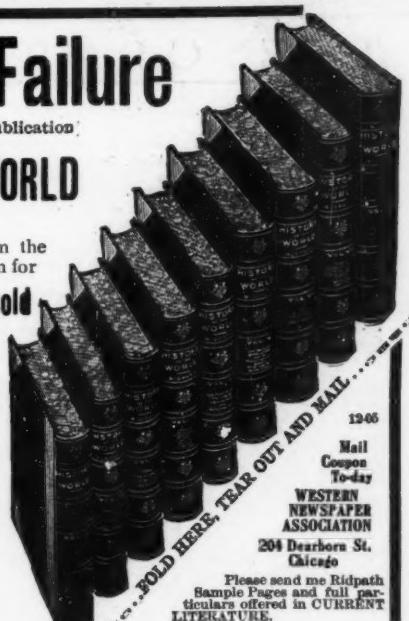
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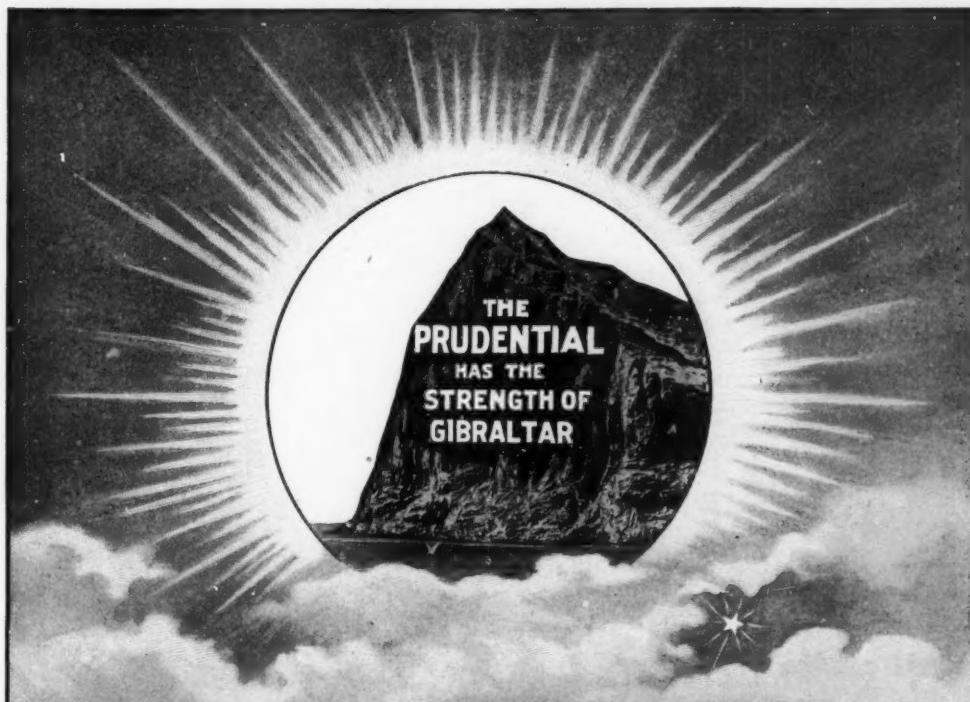
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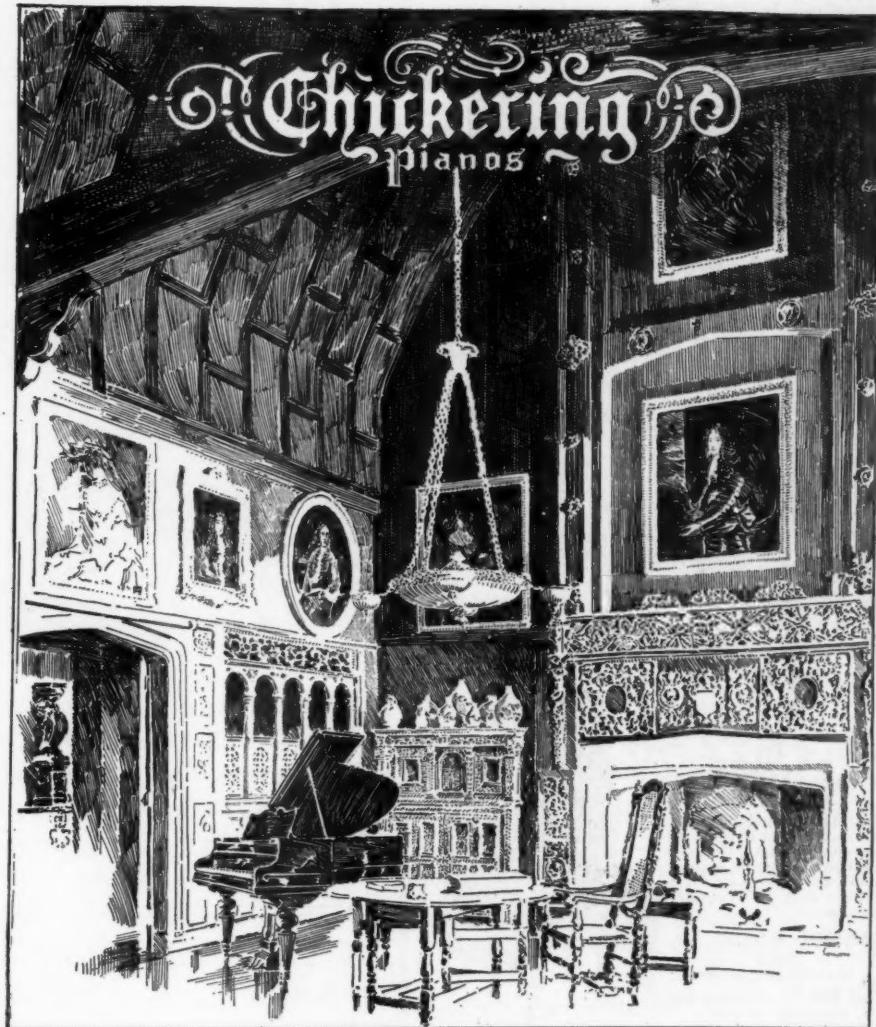
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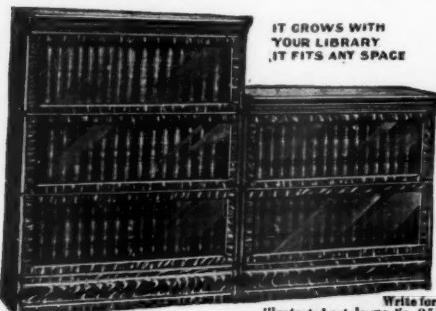


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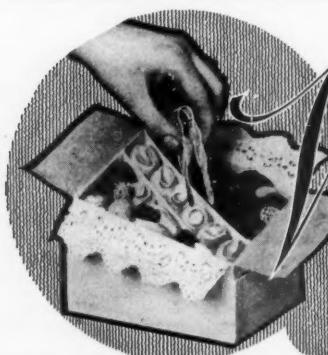


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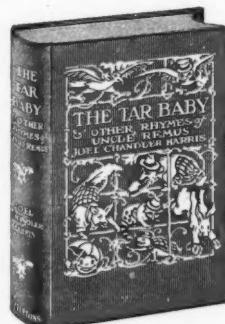
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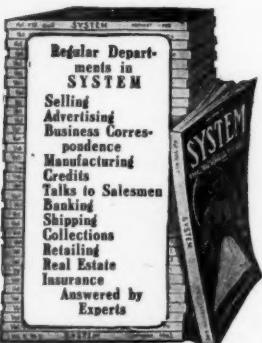
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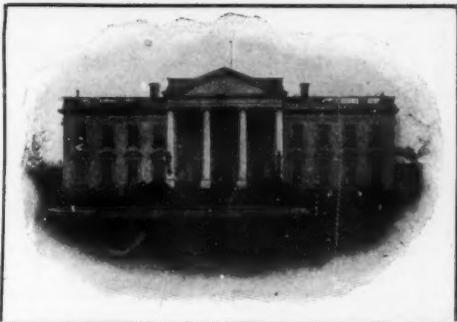
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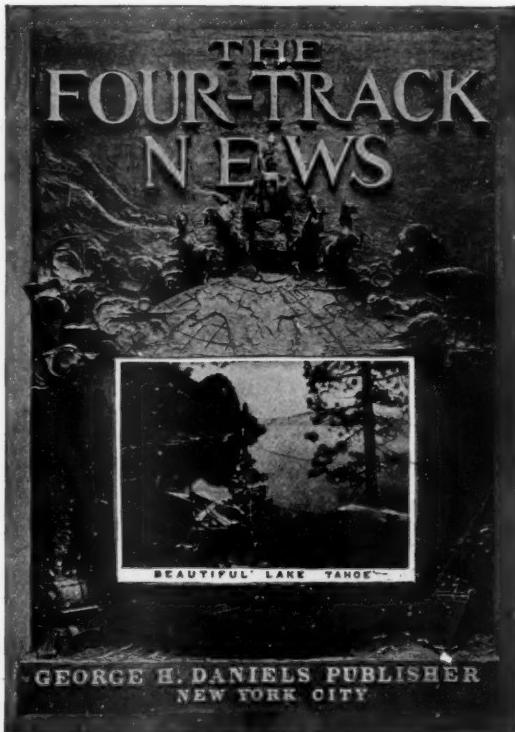
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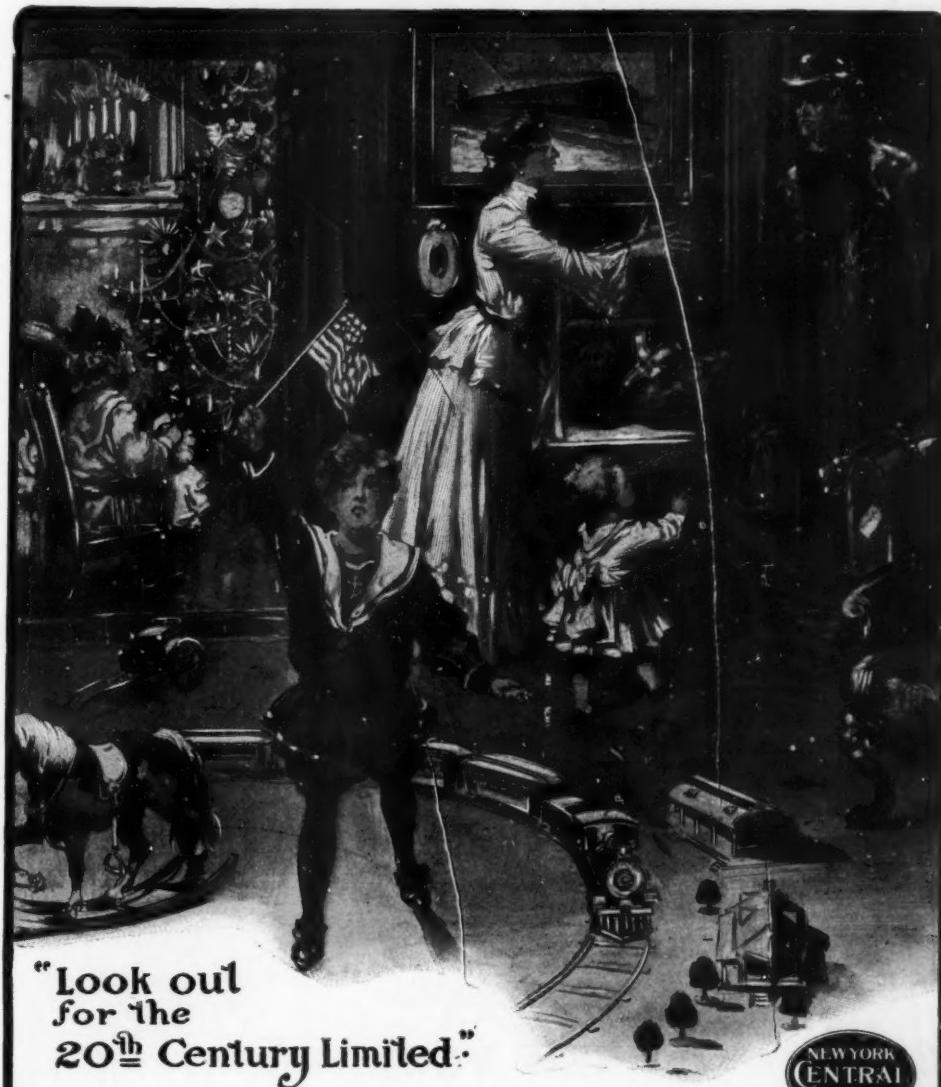
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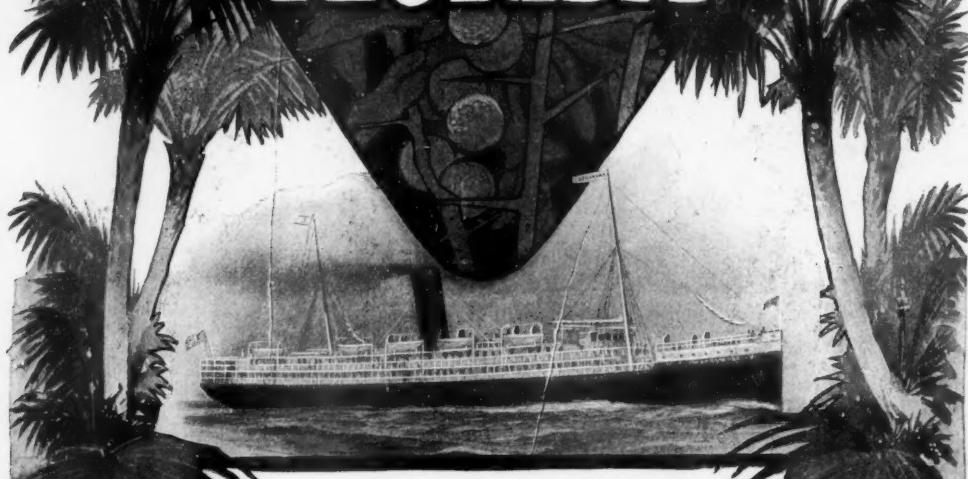
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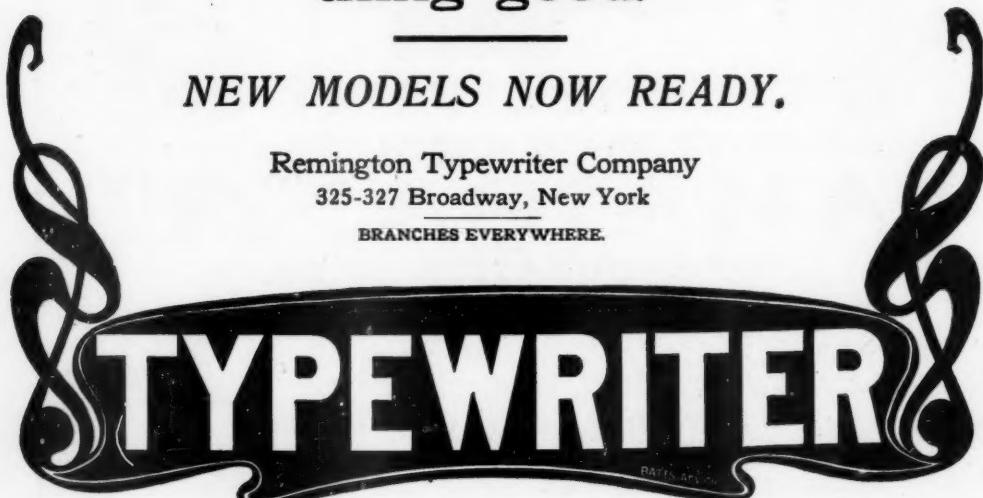
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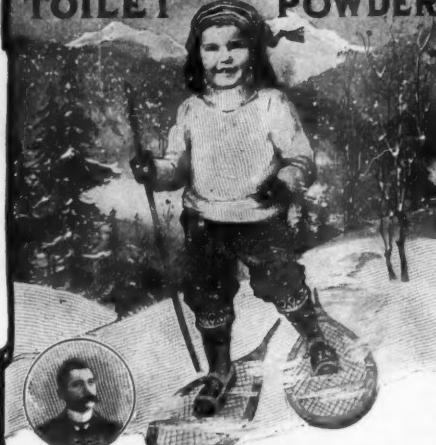
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